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Faithfully Yours
Geo Waters.

203. d. 379.

INDIAN GLEANINGS

AND

Thoughts of the Past.

BY

GEORGE WATERS.



CHATHAM:

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PREFACE.

THESE "GLEANINGS" having been published at the request of many personal friends, it is the Author's earnest desire that should any critical observations be made in regard to them, they may be just but generous; more especially as the principal parts were culled from his private diary, which was kept solely for the amusement of dear A., who figures so prominently throughout the work.

1st August, 1864.

ERRATA.

- Page 3.—For “lie” read lay; and for “excise” read revenue.
,, 16.—For “blanc” read blank.
,, 24.—For “to his book” read of his book.
,, 26 & 121.—For “cactuses” read cactii.
,, 120.—For “comic fancy” read strange fancy; and in first
line of third paragraph read past for “passed.”
,, 222.—For “Parsees’s” read Parsee’s.
,, 223.—For “aromotic” read aromatic.
,, 254 & 255.—For “Coloba” read Colaba.
,, 305.—Last line of stanza, for “completes” read complete.

INDIAN GLEANINGS.

CHAPTER I.

HAVING passed through the varied vicissitudes of life incidental to a roving disposition, my soul still yearning for scenes unobtainable in the united kingdom of Great Britain, and furthermore being spurred on by a loving and devoted being whom I shall hereafter simply allude to as A.—because it was the first letter of her name and the first in my heart where it will ever strike a chord which will awaken deep sympathy for her premature dissolution, and the most happy reminiscences of my sunniest days—I determined to travel eastward; and the opportunity presenting itself in a lucrative appointment (as far as appearances went only) I made preparations to send dear A. *via* the Cape to Bombay per ship “Gloriana,” and I started from London to Paris *en route* to the same port on the 2nd of March, 1861.

I then determined to keep a journal: my object in doing so being to note all incidents that came under my observation during my absence from England, and to keep a record of my daily life that would

enable me to account for past acts, and revive the pictures of bygone days, which a treacherous memory fails to retain.

I think, and it has been proved in numerous painful instances, that it is absolutely necessary to record our daily actions; but apart from the necessity, it becomes in after years a source of great pleasure to us, as we are enabled to revert to the thoughts and doings of the past, the pleasantries, adventures, and pains of our youth and manhood, and it provides for our descendants a fund of entertainment in perusing the jottings, manners, and customs of their ancestry; more especially when such jottings had their birth in foreign countries situated far from the enjoyment of European civilization.

The manners, peculiarities, and eccentricities of the inhabitants of East India are so striking to the Englishman, that I determined faithfully to record all matters that came within my personal observation; and also to glean from other sources whatever I thought would be interesting to my friends; but being stationed at Surat, and travelling but little, I did not meet with much fuel to my brains, and my readers must therefore excuse me for drawing a little—just a trifle—upon a lively and prolific imagination.

On the 2nd March, 1861, I left London for Dover, where I arrived about 12 p.m. The night was very squally, and I had to walk some distance to the steamer. The wind was blowing furiously, and the

vessel appeared to me to be quite inadequate to accommodate the traffic with anything like convenience or comfort; indeed the ferry boats that ply on the Mersey, between Liverpool and Birkenhead, have far superior accommodation.*

The boat was filled with foreigners, who lie about in all parts of the saloon, intermingled with their luggage in such a form, that it was quite impossible to obtain a seat or stow myself away comfortably; and to add to the misery of the accommodation, many of the passengers were soon groaning under a malady peculiar to the sea, and the effluvium arising therefrom was something more than strong. I, however, felt tolerably well amongst it all, and was not sorry when we reached Calais, at 3 a.m. on the 3rd of March. Here the luggage was overhauled by excise officers, and the passengers were subjected to numerous questions as to their object in visiting France; but being armed with the P. & O. Company's certificate for my passage overland to Bombay, I was allowed to pass without any trouble and made my way to the refreshment room, where I enjoyed a cup of delicious coffee, and at 4.30 a.m., proceeded on my journey to Paris.

The country by the way appeared exceedingly flat and uninteresting, and Paris, as entered by the railway,

* Since the opening throughout of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, a very superior class of boat has been introduced by that Company, for the Continental traffic.

looked very like an old Irish town. The delusion was soon dispelled upon walking into the city after I had partaken of a queer breakfast, at a "so so" English house. I remained at Paris ten hours. The weather was delightful, and the magnificent buildings, squares, fountains, statues, &c., broke continuously upon my view like enchanted scenes. Those who have not been to Paris can form no idea of its beauties. The walks, rides, and drives, are exceedingly pretty, and the decorations in the churches generally—especially that of the Madeleine, are exquisite, surpassing everything of the kind I had hitherto seen.

During my ramble through the garden of the Tuileries, a little incident occurred which pleased me immensely: an elderly gentleman, evidently well known to the feathery tribe of Paris, was amusing himself by throwing crumbs of bread into the air, and a number of sparrows were hovering near, equally gratified in flying and catching the food as it left the old philanthropist's hand. So eager were the birds to secure their meal, that they frequently ruffled their feathers against the old gentleman's hat. It was a very pretty sight, and both the donor and his feathery family seemed delighted with each other.

I was very much struck with the total absence of all respect for the Sabbath here, every kind of business was going on,—shops and markets open—building operations, theatres, gambling, &c., were in full force; and indeed the city looked more like Tottenham Court

Road on a Saturday night, than anything else that I can compare it to. The *cafés* were all open, and their interiors being exposed to view, the passers by are enlightened as to what is going on within. With the most perfect *nonchalance*, you perceive people inside drinking, smoking, playing at cards, dice, drafts, chess, &c. The aversion I felt at this out-balanced the pleasure I derived from other sources; and being thoroughly satiated with the scenes and tumult of Paris, I hired a cab and went to the station of the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, and at 8 30 p.m. I continued my journey onward to Marseilles. I was much pleased with the arrangements upon the French railways for the comfort of travellers. There are long ranges of waiting-rooms, with patent stoves in the centre of each; these rooms are reached by a passage and they are divided into classes, 1st, 2nd, &c. Over the door of each compartment is written the names of the stations; for instance:—Marseilles, Lyons, &c.; now this I apprehend means all stations between Marseilles and Lyons, inclusive; and these being situated at the most distant parts of the line, the passengers in this compartment are let out through folding doors on to the platform first; thus carrying out in a most effective manner the rule that passengers for the longest distances take precedence of those for shorter ones. As soon as the first batch are comfortably seated, those for the next longest distances, are liberated, and so on. And as no friends,

none but *bond fide* passengers, are allowed upon the platforms not the slightest confusion prevails. The luggage is taken from you and registered; you pay a nominal registration fee (when the luggage is under weight); you are provided with a ticket bearing a number corresponding with that upon your luggage; and upon presenting this at the end of your journey, the articles represented upon the ticket are delivered to you without any trouble or confusion whatever; and a case of missing luggage upon a French line is quite an exception. All seems punctuality, order, and composure; systematic, and accurate; and unaccompanied by that shouting, confusion, hurry-scurry and bustle, which, to the annoyance of nervous passengers, is often apparent on badly regulated lines in England.

CHAPTER II.

THE journey forward was very tedious; I failed in my desire to sleep, and reached Lyons at 7.40 a.m. on the 4th of March. I felt "seedy" and uncomfortable, and wished very much for a good English breakfast. The rain was descending in torrents, everything looked cheerless, and I never before felt how necessary it was to know the French language. I wandered up and down the place in search of an English house. I could not see a sign to guide me, nor could I for a whole hour, in the pouring rain, make any person direct me properly; or rather I could not comprehend the directions they gave. At last I found the long sought haven, an English house (?) *Such a place!* I was wet through and asked for a fire. The fellow to whom I addressed this request looked at me as though I owed him a quarter's rent! There was no fire in this English house—not even a fire-place; my great-coat was therefore transferred to the lower regions to undergo the process of evaporation. I was

shown into the coffee-room *save the mark!* I never before saw such a place. It was like a yawning barn; the very panelling of which the walls were composed seemed surprised at my presence. The floor was of polished oak—or should have been rather; a few chairs were scattered in happy confusion about the room, and a long row of tables, graced with white cloths, honored the centre. These tables had decent legs, but upon turning up the cloth a little deception was manifest in the presence of rough deal tops. The room smelt as though it had been shut up since the days of the first Francis; and I really believe that no English visitor had crossed the threshold of that English house since the days of the first Napoleon. I ordered breakfast—chops and tea. I fully expected an English chop. Oh the fallacy of our poor natures: we cannot see beyond the tips of our respective noses. In about three-quarters of an hour the *garçon* of this *Hôtel l'Anglais* made his appearance with—the coat, and promised breakfast in two minutes. Now I really cannot understand the equation of time at Lyons, for two minutes there was by English time (I timed him) fifteen minutes exactly. At length, at the end of an hour, a small plate of fried potatoes made their advent. They were very much like sliced cucumber-fried in train oil; and tasted—I imagine, for I have never indulged in such a luxury—something similar. Then followed the dish (covered) containing the long wished for—the veritable chops. Ah! thought I, now for a

feed—an English feed—a good substantial chop, and I rubbed my hands with satisfaction. *Mons. le garçon*, all *politesse* and smiles, evidently bewildered by the perspective addition to his master's exchequer, at length removed the cover. Horror! Murder!! Thieves!!! Fire!!!!—or any other element. Could I believe my eyes? Was it an optical delusion? I rubbed my organs of sight—no use—could I be dreaming? I instinctively spread out my arms to assure myself that I was not in bed: all to no purpose—I fell backward into a—a—no, it was only a chair by name; its beauties were, like the light of bygone days, long since faded away. I felt a cold sweat upon my brow, and my hair stood fairly erect with disappointment and indignation. In the place of the glorious chops my heart had been dwelling upon for the past hour, there lay in majesty before me a pair of charred bones, about the size of rabbits' ribs. I asked for tea, but it was served without milk! This was the climax. I demanded my account, paid three francs, and rushed frantically to the station to catch the next train to Marseilles, bidding adieu for ever to Lyons. I considered it a perfect *Lion's* den. I thought I would relieve my disappointments in the pleasures of a cigar, and felt in my great-coat pocket for a fusee, but to my mortification I discovered that the scoundrel of a *garçon* at the *Hotel l'Anglais* had abstracted them. This raised my ire to a *higher* pitch, and how many times I made allusions to his eyes, and how

many wicked words I gave utterance to upon this occasion, I must really decline to record here; suffice it to say, that I felt considerably relieved when I had unburdened my mind to the winds; which appeared to waft my curses to the linden trees, whose moanings seemed to murmur against my profanity. I therefore determined to meet all troubles with a good heart, and grumble no more. I was, however, very glad to leave this place, which I did at 10.30 a.m., for Marseilles. The rain was still falling in torrents, and continued so nearly the whole of the journey.

The scenery between Lyons and Marseilles is very picturesque. The beautiful Rhone (?) runs parallel with the line for many miles; and meanders through noble woods, orchards, and numerous vineyards; but there being no foliage on the vines, their appearance resembled ozier beds more than anything else that I can compare them to. Every available space is occupied by them, and they are studded about the loftiest mountains from summit to base. In summer time when they are in foliage they look enchanting. I found the journey tedious, as we stopped at a great many stations; but each station, I must say, *en passant*, was a perfect *Chateau des Fleurs*, and contrasted very favorably with our tame and—so far as floriculture is concerned—neglected stations in England. I arrived at Marseilles at 10.30 p.m., hired a guide, and took up my quarters at the *Hotel des Empereurs*; had a cup of tea, and then went out for a

stroll: visited the Casino—a sort of *Café Chantant* elaborately embellished—and apparently a rendezvous for all classes. Here I heard a young lady sing “*Viva tu*,” most charmingly; after which I returned to my hotel, prayed for the welfare of my dear A., and, for the first time since I left London retired to bed.

The *Hotel des Empereurs* is not a first rate hotel, and their charges are very high. As an instance I may quote that the prices charged were:—for beer, three francs a bottle, ditto for a warm bath, and everything else in the same ratio.

I also visited the *Chateau des Fleurs*, which is a public garden teeming with lovely flowers. During the summer months all kinds of amusements are provided in it for the edification of sight-seers, and in a semi-circle facing the entrance stands a noble fountain of exquisite design and excellent workmanship. I was told that it was erected in honor of the heroes who fell in the Crimean war. Marseilles is a most picturesque town, and I was quite enchanted with the beautiful rides, drives, and promenades, with which it abounds; miles of roads being shaded by avenues of noble trees. I regretted that it was not the season of the year to see them in foliage; but on my return from India I had that pleasure, and consider that nothing scarcely in nature can exceed their loveliness.

The climate of Marseilles in summer time is exceedingly hot, but crystal currents of water murmur

their cooling influences down through channels made in the centres and sides of its mountainous streets. Raised promenades are erected in the centres of the principal thoroughfares for the recreation of the inhabitants, who while their happy hours away beneath the grateful shade of gigantic trees of the same species as all the others I saw in France composing the various avenues. I was delighted with *Marseilles*; indeed it is an enchanting collection of magnificent scenery, fountains, statues, and splendid buildings; and the interior decorations of the *cafés*, are eminently superb. The market-place is a picture in itself; quite oriental in design, and graced with peculiar conical-shaped stalls freighted with flowers and fruit, which is arranged in the most exquisite designs; displaying a *coup d'œil* rarely to be met with elsewhere. I explored many other nooks and corners of this *ancient Marsala*, and in my rambles saw people of nearly every nation parading the town. They comprised English, French, Jews, Germans, and Greeks; Armenians, Bohemians, Maltese, Gibraltese, Arabs and Africans; and every foreigner was dressed in his native costume. They had a very picturesque appearance, and I thought that I could well endure another nine hundred miles journey to visit a place so truly interesting.

Having spent in observation all my spare time, I took a cab and proceeded to visit the "Vectis," in which I was to sail to Alexandria. The wind was blowing "great

guns" from the sea, and in going over a draw-bridge to get round the jetty to the ship, a sudden fit of obstinacy seized our quadruped, and he showed most unmistakable symptoms of his decided objection to cross, by dilating his nostrils, pricking up his ears, snorting, bringing his hind legs parallel with his body, extending his fore feet to the front, and by plunging about in a most unbecoming manner for a respectable cab horse—in fact the brute became unmanageable, and the driver found it necessary to alight and lead him over; whereupon, the wind as if mocking our predicament, added its mite to our misfortunes by sweeping round an abutment of the bridge with a blast of defiance, and completely stripped the cab of its paraphernalia—to wit—the jarvey's cushioned seat, rug, &c.; and carrying them in a most undignified and ungraceful manner, safely and effectually landed and watered them; viz., some in the fine lime-like dust, and others in the loch. It occupied some considerable time to recover these trappings, but the most of them having at length been brought together again, they were rudely thrust through the window of the cab where I was sitting! I presume that this step was to prevent a recurrence of such truantism. They were in a most vile condition, being saturated with wet and dust; and they emitted a most odorous effluvia of stable ammonia. My clean white trousers suffered considerably from this uncereceremonious intrusion, and my organ of scent suffered the greatest

accents of indignation: to use a common phrase, my blood boiled; and I confess that my resolution at Lyons forsook me in this particular instance, for I detected myself in the act of uttering an expletive against the coachman and all his craft for a set of disgusting brutes; but he, poor man, could not be answerable for the *causes* of our mishaps, and failing to consider this in my trouble, I did him an injury for which I afterwards felt a regret; but as he did not understand the language addressed to him, he did not break his heart by reflecting upon my bad wishes.

We reached the vessel with no further incident worth recording, except that upon alighting from the cab, a canine brute of colossal magnitude came snarling towards me, and with extended jaws, evinced a great desire for an introduction to my calves; but having some four years previously at Levenshulme, near Manchester experienced the sensation of cauterization, I did not feel inclined to have the dose repeated. I possessed a respectable sized walking-stick, and immediately formed into the position "assault." The opportunity soon after occurring, I gave the beast a "Roland for his Oliver," and tickled his Toby in a manner he neither expected nor relished. His tail immediately relinquished its inflexibility, and he beat a speedy retreat, yelping immoderately. After this little incident I hired a boat and boarded the "Vectis," which was lying out in the river, arranged for my berth, &c., and returned to the cab; not,

however, before I had had a small sensation "row" with the boatman. The rascal charged me double fare, and I did not omit to show my strongest aversion to this general practice by remonstrance; but, as I could not make the fellow understand that which he had never been taught, I gave him most unmistakable tokens of my extreme displeasure, by drawing my features into the most contemptible contortions, and by making horrible grimaces at him; but I regret to say that this did not make the slightest impression upon the monster, for he very coolly pocketed my franc, and seating himself in the boat, proceeded to indulge in a cigarette with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable! I gave him one last withering look of disgust as I placed my foot upon the step of the cab, and after a considerable "confab," with my Jehu I made him understand that I desired to return to my Hotel. He forthwith *doubled the cape* which was covering the haunches of our restive animal, and fearing another simoom at the bridge, he avoided the sou-wester or its effects, by carefully folding all his trappings, and stowing them away in his "boot"—I mean the boot of his vehicle. He cracked his whip furiously, sneezed twice, winked consummately at that bla'guard waterman who sat grinning in his boat, and away we went; but in turning his cab round short and sharp, I had a narrow escape from being deposited in the docks. The immersion was, however, happily averted; probably owing to the Harbour rules, which direct that

" Rubbish may *not* be shot there " ! By some strange mishap, the fore-wheels of the cab became so firmly locked, that the horse's head was brought *vis-a-vis* with my own at the carriage window. There I sat in a fright, and evidently the very particular object of that animal's curiosity. He was, plainly speaking, taking stock of me, and doubtless would have fallen into a reverie, had he not been reminded of his humane (?) master's presence, by a dreadful thwack across the ears with the butt end of his whip.

The poor brute staggered for an instant, and then, as if seized with an idea that he was drawing a fire-engine and bound for some distant conflagration, he started off at a furious pace, and we were soon at the door of my Hotel. I then proceeded to settle with my cabman. I offered him his legal fare, and would you believe it?—Instead of being thankful, he commenced to abuse, and actually fired a whole volley of *sacres* at me, refusing to receive the money tendered, point blanc. I looked at him, and he returned the compliment. I shall never forget his countenance. To delineate his general appearance, is somewhat awkward in caligraphy, but I may state that he was short, thick-set, and awfully repulsive in his manner; his cocoa-nut head delighted in a covering closely resembling a door mat; his eye-brows stood out in bold relief at right angles from his forehead; his face was comparable to a red cabbage or full blown peony; his teeth revelled in churchyard confusion behind a

hare-lip; and his eyes—ah!—they were the climax to all; what *shall* I say about them? I have heard eyes compared to “red-hot marbles in a basin of dripping,” but that simile would not apply to him, it is too refined. I can only compare mine hero’s eyes to two rivet-holes in a blasting furnace. Now materials like these being brought into a high state of excitement—as was the case at that particular moment—were not all calculated to raise a sympathy in my breast for extra pay; oh no! and being excited solely on my account, they and I did not improve at all upon acquaintance; therefore, as I considered it useless parleying with the fellow, especially as he could not understand me, I thought a deuced lot as Punch says, and turning upon my heel, bounded up the steps of “*Les Trois Empereurs*,” where I was soon threading my way through its labyrinths towards my lodge, from which I impressed the services of a *garçon* by whom I sent the fare down to the fellow, and thus got rid of a pest. I afterwards learned that he uttered oaths to almost convulsion point, drove to the next wine shop, where he spent my franc and a half with more added, tumbled from his perch into the mud in a state of glory, and was finally marched off by two *gendarmes* to the *concierge*, charged with drunkenness and incapability, and also with creating a disturbance by shouting *Vive le Roi*, contrary to the statute made and provided; code Nap. III., &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD heard that when travelling in France it was always preferable to settle your Hotel bill over-night, especially if you wish to leave early in the morning. I therefore paid mine and requested to be called and supplied with *café au lait* at 5 o'clock in the morning, after which I retired to bed; having, however, previously examined my exchequer; from which I was agreeably surprised to find that I had only expended £8 10s. since my departure from London. This sum included first class travelling all the way from London to Marseilles, cab hire, conveyance of luggage, porters' fees, hotel expenses, and some necessary purchases; and I was not at all *mean* during the journey. I slept very soundly and awoke at a quarter to six, boat advertised to start at seven;—neither *garçon* nor *café* had made their appearance, and dreading the unpleasant disadvantages that would result from losing my passage, I arose, completed my toilet, and having ordered a cab over-night to be in readiness for

me at 6.30 a.m., I took my luggage down to the *entrée*, no porter nor any one belonging to the Hotel being there to do it. I had landed the last package upon the steps when I descried my "Jehu" coming round the corner of the street. I soon had my "traps" inside, and in a "jiffey" was off to the ship.

There is something consoling in the knowledge that a difference exists in the natures of that class of biped—cabman. Now this individual happened to be a very decent and respectful fellow; and having completed his work to my entire satisfaction, and, moreover, had been extremely attentive to me, I rewarded his civility by an addition to his fare, at which he appeared remarkably well pleased, and I was gratified. I then hired a boat and went to my ship; was introduced to my berth; set it in order; and to my mortification was informed that I need not hope to see my heavy baggage (which was shipped at Southampton by the steamer "Ellora") before I reached Suez. This was most vexing, as before that time I expected and experienced that the climate into which I was daily travelling would gradually increase in temperature. I was, however, rightly informed, and did not get a change of clothing until my arrival on board the "Orissa," at Suez; having suffered much from the heat at Malta, and while travelling through Egypt.

The paddles of the "Vectis" made their first revolution at 8 a.m., and we steamed away into as glorious

a morning as ever broke from the heavens. I remained on deck all the day, and as we travelled in a coast-wise direction, I had an opportunity of feasting my eyes upon the beautiful scenery on shore, as it continually receded like dissolving views from my vision. At 10 o'clock I was delighted with a scene which was quite novel to me: a drove of porpoises followed the ship for a considerable distance, and their gambols in the water were very amusing, reminding me of a steeple-chase as they frequently jumped completely out of the sea and with the greatest apparent ease kept pace with the ship that was rushing through the waves at the rate of twelve knots an hour. In the afternoon I saw the common house-fly buzzing about in the cabin—"drot" them they are everywhere, as I afterwards discovered to my great discomfort in India.

The weather as we neared the straits of Sicily began to get tolerably warm, and the sun became so very powerful that my face and neck felt its influence and speedily changed color. I therefore considered it prudent to keep under the ship's awning when on deck for the rest of the journey. The "Table" on board was excellent: coffee was brought to bunk-side every morning at 7 o'clock; breakfast, consisting of tea, coffee, joints, *entrées*, curries, fish, eggs, claret, port, sherry, &c., was served at 9; luncheon, of biscuit and cheese and bottled beer, at 12; a first class dinner with wine and dessert at 4 p.m.; and tea at nine:

after which, grog and to bed at 10, and all lights extinguished at 10.30. This is the daily routine on board the P. & O. Co's ships, but I deviated from it on this, my first day at sea, being too much occupied in observations. We lost sight of land about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after passing Toulon. I felt exceedingly tired, and went to bed at 7.30 p.m. I slept soundly, although the bed, or rather mattress, was very hard and the engines made a great noise. I arose at 5 o'clock on the following morning in time to see the sun rise at 5.35. It was a beautiful sight to witness the majesty of its appearance, as it floated as it were upon the horizon of the sea; but here it did not assume that grandeur as when I viewed it in the Irish Channel about two years previously.

At that time a few light clouds were sailing along in the air, and the charming rosy tints imparted to them before the sun made its appearance, formed a picture so strikingly beautiful that I cannot find words of sufficient import to convey to the mind anything approaching to the reality. The Eastern hemisphere was one gigantic picture of beauty, magnificence, and loveliness, and one too deeply impressed upon me ever to fade from my memory. In the Mediterranean the great luminary rises more abruptly; and from the time I saw it peeping over the waves until it presented its disk entire, my watch had only travelled three and a half minutes. It rises much quicker than this at Bombay and Surat, and so soon becomes

powerful that in less than five minutes after it has risen one cannot look at it. At 8.30 a.m. we passed the Island of Sardinia: it looked grand and picturesque from the sea, and some of the loftiest mountains appeared to be covered with snow. I omitted to observe that upon leaving Marseilles a splendid view is obtained of the *Chateau d'If*, which has been immortalized by Alexandre Dumas in his work called "Monte Christo." At 4 a.m. on the 7th of March and whilst I was dreaming away in happy ignorance of the world's cares, we passed Corsica and Ajaccio. I awoke at 5 o'clock and with the aid of a powerful glass I gazed upon the land that had the honor of producing one who was the terror of Europe, and—with all due deference to the "Iron Duke"—in my opinion the greatest and most powerful warrior of his day; indeed we should have to search the annals of war a long time before we met with a greater name than "Napoleon."

This was again a glorious day and I was agreeably surprised to find upon the dinner table lamb, green peas, cauliflowers and delicious salads; and these, after leaving an English winter only a week behind, were no ordinary luxuries. I longed for my dear A. to partake of some of the good cheer with me, but alas! I was leaving her far behind. I experienced great pleasure in watching the phosphoretic appearance of the waves as they were beaten by our paddles at night; it was very beautiful and the stars shone out with excessive brilliancy making evening delightful.

Up to this time we had not observed a single ship since we sailed, which I considered rather strange being as we were in so important a roadstead of commerce. Towards evening the weather changed, it was neither so warm nor so fine as on the previous day.

At 5 o'clock p.m. we passed the Island of Caprera, where Garibaldi resides; we could see the outline of the rocks from the ship but not plainly. My thoughts all this day were continually upon my dear A. and I missed her congenial society very much. At 7 p.m. the barometer began to sink rapidly and there was every appearance of a rough night; the sails were quickly hauled in and "bent" to meet every emergency; the sea soon became extremely rough and the ship began to roll disagreeably; up to this time the vessel had cut through her briny pathway at the rate of twelve knots an hour. At 8 p.m. the lightning appeared very vivid and the dreaded storm soon afterwards arrived in all its fury. The ship labored excessively and many of the passengers became painfully conscious of it. The motion of the vessel did not however affect me, but it must be admitted that irrespective of sickness, a storm at sea is a calamity that is calculated to excite some degree of fear in the most stoical disposition. I certainly felt timid and retired to bed, having first read the 54th Chapter of Isaiah. I could not however sleep for the sea was so rough and the ship rolled so fearfully that my cabin window was continually dipping

several feet under the surface of the water, and the phosphorescent animalculæ contained therein was so vivid, that it nearly resembled lightning as each wave was forcibly dashed against the port light. I frequently heard a heavy sea washing over our decks and carrying all before it, which of course disturbed my thoughts in some degree but I trusted in Providence for my safety and soon fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, when the winds and waves and the raging ocean were all alike forgotten. I always made it a rule to be very particular and regular in my devotions to Him by whom all things are regulated; who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, who stills the whirlwind, and rides upon the storm. I never passed a day without a little study to His Book—our sword and shield “The Bible.”

The night fraught with fearful misgivings passed away, and the morning found the angry sea boiling, hissing, and lashing us about in a dreadful manner. Our ship appeared but a cork as it danced about upon the bosom of the mighty deep, and the storm continued to rage with unabated fury both on this and on the following day. It was difficult to distinguish the rolling thunder from the roaring of the troubled waters; the lightning flashed in rapid succession with awful brilliancy, and the ship's timbers creaked and groaned in a dreadful manner as she encountered each broadside wave. The dinner hour was not looked forward to with so much

pleasure during this terrible weather as before, and the viands had a particular *penchant* for transporting themselves from the table to the cabin floors and not unfrequently into the laps of the guests. One gentleman was honored by receiving upon his dress pantaloons a very fine boiled rabbit smothered in onions. I was sitting nearly opposite to him and his countenance upon this occasion underwent a sudden change which might be compared to an individual who had swallowed a capsicum in mistake. The ladies did not as usual make their appearance at table, but sundry moans and groans and other noises akin to the sea assailed my unwilling ears and gave me unmistakable intimations of their unhappy positions, and that they were as *bad* as could be expected under the circumstances.

At mid-day the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane and the sea was running mountains high. I tried to write but it was a failure, indeed the weather became so rough that the captain could not control the ship whilst under steam, he thereupon gave orders to lay-to, which instructions being promptly obeyed, we beat about in the boiling surges with the storm raging as I never before saw it. The winds howled through the ship's masts in terrible unison with the roaring waves, whose gigantic power prevented our approach to the Maltese coast until 5.30 a.m. on the following day. When I saw that there was no hope of making the land, I went off to bed, thank God in

excellent health and spirits; not so however with my fellow passengers, who were all more or less exhausted with sickness and the effects of the bad weather.

I arose the following morning at 5.30, the wind and rain had been terrible all night, and my bones ached with the beating I experienced from the violent oscillation of the vessel, which kept us rolling about like billiard balls in a washing machine.

As soon as it became sufficiently light, we weighed anchor and steamed away to "Valetta" the capital of Malta, passing the Island of Gozo which I understood to be a penal settlement. It looked to be a wretched place and had a very barren appearance from the sea. We anchored in the harbour of Valetta at 9.30 a.m., where we found to our great relief that although a high wind prevailed the morning was gloriously fine. The sea continued fearfully rough and the large waves rolled with terrible force against the rocks of the Maltese coast, dashing their spray of milky whiteness many yards into the air where they sported about in the sun's rays, reflecting the most beautiful prismatic colors. Valetta is a charming place and upon landing I was struck with the sight of immense cactuses, some of which were struggling for life in the debris of old ruins, similar to the English wall-flower, while others threw up their sturdy branches to form hedges that enclosed the cottagers' gardens. This was a novelty I had not enjoyed before and I attempted

to examine them, but my *penchant* for botanical knowledge was speedily interrupted by about a hundred shoeless, copper-colored ruffians who importuned myself and my fellow passengers with unheard of energy for appointments as guides, &c. They would not accept a negative and became so very troublesome, that Captain G—— and two others of our party were obliged to use physical force to rid ourselves of their annoyances. Many of them accompanied very curious looking vehicles, the majority being mere wheels, axle-trees, shafts and platforms, upon which a mattress is laid and raised at one end to form a pillow, where the passenger reclines at full length in constant fear of a speedy exit from this sublunary sphere, by being uncereemoniously pitched over one of the precipices by which he has to pass to the city. The horses used in these vehicles are very diminutive creatures, but they are full of pluck and travel at a very high rate of speed, the drivers invariably running by their side. The covered conveyance used at Malta is the best specimen of ugliness I ever saw, the body is something like a four-wheeled London cab, but constructed to carry two persons only who sit *vis-a-vis*. It has two large wheels placed far in the rear of the body, and long lanky shafts.

The first place I visited here was the market, where I saw a number of young goats hanging up in the butcher's stalls; they were not larger than ostend rabbits and upon first sight I was puzzled

to know what they were. I however enquired and was told it was "lamb"!! There was an abundance of fruit and vegetables, some of which I was unacquainted with. Blood oranges were very fine and I purchased a quantity to send to friends in England; other kinds of oranges, lemons, figs, dates, apricots, grapes, &c., were plentiful and cheap. I determined here to purchase cigars for the journey, and strolling into a liquor-shop I selected two bundles containing about two hundred and twenty really good. I asked "what is to pay?" when, judge of my astonishment, the answer was "one and eight-pence Sir"!! I could not believe the vendor and repeated the question, but he assured me that the amount charged was the price of cigars in Malta, and that they were commonly sold at eight a penny. I thereupon invested another similar sum and the stock was sufficient for myself and friends during the journey out and for three months afterwards. Time would not permit me to visit the interior of the island, but a passing remark must be given to the garden of the *café*, where I indulged in a bottle of champagne and wrote letters home. This garden was well filled with orange and almond trees, the former were perfect pictures, with ripe fruit and bloom luxuriating together and the latter with their pale pink blossoms were most pleasing to the eye. At one extremity of the garden there is a delicious fountain, the jets from which have a charming effect as they spread their showers of

diamonds and pearls in the sun's rays ; and when the shades of evening deprive them of their fantastic shapes and brilliant colors, they enchant the senses with their murmuring cadences and fairy-like musical drippings. The garden is also rich with exotics which send a delicious perfume floating upon the evening's breeze, and as I sat sipping my cup of *café au lait*, a male and female (Italians) commenced singing a duet, accompanying themselves upon guitars ; their voices were melodious, and their accompaniments most exquisite, their music had more than charms for me and thoughts of happy days crowded upon my memory. I yearned intensely for dear A. to share my then present enjoyment, and eventually fell into a complete reverie, from which I was awoken by a military band striking up the well known, and at that particular time, the welcome tune of "The British Grenadiers." The town clock had just chimed nine, and the night guard had "turned out" from the barracks headed by their band playing this old national air. I was instinctively drawn from my ethereal visions to the old square, which was then ringing with the echoes of a lively polka, after which the guard marched away to the tune of "I'm off to Charlestown."

There are some mummy pits at Valetta which I understand are well worth seeing, but I had no time to visit them ; I however inspected the works of art of an artist in stone, whose studio

was replete with almost everything that human ingenuity could devise, appertaining to sculpture. I was both charmed and astonished to see stone worked up into such exquisite and beautiful designs ; flowers and fruit being so delicately chiselled and clearly defined that they only lacked life to be perfect nature.

The view of the harbour and town from the forts and the cemetery is charming, so indeed is the scenery all around, it is strikingly beautiful.

The "Strada Reale" is the principal street of "La Vallette" or "Valetta" as the metropolis of Malta is generally called. It is a fine thoroughfare and crowded with *cafés*, shops, &c. Valetta is famous for coral ornaments, silver and gold of filagree work, (similar to the Delhi work of India) laces, mittens, and jewellery of all descriptions. The Cathedral of St. John is the gem of the island ; it is one bewildering mass of works of art ; the ceiling, walls and mosaic pavements not excepted. The latter is inlaid with *lapis lazuli*, *verde antique*, jaspers, agates, and other precious stones, which shine resplendent as a mirror. The life of St. John is illustrated by a series of noble paintings on its walls and ceiling : some of those on the latter are however damaged by damp. The *chef d'œuvre* is manifest in the altar-piece, which represents the martyrdom of the saint. It was painted by Michael Angelo, who for this touching production was admitted into the brotherhood, an honor which reflected infinite credit alike

upon the illustrious painter and upon the knights. Rich and gorgeous as this is, we see it shorn of much of its original splendour; for the French, during the short period they held the island, are said to have taken from the cathedral seven carts full of precious metals, which formed only a portion of its decorations. The inhabitants never forgave the French for this act of sacrilege, and to it they attribute their loss of the island. Taking a *coup d'œil* of the interior of this remarkable edifice, it is one blaze of gilding in exquisite designs, magnificent statuary, and rich colors, in which an azure blue is predominant; and so far as my experience serves me, I consider that it is not only unequalled but unapproachable in Europe for beauty, excellence and elegance generally. The mosaics, in colors, represent the armorial bearings of the various Grand Masters who have held the command of Malta, from the earliest date.

The Governor's house is open to the public, and this, as well as the cathedral, is truly magnificent; indeed, no language can portray their beauties, they must be seen to be appreciated. The decorations throughout are most gorgeous, and the walls are ornamented with a series of old oil paintings, some of which are very curious. There are large galleries of ancient arms and armour, all in a state of excellent preservation, the relics of warriors who have fought both mounted and on foot. Here also is

exhibited a rifled cannon of great antiquity; as well as a collection of very fine and rare tapestry one hundred and eighty years old, the colors of which are nearly as bright as when they left the hands of the artist. They cover the walls of the throne-room; the designs are scriptural, and the birds, flowers, and fruit represented are beautiful in form, excellently executed and true to the life. Citta Vecchia is within a short distance of La Vallette and is the spot where the apostle St. Paul was wrecked. He is said to have lived in a cave for three months, and the priests have taken advantage of this by converting the cave into a chapel, which contains a fine statue of St. Paul, in white marble. The Knights of St. John came originally from Jerusalem. When the Christians lost that place the Knights retired to Acre, which they valiantly defended against the Turks. Subsequently, in the year 1310, under the King of Cyprus they captured Rhodes, where they dwelt securely for two hundred years, until that island fell into the possession of "Soliman the Magnificent," when they retired to Candia; and a few years subsequently to Malta. Here again they were followed by their arch-enemy Soliman, who was determined, if possible, to destroy them root and branch, as the most valiant defenders of the cross.

He failed in his first attempt upon the island, and sent against it a second and more formidable expedition consisting of 30,000 men, provided with a strong

artillery, and every known implement of war necessary for the conduct of a great siege. The Knights in this siege more than maintained their valourous reputation, and the Turks having lost the greater part of their army in the most determined and desperate attacks, extending over a period of four months, retired baffled from before its walls, and ever afterwards wisely forebore from any further attempts upon the island. The Knights fought valiantly against the encroaching power of the Crescent long afterwards, but nothing of note occurred until 1798, when their island home was betrayed into the hands of the French. The French garrison was destined, however, after a blockade of two years, and when hard pressed by famine, to surrender to the British.

At Malta, as well as at Marseilles, I was much amused with a novelty which is striking to one who has not before witnessed such scenes. Every morning and evening are to be met droves of asses and goats ornamented with little silvery-toned bells; they are driven up and down the streets to supply the inhabitants with milk. Each drove is accompanied by its owner, who upon arriving at a customer's house makes a peculiar noise, when the animals immediately stop: the required quantity of milk is drawn from them, a different signal is given, and on they march to the next house of call.

They imparted a peculiar sensation to my nerves when I heard their tinkling music for the first time.

It was in a quiet part of the town of Marseilles, where their liquid tones sent a thrill of strange melancholy through my senses, not however unmixed with pleasure.

In musing over this phenomenon I came to the conclusion that the pleasure was derived from my natural love of music, but I could not well arrive at the cause of the melancholy ; certainly I was alone, far away from her I loved, and in a strange country, where I could neither speak nor understand the language, and I attributed these reasons in a great part to its source ; but I felt a something more—a remote period of my life came stealing o'er my senses, when those tinkling sounds were most familiar to me. They reminded me of the bells on the sheep at my father's farm at Down, near Farnboro', in Kent. I remembered how such sounds were wafted upon the soft summer winds across the green hills to the hedge side, where I was filling my pockets with wood-nuts, and how they saluted my ears at an earlier period, when my sole occupation was making "daisy chains" to please my favorite sister, Matilda ; whom I loved with a fondness rarely shewn between children at so tender an age. I was then only seven years old, and Matilda three. We were inseperable, and the days of our childhood were spent together in searching the banks for wild strawberries and flowers : but our juvenile pleasures were destined to be of a very short duration ; mis-

fortune came upon our family and we were divided, never to taste the sweets of such happiness again. I was cast upon the wide wide world still a mere boy to fight the battle of life upon my own resources; and and as if fretting for the object of her affections, poor "Tilley" pined away from a lovely and fine child to a mere shadow; and thus she lingered on until she had attained her eighteenth year, when I was summoned to attend her death-bed. Poor girl! although absence and the cares of the world had estranged me, I still felt the impression of my early love for her, and so far as her emaciated condition would allow, I thought she returned it when I kissed her flushed lips, as she reposed nearly insensible, in the last stage of consumption.

The peach blossom was smiling upon her pearl-like cheek, and her golden locks were gently wafted by the morning's breeze as it stole through the honey-suckle that climbed around and about her bed-room window; but the heavy heavings of her snowy breast, and the fight for life in her painful exertions for breath, were scenes not easily forgotten. I gave her a last loving kiss, pressed her gently to my breast, fervently hoped and prayed that God would receive her soul, and lingered gazing in agony upon her beautiful features until my heart was full..... I left the room—sat upon the stairs, and wept bitterly; during which time her dear spirit took its flight to

Him who gave it. Poor girl! 'twas early to be called away, but I bow to the daily supplication we pleaded together in our infancy when kneeling to thank the Great Creator for all good things, and still say "Thy will be done."

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER exploring all the nooks and corners of Valetta I went aboard the ship and turned into bed very tired. We weighed anchor early on the following morning and steamed away for Alexandria. The day was beautifully fine, but the sea carried a heavy swell. This was Sunday, and I was surprised to find that Divine service was not performed on board. At 1.45 p.m. we sighted a collier; all glasses were immediately brought to bear upon her, but no name could be seen. At 6.30 p.m. we met the "Pera," with the Calcutta mails. Each vessel signalled the other by rockets within one hundred yards of each other, and I was informed that the P. & O. Company's boats always do this at night. The sea continued very angry from the effects of the late bad weather, and as it was unpleasant to remain on deck where I found it difficult to stand, I retired to bed sincerely hoping for finer weather and smoother water on the morrow. The waves were fearfully rough all night, and the vessel rolled and shipped large quantities of water; the

weather was, however, fine overhead The ship took in a fresh supply of vegetables at Malta, and we were indulged with cauliflowers, green peas, and lamb, and with broad beans and ham ; but the severe oscillation of the vessel prevented the true enjoyment of them. Joints, &c., made excursions from off the table on to the cabin floors ; smash ! crash ! followed glasses, plates, &c., and one of our party was favored by having a fine boiled capon and butter sauce carefully stowed away in his lap. He declined to partake of further refreshment, doubtless repeating to himself the line of an old ballad wherein an enthusiast, making an urgent appeal to the idol of his soul as to the disposition of an imaginary heart and lute, is made to say—

“ Oh, give me this, I ask no more.”

The majority of the passengers left the table with a scanty meal, and I went up on deck and watched the waves until 7 o'clock ; after which I partook of a cup of tea, and then retired to bed, defying alike the winds, waves, and foul weather. When I awoke the next morning I found that during the happy hours of unconsciousness the sea had calmed down, and we had left the mountainous waters far behind. A beautiful day succeeded, it became uncomfortably warm, and the sun took great liberties with my complexion, which changed color fast. Nothing occurred to-day worthy of note except a slaughter among the animals with a view to appease the cravings of our

dissatisfied nature. The sea was calm, dinner was a luxury, and there was a general muster at table, including the ladies ; whose presence always endows life with sunshine, and whose absence casts a cloud of darkness around our existence. The bright weather seemed to have lightened their hearts and filled them with buoyant spirits: they flitted about like butterflies, in light summer costume, and contentment, joy, and happiness played upon every feature. I only required the presence of dear A. to make me the happiest of beings. After dinner I went on deck, and it being dusk I watched for a considerable time the phosphorescent appearance of the sea. It was more strikingly beautiful than ever I had seen it before: and to my fancy it seemed to vie with the firmament; for it was, without exaggeration, as bright as the stars above us, and appeared in nearly the same form. A lovely night passed away and the morning heralded another glorious day. At 11.15 a.m. we sighted the top of the Alexandrian lighthouse, and at this point a curious phenomenon presented itself in the coloring of the sea, which became a beautiful pale blue, and the marks dividing this color from the dark green behind us and a deep yellow nearer to the shore, were clearly visible exactly defined, and had a very peculiar appearance. Upon nearing the harbour the sea changed again to a bright green color, and the line dividing that from the yellow had a strange but pleasing effect.

The colors do not mingle, but meet abruptly. I can understand that the dark color is caused by deep sea and the yellow by shallow water, but why such a lovely blue presented itself I could not divine, nor could anyone on board enlighten me in this respect. At 12 30 p.m. we hove in sight of Egypt, and my brain was filled with the most revered thoughts as I gazed upon that ancient land immortalized in sacred history, and where our Great Master is recorded to have worked such mighty miracles to deliver from slavery and bondage his favored people the Israelites.

From the harbour is seen Pompey's Pillar, and the exterior of the Pacha's marine palace, and all along the shore the eye rests upon granaries and windmills, the latter performing their monotonous revolutions with six, eight, and in some cases twelve sails. This change of scene tends very considerably to enliven the spirits after a tedious sea passage, but the stomach is apt to feel a little qualmish when the eye encounters the dirty appearance of the inhabitants, who look to be mostly Arabians, and semi-nude. Upon landing we were ushered into a dirty shed—which is used as the terminus of the railway—and kept there for about two hours, to the great delight of the flies, before anyone took any notice of us. At length an engine and two or three carriages came down, and as there was only room for about half our party, we had to scramble for seats. I observed a great many curious looking people getting into the

train, who turned out to be a troop of soldiers, but I was obliged to seek information as to their profession for I never imagined them to be military men, either from their manners or costume. They were exceeding queer fishes to look upon.

Here for the first time I was gratified by seeing dates and other palms growing in their native state, and it was only then that I really felt myself in an Eastern land. The whole aspect of the country north of Cairo, was verdant and refreshing, and in a high state of cultivation. The scenery in many parts is pretty, and at frequent intervals is seen the fairy-like sail of a small merchandize boat threading its way silently along upon the bosom of the meandering Nile. The banks being high, the water is invisible from the train, and the craft have the singular appearance of sailing along upon green meadows.

The railway carriages in Egypt are very comfortable; they have double sun-proof roofs, they are very airy, they are marked and numbered in English and native characters, and they are made by Wright of Birmingham.

Upon starting from the "shed," to the general station, we were subjected to an infliction, which, though very far from agreeable to a musical ear, was nevertheless gratifying to me, as it served thus early to illustrate "y^e manners and customs of y^e inhabitants of y^e ancient countrie of Egypt." A fellow passenger who had not availed himself of a through

ticket, and who had consequently to look after and pay for the transit of his baggage from boat to rail, and *vice versa*, employed a man and a boy to do this service, and after we were seated in the carriage both presented themselves at the window for their fees. The passenger handed two shillings to the man, saying, "there's a shilling each for you." The fellow eagerly clutched the money and then "sloped," making himself scarce somewhere about the vicinity of the engine. The boy simultaneously set up a frightful howl, and his yells at the carriage window were truly appalling. The carriage was fitted with Venetian blinds which we pulled up, but nothing would induce the urchin to leave; we rapped his knuckles most severely, but there he hung, bellowing all the way to the general station, where I had him removed.

It appears that the man, like all other low-caste Egyptians was a consummate rogue, and having once got the money into his possession, sharing it was out of the question. They have no sense of honor, and drawing the smallest coin from him for the boy, would have been as tough a job as getting a lump of butter out of a dog's throat. I explained the matter to an official who spoke English at the general station, but how it terminated I really cannot say. We had another great delay at this latter station, and by dint of great perseverance we discovered the way into a refreshment room—so it was called, but I have seen many wash-houses at home far more com-

fortable;—however, we obtained some wretched compound *called* soda-water and brandy, for which we were charged about five times too much.

Several of our party having expressed a desire to wash their hands, they were shown into an out-house where they were supplied with one hand-basin! consequently they had to wash “turn about.”

Whilst I was waiting I lit up a cigar, and looking carelessly up the outside of the building my eyes encountered those of a very fine black tom-cat. He was blinking his existence away in a nook which appeared once upon a time to have been occupied by a window, but which was now dressed in a coating of pitch, that was blistering and swelling with indignation at the sun’s rays. This nook was accessible from the inside, just over the spot where Lieut. B—— was washing himself and admiring a beautiful gazelle that was penned up in the place. Grimalkin had fixed his eyes on me with feelings of great curiosity no doubt; and being in a comical humour myself, “I set my eyes” upon him and made a pretty (?) face; he winced at this, inclined his head and shoulders on one side, moved uneasily upon his fore feet, and made ready for a spring. At this juncture I imitated the euphonious wail of the feline species and spat at him, upon which he immediately “bolted,”—jump’d on to the Lieutenant’s back—rushed frantically at the gazelle—upset the water—broke the hand basin—chilled the blood of the Lieutenant, and having made his way to

the yard, scampered off, sending the fowls flying in all directions, some up the trees and others on the roofs of the houses; where they remained "doing a slow parade" with extended necks, and cackling away in great consternation; during which period of excitement the affrighted animal vanished over a wall.

This little adventure afforded good fun to my fellow passengers, a change from the usual and monotonous routine being ever welcome. After remaining about an hour at this place we proceeded to Kafr Zuyat where we found a substantial dinner awaiting us*. It was very good, and consisted of roast and boiled joints and poultry, curries, pastry, fruit, &c. It was here that I first saw oriental fowls stripped of their feathers. They are about the size of pigeons, and bare skin and bone. I found them about the same calibre and quality in India. A peculiar preparation of rice was served here; I do not know how it was cooked, but I never before ate anything that I enjoyed so much—it was truly delicious.

* A dinner at Kafr Zuyat and breakfast at Cairo is served to passengers who avail themselves of through tickets between Europe and the East. It is provided in the terms of an agreement entered into between the Egyptian authorities and the P. & O. Co., and the charge is included in the railway fare. Beer and wines are not included in the contract, but they are obtainable at ruinous rates: for instance, the charge for a bottle of beer is two shillings. It is imported from Aspinall's Anchor Brewery, Birkenhead.

Dinner being over I mounted one of the Maltese cigars, resumed my seat in the carriage, and smoked away until the train started.

It being quite dark I could not see anything to note, excepting that the scenes by lamplight at the various stations we stopped at were very amusing.

The general picture was:—groups of natives sitting huddled together smoking chibouks and chattering like a lot of geese; porters in blue cotton costume, very dirty, and walking dreamily along the platforms; station masters carrying large paper lanterns, rushing about gesticulating to their subordinates and making a great noise all about nothing; irascible and impatient passengers lavishing expletives indiscriminately upon all officials who were unlucky enough to come within earshot, for imaginary delays; and crowning all was heard the shrill whistlings of insects, and the dismal howlings of canine brutes in distant villages.

CHAPTER V.

ELEVEN o'clock p.m. brought us to Cairo.* The first sight that arrested my attention was the novel mode of lighting the station. Men employed for the purpose held fire-pans similar to chafing-dishes, which were fitted to iron rods about a yard long: these each *employé* held in one hand while he fed the fire with small pieces of wood supplied by juvenile attendants. Some of these fire-holders having longer rods than the others were planted in the ground, and their fires kept up by the station porters. A fresh breeze was blowing which caused the wood to burn furiously and give an excellent light.

One of my fellow passengers, Lieut. B——, took out

* Cairo, from "Alkahira," or the Victorious, was founded in the middle of the tenth century by Jawhar, a Moggrebin General. It contains 240 principal streets, 46 public squares, 11 bazaars, 140 schools, 300 public cisterns, 1166 coffee houses, 65 public baths, 400 mosques, and one hospital for mad and infirm.


from England a very beautiful Alpine dog, the fare for which from Southampton to Bombay was £10. He experienced great trouble here to obtain it from the guard, and strange enough, he forgot to take the poor animal with him from his Hotel in the morning. At Suez, a telegram was sent for it, but up to the time of our reaching Bombay, no reply had been received.

There are some respectable omnibusses which meet the trains at the Cairo station and run to the several hotels. Our baggage was stowed in one of these and we took possession of the seats; but to our great annoyance the horses turned obstinate, and it was quite five minutes ere by continued whipping, twisting and turning about in all directions, that the brutes were prevailed upon to "move on;" we were, however, at length relieved from our anxious position, by their rushing off at a terrific pace to "Shepherd's," where we put up for the night.

A welcome supper awaited us here; but this, as well as all other expenses at Cairo, is charged to the passengers. The food and accommodation at Shepherd's Hotel is both good and cheap; the charge to me for supper, bed and attendance, was five shillings only.

Nothing would satisfy some of my fellow passengers but a walk, and notwithstanding the late hour (midnight), I had a desire stronger than reason to see Cairo by night. We thereupon hired a dragoman, who carried a large lantern, and with him for a guide

we commenced a tour of the place. A band of music had in the first place tempted us to the stroll, but before we reached the spot from which the sounds proceeded, it had ceased; the greater part of the bazaars were closed, and all the rendezvous that remained open were a few straggling stalls and shops lit up under the trees; and the only attractive noise heard was the rattling of cues and balls proceeding from a billiard booth. I was however extremely gratified and amply repaid for my nocturnal ramble, by the perfume that pervaded the atmosphere from the acacias and exotics which are very numerous here—the scent was most delicious and refreshing. My fellow tourists were not so well satisfied, but abused the poor dragoman in pretty round terms because, as they said he could not show them anything. The poor fellow thereupon took us to a house over the door of which was written “European Coffee House. Wines, Spirits, &c.” There was an immediate shout of satisfaction, followed by a violent knocking at the door; which in a short time creaked upon its hinges, revealing to our gaze an old fellow holding an immense candlestick, and who was evidently both disgusted and frightened at this untimely visitation. He was extremely dirty, had a small sharp visage and a very long ragged beard, and, in answer to a demand for soda-water and brandy, he nervously articulated something quite unintelligible to us, and slammed the door in our faces. Lieut. B—— gave



him a blessing in the form of a horrible oath through the key-hole, and we then returned to our Hotel; upon reaching the lobby of which, my attention was drawn to a black board hanging upon the wall, containing the particulars of the various apartments and their occupants: for instance, opposite No. 18 was written, *in chalk*, Mrs. Black; to which one of our party added Mrs. Blacker, and another Mrs. Blackest. Mr. Broad figured before No. 21, and this received the addition of broader and broadest, and so on throughout the whole list; after the completion of which we retired to bed at 2 o'clock a.m.

I was up and out again at 5.30, and it was then that I fully appreciated the beauty of Cairo, which may be compared to a city in a grove. All the trees, mostly acacias, mimosas, and palms, were dressed in their best suit of lovely green, and so profuse as to form a natural awning over the principal promenades. The perfume they exhaled in the morning was very sweet, but not nearly so powerful as on the previous evening.

I cannot speak favorably of either the inhabitants or their dwellings; all looked squalor and misery in the bazaars and in the public streets; but on the principal promenades a better class predominated.

The faces and figures of all the females are covered with the haborah, an unsightly costume which envelopes them completely from the crown of their heads to their shoeless feet: there are two apertures for the sight,

and the strip that covers the nose is generally ornamented with buttons, beads, or some such rubbish, forming pictures of ugliness truly repulsive to the European who is a stranger to such scenes. The married females wear a black haborah and the unmarried ones white; the latter reminding you of ghosts as they glide about among the trees after night-fall.

I visited the Grand Mosque (?) situated in the town; it is an old dilapidated building and quite uninteresting. A tomb of Mahomet, hung with faded red cloth, is here exhibited, but I saw nothing in it worthy of remark. The one I ought to have seen, and which I shall describe shortly, is in a suburb of the city, but I was "sold" by the scamp of a donkey-driver who guided, or rather misguided me to the former because it was so much nearer.

The inhabitants have the reputation of being a set of knaves, and prone to fleece the poor traveller most unmercifully unless he keeps a strict eye upon them. I experienced this myself. The higher class of females generally accomplish their locomotion on donkey-back, where they sit astride, upon trappings of the gayest description. The asses at Cairo are very strong and remarkably fleet, and I was enabled to test their qualifications as well as to get a better view of Cairo upon my return from India; and whilst I am on the subject, I think it preferable to record the whole of my gleanings here before I proceed upon my journey eastward.

I was at Cairo all day on Whit-Sunday, 1862, and strolling about to kill time, I eventually found myself in one of the Pacha's gardens. The walks were badly made and dirty; the borders were defined by rosemary; and the whole place was thickly planted with almond trees, bearing green fruit, and with pomegranates, melons, cucumbers, strawberries, mint, thyme, roses, &c.

There was not much to admire in this garden, and as the dust was extremely disagreeable I presented the gardener with "backshish"* and retraced my steps to the grand promenade, which was a charming place overshadowed with acacias, and vines with grapes hanging in luxuriant bunches from trellis-work; and also with numerous other natural productions indigenous to an oriental climate.

The walks were thickly studded with pleasure-seekers, principally French magnificently dressed; but here also were promenading people of all countries:—English, French, Egyptians, Arabians, Turks, Italians, Greeks, and Armenians, all in the native costumes of their respective countries. The Turkish ladies wore the haborah, but enough of their faces could be seen to know that some of them were very beautiful. It however appeared to me very strange that although their features were nearly concealed, their breasts were indelicately exposed, or merely covered by a transparent gauze. The billiard saloons, taverns, and

* Money-present.

cafés were all crowded with people; some playing at cards, others rattling dice, dominos, and billiards; and numerous chairs and tables strewed thickly about under the luxuriant arbours outside the taverns, were occupied by well dressed people of both sexes sipping coffee, devouring ices, and smoking cigars, hookahs, and cigarettes. There was plenty of music to give zest to their merry-making, and everybody appeared happy.

The flies were exceedingly troublesome, and they persevered with remarkable tenacity to locate themselves in my eyes; but remembering that ophthalmia is conveyed to these organs by those busy insects, I took especial care not to allow them to settle upon me. They are similar to the common house-fly in England, and are a perfect plague in Egypt. In passing through the bazaars, dirty Turks, both male and female, were seen lying about upon the ground asleep, their diseased eyes partly open and covered with those little pests; who are permitted to remain unmolested until they are satiated with the poison, when they fly off to convey the horrible malady to others. I particularly observed that the eyes of three-fourths of the women and children were more or less infected, many to total blindness, and the others presenting a sight truly hideous and painful.

Myself and two friends arose at 5 o'clock the next morning and proceeded to hire donkeys for the purpose of visiting—

THE GRAND MOSQUE.

Upon emerging from the courtyard of the *Hotel de l'Orient* we were immediately assailed by a horde of donkey-boys, who created a perfect Babel in praising the excellence of their respective quadrupeds; and it was no ordinary task to secure the services of four animals which their owners facetiously called "Old Billy Thompson," "Yankee Doodle," "Billy Barlow," and "The Perfect Cure." These names I opine were bestowed upon them by certain choice spirits who had previously passed through the city.

One of the animals conveyed our dragoman, or guide; a queer old customer with one eye and a good natured laugh; his limited vision being however quite sufficient to look after number one; but in justice to him I must note that he did not neglect our interests, and on two or three occasions prevented imposition by others. His maxim was this: "If I rob my master, you shan't." Our steeds went at a furious pace through the bazaar, and in due time we were ascending the broad and handsome road leading to the Grand Mosque.

After passing through a noble gateway guarded by soldiers, we were requested to dismount, and a few steps further brought us to the entrance, where our shoes were encased in envelopes of cloth, a shilling each demanded, and we were ushered into a magnificent square, the walls and pavement of which were

of polished marble, elaborately worked, and with a noble and elegant fountain, of beautiful design, richly carved and embellished and of the same costly material, gracing the centre.

Directly facing the entrance to the Mosque is a high balcony surmounted by a handsome clock tower, which, by the way, was useless to us as we could not comprehend the figures shown upon the dial-plate of the clock, that struck six as we were making our *entrée*. I by force of habit looked up to assure myself of the fact, but the indicators, according to our system, appeared to be standing at *one*. Upon entering the temple we were well-nigh bewildered by its grandeur. It is one immense dome profusely hung with lamps, and has a gigantic brass chandelier suspended from its centre. A soft light is diffused throughout the interior of the sacred edifice from stained glass windows, which throw down their hallowed shades in equi-distances from the base of the dome, and which at first sight have a most pleasing and thrilling effect. The whole fabric, like the court and fountain, is built with a beautiful semi-transparent marble brought down the river Nile from Thebes. It is of many colors, beautifully grained, and highly polished; the ruling color being white, grained with yellow and red. The building was founded by Hassan, (?) and a gorgeous tomb, elaborately gilded and furnished with scarlet and gold hangings, now covers his remains, as also those of his reputed son.

It is erected close to the entrance of the Temple, inside, upon the right hand, and is partitioned off by a gilded palisading; between which and the tomb sufficient room is left to walk round in single file. The floor within the enclosure is covered with a gaudy colored Brussels or tapestry carpet, and that beneath the great dome is studded with detached squares of a rich Turkish material upon which the wealthy worshippers offer up their devotions. The Mosque also contains the tombs of Ibrahim Pacha, who was assassinated, and of the wily old Romelian, who founded the present Egyptian dynasty. Altogether it is a gorgeous edifice and brings to the mind forcible visions of the wonderful Temples we read of in sacred history.

Passing through a gateway from the mosque we came to

JOSEPH'S WELL.

This is said by some to have been sunk by Saladin in the twelfth century, and by others that it was made by Mahommed seven hundred years ago. It is cut in a rock two hundred and eighty feet deep, and water is raised therefrom by a machine worked with oxen.

Near to this is also shewn a small villa residence said to be a Palace, but it is totally unworthy of remark, saving that from this point a splendid view of the surrounding country is obtained, and the Pyramids are plainly discernible.

Walking across from the courtyard of the Palace we came to the *debris* where the last of the Mamelukes took his fearful leap. I leant over and looked upon the objects below, but the distance was so great that I felt giddy, and recoiled at the thought of that deed of blood perpetrated by the sanguinary treachery of Mehemet Ali, which history has too well recorded to need repetition here. It is quite sufficient to say that four hundred and seventy of the Mameluke aristocracy were slaughtered, one only having succeeded in escaping by leaping his horse, amid a shower of bullets, over the battlements into the fearful abyss below. The poor horse was killed upon the spot, but its rider escaped to the desert to reflect upon that sad day of sorrow.

These Mamelukes were originally Circassian and Georgian slaves, as the name "Mameluke" implies; it is an Arabic word signifying "bought with money." They were taken prisoners in battle, and afterwards purchased by one of the Turkish Sultans of Egypt, who constituted them into a favored body-guard on account of their remarkable beauty and bravery. They soon became aware of their power, and in A.D. 1250 they proceeded to elect Sovereigns of their own, and thus established their dynasty. Egypt under their rule—which was marked by extortion, rapine and bloodshed—was anything but a secure place of abode, and its commerce was completely ruined. They were a most turbulent people, the unhappy country was a prey to

a licentious soldiery, and during a period of two hundred and fifty years, nearly all their Sovereigns were either publicly or privately assassinated.

Tomen Bey was their last ruler; he was hanged by Selim, Sultan of the Ottomans, in 1517, when their dynasty became extinct; but their aristocracy still continued powerful until the period of the French invasion, when their strength was shattered, and they were entirely overthrown by the massacre in the citadel as before stated. The few that remain are now powerless wanderers.

CHAPTER VI.

RESUMING the thread of my journey eastward, I must begin by stating that I arrived at the Cairo railway station some time before breakfast was ready, and the brisk ride I had enjoyed upon my braying steed had sharpened my appetite to do full justice to the matutinal meal, which was served in good style; but the refreshments there were not, in my opinion, so good as at Kafr Zuyat.

I particularly observed a remarkable fact, that upon the Egyptian railway the trains do not run according to actual time, but that the clocks are altered to suit the trains, according to circumstances and convenience. As an instance I may mention that we were to have left Cairo for Suez at 9 a.m., but I am positive that it was nearer 10. I looked up at the station clock when the indicators pointed to 9.25, after which I smoked a cigar and walked about the platform a considerable time before the signal to start was given; when lo! we were starting to exact time: the enemy

was, in contradistinction to the general laws of mechanical motion, going the wrong way, and had traveled from 9.25, as above stated, back to 9 o'clock precisely!

We tried to keep our watches to railway time in Egypt, but all attempts to do so were fruitless endeavours. The Line is the property of the Pacha, and from personal observation I cannot help coming to the conclusion that with regard to management everybody is master, and master is nobody.

The journey from Cairo to Suez is very monotonous. After passing the bright and refreshing evergreens of the suburbs we found those pleasing evidences of botanical culture gradually giving place to dilapidated palms and stunted tufts of withered grass; which in their turn faded away from view, as our "Iron Steed" madly boiling, screeching, and hissing at the choleric contact of the two dreadful elements within her, hurled us along into a blazing sun and dreary waste.

Crossing the desert even by rail is a weary trial: the heat is intense, and the reflection of the sun's rays upon the arid waste causes a glaring light from which the eyes should be protected by colored glass; there is neither a tree nor a blade of grass to rest the vision upon, nor indeed is there anything to be seen but vast plains and mountains of sand.

At very distant intervals we passed rude huts inhabited by semi-wild looking people and donkeys, around which were stalking a few decrepit fowls,

whose feathers as a rule appeared to grow in every direction but the right. These hovels I presume are the habitations of the natives employed to maintain the permanent railway; but men, women, children, asses and poultry, all form a happy family in one apartment beneath the same roof.

Egyptian villages are very quaint places as seen from the train; they are apparently built of mud, and the dwellings of the natives closely resemble those of the Esquimaux, or a number of gigantic wasp's nests, being built with party walls and protected from the weather by conical shaped roofs. They have a truly wretched appearance, and their tenants, who invariably present themselves before you nearly in a state of nudity, are perfect personifications of squallor filth and misery.

All along this parched and burning tract the march of death was traceable in the whitened bones of poor camels, that, overpowered by the scorching sun and scarcity of water, had sunk beneath the burdens upon their backs, and had left their flesh to perish and their bones to blanch in this solitary wild, as sad momentos of the trials endured during an overland journey prior to the introduction of that mighty pioneer of civilization the Steam Engine. The railway has not however monopolised the whole of the merchandise traffic. I saw numerous camels many miles from Cairo plodding dreamily along under quantities of baggage, which afforded me an excellent idea of the original mode of travelling through the desert.

At 1.30 p.m. we reached Suez, which is a most miserable place and frightfully hot. I had heard, I think through the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, of the wondrous Eastern bazaars, and took a stroll to examine that of Suez, where the spell was completely broken and the reality manifest in a collection of mean and filthy little stalls and shops, with their filthier occupants lounging about them, surrounded by swarms of flies. There is, however, a decent hotel at Suez, kept by a Frenchman, but his tariff of charges is excessive. The passengers' expenses there were formerly defrayed by the P. & O. Company, and properly so, considering that first class travellers pay them £4 4s. per day on an average for their passages.

There is a pleasant courtyard at this Hotel, the walls of which are furnished with creeping flowers, and where dinner is served to the unwary traveller, who naturally sits down to what an Englishman would consider a respectable feed for half-a-crown: the following however is the demand:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Dinner (very plain)	5	0
Glass of Pale Ale (in bottle)	2	0
„ Sherry	1	0
„ Soda-water and Brandy ...	2	0
Pen and Ink for <i>one</i> letter	0	6
Waiter	1	0
<hr/>		
Total.....	£0	11 6

This is quite enough, in my opinion, for a simple dinner, and everything else was charged for in the same ratio.

The inhabitants at this place are mostly Arabs; they are frightfully dirty and go about their ordinary occupations nearly nude. They have no sense of decency or shame, ladies and gentlemen being alike unheeded by them: their habits are filthy in the extreme and intolerably disgusting; and taking them as a body they are without exaggeration the worst representatives of the human family I ever met with in my life.

I strolled about the Red Sea shore and was fortunate in obtaining a few beautiful specimens of shells and crustacæ which I carefully preserved for dear A., and whilst so engaged my attention was drawn to a miniature steam-vessel which looked like a thing of life as it approached bustling along and threading its way through the shallow waters in the valleys of the innumerable sand banks which form the extensive plain between Suez and the lofty mountains on the opposite shore. I was much gratified when informed that she was coming to take us off to the "Orissa," which being too large a ship to enter the bay, was anchored a distance of four miles out at sea. Upon reaching the landing place we were agreeably surprised by an unlooked-for piece of excitement; the little vessel was filled with Arab horses and Egyptian soldiers who were returning from the Garibaldian

expedition. The latter looked weary and careworn, and it occupied some considerable time to land them ; this was, however, effectually accomplished by 6 o'clock, when we immediately boarded the diminutive craft and steamed away to our ship, which sailed for Aden at 7 p.m. precisely.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "Orissa" is a very fine ship, nearly new, and has excellent accommodation; but like all other vessels in tropical seas it swarmed with insects; among which were cockroaches of an immense size.

While the anchor was being weighed, my attention was drawn to a very novel way of towing a vessel. About twenty Arab sailors were hauling a rope which was attached to a schooner. She appeared to be heavily laden, and was sailing majestically along by the united exertions of these darkies, who were submerged to their necks; nothing but their heads being visible. I may here remark that if they were natives of Suez, the bath was not lost upon them.

I remained on deck watching the gigantic mountains on the shore, including Mount Sinai, which we passed on our port side, until it was dark, after which being very tired I went to bed. As "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," I profited by the P. & O. Co.'s loss in a paucity of passengers, by getting a whole

cabin to myself; but being near to the engines it was stiflingly hot.

The next morning brought forth a beautiful day; I arose early, went on deck, and watched with great interest the various objects on shore. The land was close to us on both sides, and being rocky and mountainous it was of course very picturesque, the change of scene from the wild and dreary sand views in the desert was delightfully agreeable, and so was a change of linen which I obtained, having at last overtaken my luggage. The weather had become very sultry, and I hailed light clothing with very great satisfaction; it was indeed a luxury. The "Orissa," our new ocean home, was everything that could be desired; beautifully fitted, and admirably governed.

After breakfast the third officer attended to receive particulars of luggage required by passengers from the *hold*, and after receiving instructions, generally through the stewards, the necessary packages were hauled up and allowed to remain for two hours, when they were stowed away again 'until one of the next "baggage days," which occurred twice a week.

The transmission of one's effects through Egypt unless they are furnished with solid leather coverings, is always more or less attended with damage: one of my trunks was so completely broken up that when I received it the contents were protruding from all sides, intermixed with splinters. Remonstrance is useless; large

cases and small trunks, portmanteaus, hat-boxes and carpet-bags, are pitched one over the other, helter-skelter, from ship to boat, from boat to rail, and *vice versa*: packages of several hundred pounds weight are sent mercilessly bumping and crashing upon others of a fragile nature, and the result is a general smash. I have seen this, and "seeing is believing."

After watching the objects on shore some considerable time, I took a stroll around the ship, which was a complete floating menagerie, comprising oxen for beef, cows for milk, calves for veal, sheep for mutton, and a legion of pigs, rabbits, geese, turkeys, ducks, guinea-fowls, chickens, and pigeons; and the bellowing, grunting, baā-ing, cackling, quācking and crowing in the mornings, forced me to imagine that I was in an English farmyard. It is needless to add that with such a larder we did not fare so badly; but although the provisions were good and plentiful, they were not in my opinion equal to those supplied on board the little "Vectis" which conveyed us from Marseilles to Alexandria; moreover they were served in a different style, and emulated the viands prepared in an Indian cuisine more than was compatible with my palate. The miniature chickens prevailed; the curry was "messy;" the fruit served for dessert was oriental, and *ergo* unpalatable to the unacclimatised; and taking it altogether I must confess to retrospective longings for the food on board the first named vessel.

Upon joining the ship at Suez I met all the passengers who came *via* Southampton, and passed a pleasant day in forming their acquaintance; but still I felt lonely and missed the lively society of my beloved A. very much, and therefore to avoid *ennui* I took a stiff glass of grog and retired early to bed; but I felt very much troubled in my sleep about a favorite dog which was accompanying dear A. round the Cape. I was under the impression that he was lost and that I was searching for him everywhere, but without success: this damped my spirits all the next day, for I knew that if any harm befel poor "Sherry," dear A. would lose her only companion, and the weary journey would in such a case be rendered monotonous indeed.

"Sherry," so named from his early habits of *wkine*, was a very sagacious, faithful, and remarkable animal. He was presented to me by a gentleman at Birkenhead; at which place and at Liverpool he was well known, as indeed he was within a radius of five miles of the former town. I have often been surprised to hear children at that distance calling him by name. He was a very active dog, and it would be unjust to class him with the brute known as Muggins's, of which it is said that laziness formed so prominent a feature in his habits, that he was never known to bark without supporting himself against a wall. He frequently took long excursions alone, and on such occasions we often found him sitting upon

his haunches begging for sweets of children on board the ferry-boats. He would walk all around the deck upon his hind legs for a biscuit, and go into hysterics at the buzz of a blue-bottle. He not unfrequently accompanied myself and dear A. to a concert or to the theatre at Liverpool, but his affection was generally rewarded by a kick from the door-keeper at the entrance-hall, at which ignominious treatment he would indulge in sundry growls and then return to the landing-stage, where he watched our return for two hours before he went home. Although several steamers started from the same stage for different destinations, viz.—New Brighton, Eastham, Rock Ferry, The Railway and Woodside, he never made a mistake, but always went direct on board the boat for the latter place, and we invariably found him at home upon our arrival. Upon one occasion we went into St. John's Market and gave him the slip in the crowd, but he discovered us at a concert given by the Christy's Minstrels, and his immediate expulsion was ordered, but I refused to comply with the request, and was pleased to find that his conduct during the performance was all that could be desired. He had a *penchant* for creeping stealthily behind ill-dressed persons, whom he would nearly frighten out of their wits by first touching their legs with his nose and then commencing a furious attack of bark; but he had the good manners not to bite. He was a terror

to shabby old ladies, cats and equestrians, and the manner in which he avoided a cabman's whip was most clever and amusing.

So much for Sherry's character; I will now proceed upon my travels.

CHAPTER VIII.

After getting well afloat upon the limpid waters of the Red Sea, it was evident that we had left all the rain and clouds far behind; the weather was glorious, but hot and oppressive, and not a ripple disturbed the surface of the coralline ocean, saving a long white wake in the rear of our vessel which was caused by her screw-propeller.

At 6 o'clock p.m. on the 16th March, we passed the Island of St. John; I consulted "Bradshaw" for particulars, but they were not given. It soon afterwards became dark: the moon was young, but her reflection upon the still waters was superb, and I watched with delight the reflected firmament until summoned to tea.

I had not seen a punkah until I boarded the "Orissa," which is fitted with them; they are used during meals, and are mightily refreshing in a tropical climate.

Mrs. B., the lady who figured upon the visitors'

black-board at Cairo, soon began to make herself known to us all through the medium of music. There was an harmonium in the saloon, which having been put in order by the Doctor, was brought into requisition to accompany a select few in rehearsing the chants and psalms for divine service. Mrs. B. presided, and our efforts were crowned with complete success; indeed we formed a very pleasing choir. The next day being Sunday all assembled at 10.30 a.m. to hear the Captain read the prayers, which he did in an audible and impressive manner.

There is something most exquisitely solemn in the performance of divine service on board a ship, and it generally makes a vivid impression upon everyone; more especially upon those who have been callous to religious consolation.

Soon after the termination of prayers we descried a steamer just peeping over the horizon ahead of us: she turned out to be the "Feroze" with Lord Elgin, who was returning from his Chinese mission. He signalled us to stop, and sent a boat alongside for the English newspapers, which were collected and sent to him; after which both vessels steamed away and were soon distanced from view.

Shortly afterwards an owl of a very beautiful species took refuge in the rigging of the ship; but he payed dearly for a temporary rest in being caught and killed by one of the sailors. Our unfortunate aerial visitor had scarcely breathed his last when

splendid falcon came hovering about, alternately skimming through the air, circling round the masts, and resting upon the cross-trees. The sailors tried to possess him, but he was too wily for them and continued to amuse us until the shades of evening set in, after which we saw him no more.

On this evening I timed the setting sun, and from the moment it dipped into the water, as it were, until it was lost to sight, my watch had travelled two minutes and fifteen seconds only—I could actually see it apparently moving downwards.

The next morning the wind, which had on the previous day blown from the south-east, changed to north-west, and delighted us with a glorious breeze: all sail was quickly set, and we glided through the quiet sea at a beautiful pace.

We now commenced rehearsals for a concert, which whiled away the tedium admirably, and I had to go through the ordeal of "cramming" for "The Beautiful Star," "Come where my love lies dreaming," and many other monstrosities of the same class.

At 2.30 p.m. the thermometer rose to 90 degrees Faht., and the atmosphere became very oppressive; I, however, continued remarkably well, thank God, and attributed my excellent health to a free perspiration.

After sunset we indulged in all kinds of amusements, including cards and marine quoits, and doubtless astonished the fishes with sundry concerts that were

"gone through" on deck. We almost dreaded bedtime for the heat during the night was intolerable, and the beastly cockroaches were a frightful nuisance.


Fancy yourself in a berth immediately under the deck; you awake as it is getting light in the morning, and lying upon your back gently open your eyes to gaze upon a king of the cockroach tribe about as big as a mouse, with several of his satellites in attendance, the whole of them stationary, and merely quivering the immense long "feelers" that protrude from their heads. They are about a foot and a half from your face and you lie contemplating their proximity with disgust, when suddenly the man who is scrubbing the decks just over you throws his scrubber down to fetch water, and the vibration occasioned thereby brings down His Majesty on to your neck; your nerves receive an immoderate shock while you jump up to expel the intruder, and in doing so brush from the ceiling several of the smaller fry into the bed. This is a settler; you bundle out of your berth, (perhaps two other passengers immediately beneath you—pleasant!) shake the noxious insects from your night-dress, and perhaps find the King himself rushing frantically up your naked back, from which he is at length dislodged to meet with an immediate decease and a curse; after which you dress and leave your cabin in disgust, only to come in contact with other branches of the same family taking their matutinal pleasures upon the wing along the passages.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT 2.30 p.m. on the 19th of March, we passed the "Brothers." These are seven terrible looking rocks standing abruptly out of the water, and it is dangerous to be in their vicinity during rough weather. At 8.30 we passed between the Jubal Zuda islands; these are also very dangerous, and I observed that both the Captain and the Pilot were extremely anxious whilst we were in their neighbourhood.

This evening we were favored with a little excitement in the shape of a boxing match between two stewards. They seemed to understand the use of the "gloves" well, and their sparring gratified most of the gentlemen present, but not being inclined that way myself, I felt no interest in it. A hat was sent round at the conclusion, which proved beyond doubt that the "spar" was "got up" for profit.

The climate now became hotter every day, and the nights were so sultry that I could not sleep; notwithstanding that my bedding consisted of a mattress, a sheet, and one pillow only.



The next morning (20 March), I awoke praying for the welfare of my dear A. The sea was perfectly calm, and a delightful breeze was whistling through the ropes. At 8.30 a.m. we passed the island of Perim, which stands in the most unhealthy part of the Red Sea, the climate there being fearfully hot and prone to fevers. It is also extremely dangerous to navigate in consequence of the numerous coral rocks which abound beneath the surface of the waters thereabouts; indeed the passage is so very hazardous that an Arabian pilot is always carried upon the mail steamers between Suez and Aden, at a considerable cost to the P. & O. Company. We sighted Cape Aden at 5 p.m., and anchored in the harbour at 8 o'clock precisely, at which hour myself and Mr. D——, a Belgian, hired a boat and went ashore.

Our first native greeting was an altercation among the red-haired Arabic watermen as to whom should have the honor of taking us, and in the clashing of boats that ensued we were nearly upset into the sea. The clothing of the disputants was merely an equivalent for the fig-leaf; their skin was very dark, and their hair was dyed a yellowish-red. They are extremely active, and paddled us very swiftly through the water, the oars used by them being of primitive construction, having great power, and shaped something like long wooden spoons.

Aden is a sea-port of Arabia; it was known to the ancient Greeks as the channel through which the

treasures of India were conveyed to Egypt. It is called "The Gibraltar of the East," and it was ceded to the East India Company in 1839. It is now used as a coaling station for the mail steamers, which also take in provisions there, obtained from the interior of the country. Among the live stock shipped at this port were Arabian sheep with fatty tails. They are small compared with the English breed, but their flesh is remarkably sweet, and their *continuations* are broad lumps of fat, weighing in some instances as much as twenty pounds.

Aden is a complete rock, of volcanic origin, and as it is only favored with a shower of rain about once in three years, sterility is the rule, and vegetation the exception; the scenery is however exquisitely grand, and more particularly so as viewed from the sea. It was early morning when we steamed out of harbour and the greyish-blue rocks, as they towered towards the sky, looked sublimely grand, highly picturesque, and exquisitely beautiful.

The hotels at Aden are managed by Parsees, who keep in store every known article from a needle to an anchor, from a child's shoe to a jack-boot, or from a toy to a diamond. You naturally visit these places for rest and refreshment, but whilst you are partaking of it your life is nearly tormented out of its tenement by Arabs who *will* fan you whether by consent or otherwise; who *will* cram you with ostrich feathers and coral-rock against all remonstrance; and who,

when whipped away by the landlord's servants, *will* attack you with the greatest tenacity the moment you leave the hotel, and never cease to torture you with their importunities to purchase their trash until your vessel is fairly under weigh, after which they follow you in special boats and continue their wild gesticulations so long as you keep within sight of them. They are without exaggeration a horrible pest and a downright nuisance.

CHAPTER X.

MYSELF and Mr. D—— having left our fellow male passengers enjoying a game at pool, hired two asses for the purpose of visiting by moonlight the Camp, some two miles distant. We agreed to give the proprietors of the animals a rupee each for the journey there and back, and off we started at full galop—*a la* Hampstead Heath—along a very good road by the sea beach ; but we had scarcely proceeded half-a-mile before our attendants stopped us and demanded our fares in advance. I thereupon consulted with my companion and suggested the policy of returning to our quarters, as the locality in which we found ourselves was not only a very lonely one but I did not half like the appearance and conduct of the characters with whom we had trusted ourselves. My friend readily assenting to this proposition, we turned our donkeys' heads towards the port, and were soon galloping at a rattling pace back again to our friends.

Upon alighting I argued that as we had only

travelled a part of the intended journey, as a matter of justice we should only pay half the agreed rate of fare; especially as the trip was countermanded by the diffidence of our *employés*. In this view my companion fully concurred; and we paid *one* rupee only for the hire of the two animals; but the abuse that was lavished upon us by our Arabian friends when they experienced an exemplification of the old adage, "The biter bit," was so shocking that we quickly evaporated and made ourselves scarce.

While sauntering about to kill time we were attracted to some strange and discordant noises in the direction of a bamboo-built village near to the hotel, and curiosity led us to learn the cause thereof.

Upon reaching the place we found a curious looking temple, built of bamboos, and filled with men sitting in various postures upon benches fixed around the inner wall. One of the party, evidently a priest, was reading the "Ramazan"* in a mechanical way from a book written, as I could see, in Arabic characters. The audience were chewing "pan souparee"† and blowing clouds of perfumed smoke, which was bubbling up through water contained in six curious looking utensils standing upon a raised dais in the centre of the building.

I could not very well see what material the vessels were made of, but in shape they resembled something

* See "Mokurram," † Betle nut, pan leaf, cloves, lime, &c.

between an Eastern water-bottle and a Turkish hookah. A beautiful incense pervaded the whole place, and the Arabs treated us with the greatest civility and politeness. They invited us inside to hear an account of the wondrous adventures recorded in their book ; but being ignorant of their language, and, moreover, being of opinion that their affability was shown more particularly to gratify their own curiosity than to oblige us Northern barbarians, we respectfully declined to accept the kind offer.

We strolled about until past midnight and then returned to the ship, which we found in a very filthy plight from coaling. The port-holes having been closed with a view to keeping the dust out of the cabins, caused the heat to be intense ; and as the air was stifling and unbearable, I sought rest upon a bench in the saloon until daylight, when the vessel was surrounded by a number of those curious specimens of humanity, Arabian divers ; who decidedly are the most remarkable objects at Aden. Both men and boys are extremely agile in the water, where they appear to be quite as much at home as diving ducks ; and being, with a slight exception, in nature's costume, they looked very like gigantic black frogs, as they raced about, submerged, for pieces of silver. We threw some small coins overboard, and long before they had reached old Neptune's pillow, the divers, after marking the direction in which the money was going, had jumped from their boats into the water,

beneath the surface of which a lively chase ensued for the coveted metal. The sea in the harbour at Aden being very transparent, we plainly saw the amphibious creatures wrestling beneath the silent waves for the prizes. I observed one fellow, who, in trying to clutch a sixpence, merely struck the edge of the coin, which assumed a zig-zag motion in descending, and caused it to glitter very prettily in the sun's rays; the diver, however, shot after it again as quick as lightning, and possessed himself of the treasure ere it had got three yards deep.

Two boys were particularly noticeable: I watched them swimming about the ship for more than an hour without resting; and they only swam to the shore upon our departure from the port. The alacrity these fellows exhibit in recovering anything thrown overboard is both interesting and astounding.

In rowing from the shore to the ship, I was delighted to observe that every time our oars struck the water, it had the appearance of liquid fire; it was truly a magnificent sight, and I can only account for such a remarkable fact by presuming the sea, there, to be teeming with phosphorescent animalculæ.

CHAPTER XI.

At 6.30 a.m. on the 21st of March we steamed away for Bombay, but the ship was uncomfortable for some hours afterwards through the scrubbing of decks and general cleaning.

Upon leaving the harbour a sea-gull sought rest in the rigging of our vessel, which little incident was said by the sailors to be somewhat remarkable.

The next day was blazing hot and not a ripple disturbed the water, from the appearance of the surface of which one could almost have imagined it to have been a huge valley of glass. I saw several large fishes gambolling about, but they were at too great a distance to specificate their species. Flying fish were numerous, and it afforded me much pleasure to watch them as they arose from their natural element like coveys of birds. Upon leaving the water they flutter their wings—or fins—quickly, to gain sufficient impetus to carry them about a hundred yards, after which they skim along with their aerial supporters extended

until either the scales get dry and render them powerless, or they seek immersion to gather fresh strength for another trip. Their mode of flight is exactly like that of the partridge, and I saw some of a reddish color fly for a distance of at least five hundred yards.

Upon entering the Straits of Babelmandeb I was surprised to find that the water felt quite cold, although the thermometer stood at 90 degrees Faht.

On the second day out from Aden the deck stewards gave on the poop of the vessel what they were pleased to denominate a concert; but the horrible noise they produced was enough to excite the very fishes to come up from the deep to remonstrate against such an abortive attempt at harmony: had they practised for a whole year to create an abominable discord they could not have succeeded more effectually. It was really enough to send a *dog* into fits: I stopped both my ears and "bolted" to escape an attack of lockjaw.

I retired to the smoking deck, where Lieut. M——, the government officer who had charge of the mails, very kindly explained various objects in astronomy of which I had until then been ignorant. Among other signs he pointed out to me the Southern Cross and the Polar Star. The first I believe is invisible in England. I also noticed that the constellation "Ursa Major" appeared in that hemisphere in an adverse position to what it does in England. The moon was extremely brilliant, and I could see to read close print by its flood of light.

The next morning heralded Palm Sunday. Divine service was performed by the Captain both in the morning and evening, and our choir, through zealous rehearsals, proved quite proficient.

These services were very agreeable, and I looked forward to them with infinite pleasure. They were held upon the "after deck" under an awning through which the wind stole in delicious breezes.

The next day was one of adventures; I arose early, made myself look fresh, breakfasted, and then went on deck to watch passing events.

First, in looking over the ship's side, I saw myriads of fish flying from the water at the prow of our vessel; after which my attention was directed to a black fellow killing provisions. His first victim was a poor bullock, whose head was drawn by a rope down to an iron ring affixed to one of the crossbeams of the deck.

The unhappy brute in its struggles broke away three times; after which his legs were tied together, and the head after being properly secured, was, *without axing*, severed from the body out of which the blood immediately gushed in living streams for several yards. I asked the English butcher why the pole-axe was not used to obviate such barbarity, and his reply was, that the animal being killed for the colored crew, they would not touch it unless it was *dressed* according to their custom.

The same black fiend then made a tour of the poultry coups, from which he abstracted chickens by

the dozen. It was curious to witness his disposal of these. He held six at a time down on the deck by the feet with his toes, whilst he wrung the necks of the others—just one twist each, and they were dashed into a corner, where, with broken necks, they tumbled one over the other in the agonies of death—a most horrible and disgusting sight—while their destroyer coolly proceeded to the execution of another batch. I counted six dozens of them “turned off” besides several ducks, geese, turkeys, and pigeons, in less than a quarter of an hour.

After their struggles were over, they were put into a tub of boiling water; the result of which was that by drawing the hand gently over them, the feathers readily came off without picking.

I presume that this system is adopted to prevent an unpleasant flight of feathers, and also for dispatch; as in less than half an hour from the “cessation of hostilities” they were all ready for the cook, prepared by one person unaided.

After getting thoroughly disgusted by watching this wholesale slaughter, I smoked a cigar, rehearsed for a concert, and visited the doctor (a very facetious gentleman) who was then examining his crew patients.

The first fellow presented was an absent-looking nigger, with enormous ears, flat nose, large eyes, and and very prominent lips. He had made himself very ill by imbibing large quantities of sea water to kill an imaginary worm in his stomach. He had been per-

suaded by his shipmates that salt water would effectually destroy his tormentor, and had actually drunk nearly a bucket full of the saline element for that purpose. He was summarily dismissed with an emetic!

During the examination of this bright specimen of humanity, I observed a commotion near to the fore-castle, and curiosity led me to learn the cause thereof.

Upon reaching the place I saw a raw-boned nigger on the ground, smothered with boiled rice, and foaming at the mouth in the agonies of a fit, which was induced as follows:—The English butcher, ever ripe for fun, saw the poor half-witted fellow walking along the deck with a large dish of cooked rice upon his head; and knowing him to be of a very nervous temperament, he stole quietly behind him, and bawling out lustily, dashed a large piece of wood down close to his heels. The effect was magical: the poor darkey dropped like a stone, in strong convulsions, which lasted for some considerable time, and so affected his nervous system that he remained upon the sick list during the rest of the journey. The serious turn his folly had engendered, caused the practical joker to look extremely foolish; he evidently did not expect such a termination to his joviality.

In the evening we gave a concert on the after-deck; and as it contrasted favorably with that performed by the stewards, everybody was delighted. I afterwards adjourned to enjoy a cigar upon the gangway, where

I spent a very pleasant hour at whist by the light of the moon, which was shedding its effulgent rays far o'er the calm sea, forming a picture that was quite fascinating.

The next day was devoted to the rehearsal of "Box and Cox," and to the building of a stage upon the after-deck, where the play was performed by some young military officers in a masterly style, and gave universal satisfaction.

The stewards advertised two after-pieces, one of which was called an extravaganza, and was well worthy of the name. I cannot remember its particular title, but it was something like "The Enchanted Horologe, or the Innkeeper's Warning." The other was announced as a pantomime, and both were most effectually murdered.

The latter, which took precedence in the programme, passed off with a few growls; and the former came to grief in the first act, as follows:—

SCENE THE FIRST—and Last.

The parlour of an old country inn, with "mine host" in the foreground contemplating an ancient time-keeper.

This was supposed to be his sole inheritance from a maiden aunt who, in her day, had been much attached to big umbrellas, enormous bonnets, and the feline tribe; who possessed an irascible temper, followed the professions of milliner and scandal-monger, and who

cherished the horometrical legacy for the sake of its case, in which she had reared kittens.

The clock, as represented, was an ingenious work of art, consisting of a large tin plate and a long brazen spoon; the former, by the aid of black paint, being converted into a dial, and the latter, by some cunning contrivance was doing nominal duty for a pendulum, which, according to my idea of the laws of mechanical equality, was far too much out of the perpendicular to mark time with accuracy. The time it marked was however much too long for the audience, who manifested an unmistakable anxiety for the conclusion by sundry cat-calls and expressions of "shut up," "douse the glim," "pitch him overboard;" and one sailor had the temerity to say "d'ye call that a hextravaganza?" for which ungracious remark he was "spotted" and deprived of his share of "bottle bottoms" for a fortnight. The other unparliamentary language was duly credited to the doctor's account; and not in error I suspect, for the sounds certainly proceeded from where he was located, and a casual observer might have seen that the worthy dispenser of physic was wincing under severe shocks to his nervous system, such as would follow from having sat down upon a cupping instrument in mistake.

The performance progressed steadily from bad to worse, up to a certain point, when the doctor's blood being at boiling pitch, his uncontrollable feelings prompted him to make aim at the *prima donna* with

an orange half consumed by decay, and the missile taking due effect upon the prominent feature of that astonished individual,

There rose from deck to sky
A shriek ! a wail of woe ;
And then the curtain fell
Amid a grand *tableau* :—

not of red or blue lights, but the fire of indignation depicted in every face. There was a general rush for the cabin, and after upsetting a few chairs in the hurry to escape from the "theatre," we all dispersed, leaving the actors alone in their glory ; the universal opinion being that "Box and Cox" was a master-piece, and that the after-part was a "sell" —a monstrous delusion.

The plot of the clock business (as performed by professionals) is this :—An old innkeeper is represented sitting in a public parlor devouring his breakfast, and—the "Times;" presently two swell-mobsmen enter, and after passing the popular but meaningless remarks upon the state of the weather, &c., they proceed to the examination of an old cased clock which stands in the most prominent part of the room. Boniface is elated with their admiration of his old relic, and bursts into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the supposed stupidity of one of his guests, who seats himself before it and swinging to and fro with

the motion of the pendulum, repeats in an audible voice, "here she goes—there she goes," until he purposely commits some blunder. Boniface continues to grin, and the "performer" rises from his seat with well-feigned indignation at being the object of mine host's ridicule, and offers to make a bet that he (the landlord) cannot sit down—follow the motion of the pendulum—and repeat the same words for half an hour without committing an error. The bet is accepted and both the dispenser of *l'eau-de-feu* and the sharper hand the amount of their respective bets to the confederate of the latter to hold pending the result of the trial. The performance then commences, and while it is going on the thieves both "evaporate" with the money. The landlord's family soon after appear upon the scene, and finding him acting in so eccentric a manner, they try to arouse him but to no purpose, he is determined to win the bet. They however remove him by force, when he at once discovers the trick that has been practised upon him. It is a stupid affair at any time, but as performed by those stewards it was painfully unbearable, and the pantomime was—but there, "the least said is the soonest mended."

This wretched attempt at pantomimic effect closed our last night at sea, and on the following day at 11 a.m. the Malabar hills were plainly discernible. As we neared the land the heat became intense, and I almost longed for the ocean and its delicious

breezes again. We dropped anchor in the harbour of Bombay* at 3.30 p.m. on the 28th of March, having completed our long, though not unpleasant, journey in twenty-six days, including all stoppages. I immediately collected my small effects and prepared to go on shore, leaving the heavy baggage to be conveyed in due course to the custom-house.

The revenue officer who boarded our ship refused for some time to allow me to pass with my cornet—musical instruments being dutiable—as it had not before been used in India: I however put on my best behaviour, and with great suavity of manner I argued the matter and carried my point.

The Indian boatmen now attracted my attention. They contrasted very strangely with our “jolly young

* Bombay, a small, rocky, barren but pretty island, derives its name and importance from a magnificent harbour, which is accessible at all seasons, and affords a safe anchorage during the most tempestuous weather. It is the only great settlement in India where the depth of water is sufficient to admit of the construction of docks upon a large scale; the height of the tides varying between fourteen and seventeen feet. Being entirely surrounded by the sea, the heat is seldom oppressive. The climate is in general healthy and pleasant and free from the hot winds that are so troublesome inland. The island is separated from the mainland by a narrow arm of the sea; its extent is about five square miles, and it is inhabited by 900,000 souls; three parts of whom are Hindoos, and the fourth Europeans, Parsees, Mahometans, Mahrattas, Jews, Chinese, and *Hotentots*.

watermen " of the Thames, being nearly nude, and having their skins annointed with cocoa-nut oil. My curiosity for such sights had however somewhat waned, having become familiar with them in Egypt and at Aden, in both of which places many present themselves in nature's costume entire.

Myself and two officers having associated ourselves into a company for the hire of a boat, were quickly pulling away for the shore, but in clearing the bows of the ship the darkies commenced hauling up a sail, in doing which a lieutenant's new white hat was knocked off into the water; whereupon the gallant officer commenced to lavish upon the delinquents a volley of oaths alternately in English and Hindostanee, quite terrible to hear, in fact they were of such a dreadful nature that I feared for the safety of the boat. It was, I must confess, very annoying to see a new white hat sailing majestically out to sea while its owner's head was exposed to a tropical sun. The men, however, with praiseworthy alacrity tacked the boat about and were speedily in the wake of the truant *chapeau*, which they quickly captured and presented to the owner most effectually pickled.

CHAPTER XII.

WE soon reached the old stone steps where twenty years previously my poor brother Charles landed never to return, and where I prayed that my beloved A. might also arrive and depart again in safety.

Having reached *terra firma* I hired a "buggy" and proceeded to Colaba, where I took tea with a brother railway officer, and then, escorted by a sepoy, returned to the Fort, took up my quarters at the "Royal Hotel"—kept by a Parsee named "Palongee"—and retired to bed. It was now that I felt my true position—that of dreadful loneliness. I was sensible of being in a country far removed from home and friends, and where there was not one soul among the millions that surrounded me that I knew, or that I ever hoped to form an acquaintance with; and I also had six long months to look forward to before I could hope to be joined by her whose presence always bore a charm, and dispelled the clouds which sometimes o'ershadowed my chequered existence.

The bustle and excitement of the steamer having

ceased to while the weary hours away, sleep denied to perform her office, and I moved restlessly about upon my little cot where I continued to feel, as it were, the motion of the vessel, but with a painful stillness reigning around that filled me with *ennui*. Never did I wish more than then, for the society of one who was at that particular moment enduring *her* share of human misery upon the wild waves of the Bay of Biscay.

I listened a long time to the trumpet of that horrible little tyrant the mosquito, and eventually dozed off into a disturbed sleep; but the windows being minus sashes and glass, the impertinent sparrows, inquisitive grasshoppers, and monstrous bats, chirped, whistled and screeched about the room until daylight summoned them to take *their* allotted parts in the performance of the world's affairs.

The next day was Good Friday. I arose at 8 o'clock—a very late hour for India—and proceeded to the Custom House for baggage, but it being a holiday no one was in attendance and I had to return as I went: this was most mortifying, for I had no change of linen, and my under-clothing was as wet as a sponge with perspiration. I had however to “grin and bear it” until the following day.

Whilst ruminating upon my awkward predicament, I suddenly remembered that a very old acquaintance of mine, J. L——, was holding an important position upon the G. I. P. Railway at Byculla (a suburb of

Bombay). I jumped at the thought, leaped into a shigram, (a covered cab) and very shortly found myself in the presence of my friend. This immediately turned the tide of my spirits into a happier channel, and I was soon cracking jokes and—a bottle of Champagne. I endeavoured to discharge the driver of my vehicle—who, by-the-bye, had his head encased in something which resembled a tin hat—but he declined to accept the fare I sent to him, considering that he was entitled to more. I noticed him still waiting after a lapse of three hours, and drew my friend's attention to it, but he said "Oh take no notice of him he will go shortly." "But," I replied, "he will be giving me a few uncharitable blessings, won't he?" "Oh dear no," said L—, "he won't think any harm of you; he will say that 'tis his fate, and that his god is displeased with him; he will go home and do homage to a heap of stones daubed over with red paint, and retire to his dusty couch with as light a heart as if you had given him fifty rupees."

This remark I learned upon a better acquaintance with native habit was no romance.

In the evening we took a long drive around the suburbs of Bombay and to the Malabar Hill, which is the most fashionable environ. It is a beautiful grove of palms and cocoa-nut trees, intersected with pretty white villas, which relieve each other in a charming manner, and produce an effect strikingly beautiful.

Upon returning we passed some miserable huts, formed with mud and cow manure, before one of which we saw a naked child standing upon a stone whilst its mother shampoo'd it with oil.

I arose early the following morning and took a bath, but its luxury was marred and my blood chilled by seeing several lizards chasing flies and other insects upon the white-washed walls of the room. A very short time, however, sufficed to exemplify the old adage that "familiarity breeds contempt," for I soon ceased to take any notice of them. After breakfast and a cheroot I took a drive; cleared luggage at the custom-house; visited the Supreme Court; saw the process of compressing cotton for exportation, which is very interesting; visited the Chinese bazaar; and from thence to Colaba to dine.

It being Easter-time everybody was holiday-keeping; the native Christians, the European population, and also the Parsees, who were determined not to be eclipsed in the general merry-making. The houses of the latter were brilliantly lit up with myriads of little oil lamps; and their sacred fires being fed with sandal and other aromatic woods, emitted a most delicious perfume; indeed, the air was completely charged with the exhalations of exotics and sweet incense.

After dinner I rambled to the light-house, from which there is a charming sea view. It is raised upon a rock covered with wild flowering plants having a pleasant scent, and also with prickly pear bushes. I

felt a desire to taste the produce of the latter, which was ripe, and forced a path amongst huge stones and thorny shrubs to obtain the coveted fruit, in securing which, my arms, hands, and legs became punctured in a painful manner by a host of minute daggers with which the prickly pear is armed. They seem to dart from the fruit, as if by attraction, into your flesh, and once located there it is impossible to remove them; an attempt to do so generally results in breaking their points into the skin, where they remain to torment you for days afterwards. The excoriation I received from them naturally made me very irritable, but like all other troubles it soon passed away and is now amongst the number that are fast fading from my memory.

Upon returning to my hotel in the Fort, I strolled into the billiard-room, where I found a number of young military and naval gentlemen alternately playing, drinking, and swearing, and their company not being congenial to my temperament, I drank off a tumbler of iced water, and retired to—mattress.

Easter Sunday. I arose early and was much surprised to find that a religious observance of the Sabbath was foreign to the Indian custom. Building and every other kind of labor was carried on just the same as on week days. I attended divine service at the cathedral church, and was well pleased with the appearance of the interior, the Europeans having very tastefully decorated it with wreaths of evergreens,

flowers, &c., which were formed into beautiful devices. The font was exquisitely arranged into a huge bouquet of the choicest exotics, which shed a sweet fragrance throughout the entire edifice.

On the following day I visited the Town Hall, one part of which is devoted to a museum. This is free to the public, and is filled with specimens of the natural products of India. There are here exhibited many interesting specimens of metallurgy, mineralogy, zoology, ornithology, entomology, reptilia, fossils, cereals, textile fabrics, botany, and raw cotton.

The Hall contains several statues, among which—and the most conspicuous—is that of the great Indian philanthropist Sir Jamsetjee Jeeheebhoy. There are also to be seen some huge fossil bones, which are very curious.

There is a large space of ground in front of the Hall, which, with the bungalows around it, and the trees within its area, is literally covered with pigeons, of the blue rock species. They are worshipped by a certain caste, who feed and protect them. Their devotees squat amongst them in groups upon high days and holidays—and they are legion—forming a picture both novel and pleasing; but the effluvium emitted from their overheated bodies is anything but agreeable to the stranger who has just landed from a northern climate. To kill one of the birds would be offering the greatest imaginable insult to their fanatic patrons.

After leaving the Hall and grounds, I hired a shig-

ram and went to hear the governor's band play upon the Esplanade. Two selections were performed, but not creditably ; after which I left for Colaba, where I was more fortunate. The band of the 56th Regiment brought some very happy recollections to my mind, in playing selections from "Il Trovatore," and "Do not mingle," which they executed in admirable style.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning I was up betimes, settled all my affairs, and boarded the little steamer "Taptee," for Surat. Here, for the first time, I saw an Indian native human freight. It consisted of a mass of semi-nude creatures of both sexes and of different castes—the Parsees predominating—all huddled together upon the deck; and in passing them to the "after cabin" I was sensible of an odour which I shall not easily forget.

The Captain and his sable crew were having high words through some misunderstanding that existed between them, and which ended in the latter refusing to work unless their wages were paid in advance. It appears that it had come to their knowledge, that, the captain intended to unship them for another crew upon completing the journey at Surat. This caused a delay of several hours; and it was not until the passengers—especially Mr. Baker of the Government Revenue Survey—had expostulated with them, that

they could be prevailed upon to work the vessel. He, however, undertook to be answerable for the due payment of their wages ; whereupon they commenced work, and shortly afterwards we steamed away.

Nothing worthy of note occurred upon the voyage, saving that this little walnut-shell of a steamer, during a short voyage of one hundred and eighty miles, battled with the ocean more than did the other two ships during the whole journey across the Mediterranean and Indian seas.

We reached the mouth of the Taptee river at 3 o'clock p.m. on the following day, and then to our mortification information was given that we must ride at anchor until the morning, as the tide did not serve to get over the bar, and that it was dangerous to go up the river after dark. However, as it was a beautiful night, with brilliant stars shining above us, and the tide serving at 7 o'clock, we persuaded the captain to leave the sea, where the ship was rolling fearfully, and make for Surat, which he did, and we arrived at our destination at 10.30. As the night was too far advanced to go on shore, where I was a perfect stranger to everybody and unacquainted with the manners and customs of the country, I decided to "rough it" another night on board. I tried in vain to sleep, and the captain, as if determined to make my situation as miserable as possible, ordered the funnels of the engines to be swept out at day-break. This filled the cabins with soot, and I went

ashore looking very like as if I had taken a part in that interesting operation.

Surat is considered one of the most ancient cities in Hindostan, but it does not contain any Hindoo edifice of interest or consequence. The most remarkable is a hospital for infirm animals, of which I shall speak hereafter.

The town is surrounded by a wall forming a semi-circle, the Taptee river being the cord.

This wall is of immense thickness and in good preservation. It has a raised walk, terminating with numerous semi-circular bastions, and its circuit is said to extend for upwards of seven miles.

Within the city, and washed by the river, stands a very picturesque Castle. It has round bastions, glacis, and covered way, an insignificant moat and draw-bridge, and it is now (1862) used as out-quarters for European infantry stationed at Bombay. The castle is distinguished by the singularity of having two flagstaves; on one of which is displayed the union-jack, and on the other (occasionally) a plain red flag, the ancient ensign of the Emperors of Delhi. This arrangement, it is said, was adopted in courtesy at the time when the East India Company conquered the Fort from the Nawab of Surat, and has never since been wholly discontinued, though the Nawab is now only a pensioner of the British government.

Near to the castle stands the English church, a neat and convenient little building.

The streets of this once famous emporium are winding and narrow, and the houses are principally built of timber frames filled up with bricks.

The upper stories project over each other, and they are highly ornamented with carvings in wood, some of which are exquisitely designed and executed.

In the vicinity of the castle are the English houses, of a good size, and surrounded with extensive compounds.* They are not well contrived to resist heat and are arranged with a strange neglect both of tatties† and punkahs.‡

There were formerly two factories here, one belonging to the Dutch and the other to the French. The former, with other Dutch settlements, has long since been surrendered to the English, and the other has been deserted by its owners.

The last French inhabitants suffered considerably from the diseases of the climate, which attacked them with unusual severity. The Governor died, and his *suite* was so thinned that the few survivors returned to the Isle of Bourbon, whence no one else has been sent to supply their place.

The English burial ground is very extensive and picturesque ; full of magnificent but ruinous tombs of the former servants of the East India Company. Many of these are from two hundred to two hundred

* Gardens without flowers !

† Mats of cuscus root saturated with water to resist heat.

‡ Air disturbers worked by native servants.

and fifty years old, and are built in the oriental style of architecture, with large apartments surmounted by noble domes, and containing two or three tombs exactly like those of the Mahometans, except that the bodies lie east and west, while those of the Mahometans are north and south. The largest of these buildings is that of Sir John Oxenden, one of the earliest Governors of British India, at the time when that vast empire comprised little more than the factory at this place, and the then almost desolate Island of Bombay.

It is reported that at the commencement of the present century, a ward of the castle was set apart for rats, mice, bugs, and other noxious vermin, which were regularly fed and otherwise cared for.

The boats which ply upon the Taptee river are of thirty or forty tons burden, half-decked, with two masts and the same number of very large lateen sails.

Shallow-bottomed steamboats of about a hundred and fifty tons register, and well appointed, also ply between Surat and Bombay three times a week, from September to June; but during the other months there is no regular communication between these points, as the monsoon rains are then prevalent and the natives will not travel during their continuance.

The Surat and Sunjun districts were originally the chief settlements of the Parsees. They are the most wealthy among the people, and are known as Fire-worshippers. They were expelled from Persia about

twelve hundred years ago, when they settled down along the west coast of India. They believe in one Supreme Being. They pay great reverence to the four elements, more especially to fire and the sun, because they consider them all purity, and as such, fit emblems of the Almighty. The worship of fire is carried to such an extent by them, that they will not engage in any occupation that requires its use, nor will they smoke tobacco.

The population of Surat is mixed, and may be calculated in round numbers at 100,000 souls. It is distant from Bombay about 180 miles—Poonah 756; and from Calcutta, by way of Nagpoor, 1238.

About a mile up the river from Surat is the village of Phulparah, very pleasantly situated. It is a sacred spot and has for ages been famous for its seminaries of Brahmins, and its Banian groves, which are visited by pilgrims from the most remote regions of the country.

The River Taptee exhibits a singular phenomenon. The tide runs up in three hours, but occupies nine in returning. The sands are continually shifting, and are therefore dangerous. The waters are esteemed holy by the Hindoos, and are deemed to have an expiatory virtue.

CHAPTER XIV.

HAVING reached my destination, I began to experience country life in India. The first objects that arrested my attention were females, who were watering the roads with leathern bags slung across their shoulders. "Biles," or bullocks were also employed for the same service, having pairs of similar reservoirs hung across their backs, like panniers upon the London donkeys. These biles were used for all kinds of agricultural work, and also for gharries, (carriages) those trained for the latter being bred specially for the service. They are generally of a white or cream color, and, when young, very swift. They are invariably worked in pairs, and the entire tackle used is simply a woven cord that passes under the throat from a crossbar, which is strapped to a pole that issues from the front and in the centre of the vehicle. The garrywallah, or driver, sits astride the pole at its base, and conducts his cattle by means of rope reins which pass over the animals' heads and

through their noses. As no breeching is used they are kept in their places by kicks and stripes, *ad libitum*. It is quite impossible for a stranger to drive them, and if a person unknown to the brutes attempts to do so, they become as obstinate as pigs and go any-way but that which is required of them. It is not unfrequently the case that you meet a pair of refractory animals with their heads locked in a gharry pole, and their bodies extended at right angles from the centre of the road; where they remain twisting and turning about until they are either taken in hand by their proper keeper or unyoked.

I soon discovered that the women in India were perfect slaves, and made to do all the laborious work, even to bricklaying, whilst their lords and masters passed their time away in smoke, idleness and slumber.

I shall not easily forget my first night at Surat. Sleep was out of the question: the howlings of jackalls and hyenas, the chatterings of parrots, and shrill whistlings of insects, rendered night hideous.

There are windows to the bungalows, but they are never closed; and, as a natural result, the insects *will* cover your floors and ceilings; the lizards *will* creep across your walls; the mosquitos *will not* omit their determination to punish; the owls *will* come and peep at you whilst you are dreaming of home; frightful looking bats, with heads of foxes, bodies of newly hatched ducks, and wings of devils *will* flit in and out of your dormitory in search of their prey;

jackalls and hyenas ~~will~~ howl in horrible unison in the dead of night; parrots everlastingly chatter and pass their opinion upon you from the trees outside; and to crown all, those worthless parasites and sycophantic evils, the "helps," glide about your apartment (no locks or fastenings to the doors) from dewy eve till early morn and a long time afterwards, and you lie in mortal dread that they are contemplating some horrible design upon you.

These fancied terrors work upon your imagination to such intensity, that you awake from an uncomfortable doze with hair erect, and your body feverish from perspiration and fright.

It is a long time before one gets used to the food produced from an Indian kitchen. It is *manufactured* by a male native, and it is impossible to tell by the flavor what his dishes are composed of. The butter is white, of a strong acrid taste, and has the appearance of hogs' lard. The milk is generally obtained from buffaloes. All the mutton is goats' flesh; the other meat provided is something quite unknown; and the vegetables are—but stay, can I apply that name to them?—however, the natives call them vegetables, and that is all I can say about them. I could not eat them for many months.

It not unfrequently happens that you find some very unwelcome visitors in your room upon retiring to bed; such as young snakes, scorpions, and centipedes. These reptiles swarm in Guzerat, as do also

lying foxes, squirrels, birds of beautiful plumage, and magnificent butterflies. The squirrels are very small, of a grey color, and marked with three stripes of a lighter shade down their backs, like tigers. Spiders of enormous size are frequently seen racing along the floor of your sitting-room; and large tamarind trees are the popular rendezvous for "blood-suckers," frightful looking lizards about seven inches in length, with red heads, which they twist and turn about at pleasure. The deadly "cobras" are very plentiful at Surat, and it is highly dangerous to investigate nature's *curios* among the dilapidations of that ancient and ruined city.

My blood was frequently chilled upon making their acquaintance, but after the novelty was over I passed them unheeded and uncared for.

Surat, taking it altogether, is one gigantic burial ground, a veritable city of tombs.

My first stroll was through a miniature jungle, intersected with these receptacles of the dead, upon which oil lamps are kept alight both night and day. Those entombed are constituted saints by the caste to which they belong. They are guarded by attendants who keep the lamps burning, and who subsist upon the charity of their sect. Each person passing the tomb is expected to subscribe a "pie" (the twelfth part of a penny) towards their maintenance and to defray the expense of the sacred lights.

There are many very beautiful trees in and around

Surat, the most picturesque of which is the stately tamarind. This, in shape, is similar to our English oak. It retains its foliage for a year, and just before the approach of the monsoon rains, it sheds its dusky brown leaves, and clothes itself with others of a beautiful pea-green color in the short space of a week or thereabouts. It grows wild, and produces a fruit which although tart, has a very agreeable taste. There are several varieties, but that most esteemed is of a red color, from which the natives manufacture a sherbet, or cooling drink; it is also extensively used as a necessary ingredient in curries, to which it imparts a tartish flavor, and for making a jelly, or preserve, which is scarcely distinguishable from our English red currant.

About two miles from Surat stands the village of Amrolee, the locomotive depôt of the Bombay and Baroda Railway. There is a very fine viaduct at this place. It is erected upon hollow iron piles, and constructed to resist the weight of the strongest torrents. On its south side is a colony of flying foxes, who blast the trees upon which they cluster. They hang from the naked branches with their heads downwards, in which form they have the appearance of large bunches of black grapes. They are legion, their squeakings are hideous, and the odour they create is something frightful.

Immediately beneath them, upon the edge of the river, is a place where the Hindoos burn their dead.

Groups of bareheaded men are to be seen daily sitting around the fiery piles that are fiercely consuming all that is earthly of those who were once near and dear to them ; and who, but a very short time previously, were perhaps sharing the exciting pleasures of the "Tumasha,"* the merriest of all. Life, however, having fled, the survivors sit smoking their primitive cocoa-nut hookahs, apparently quite unconcerned and callous to the fate of the departed, whose remains in the course of three or four hours become a mere handful of ashes, which are wafted by the gentle night winds into the silent river flowing beneath, where they verify the divine command by returning to—nothing.

THE FUNERAL PYRE.

It may not be amiss here to relate an extraordinary proceeding which is said to have taken place recently at Ruttam, in Central India.

It appears that a young man of the Banian caste had been ailing with fever for a few days when he went into a swoon—probably the result of weakness—whereupon his relatives and the people of his caste, according to their custom, pounced upon his body and conveyed it outside, where, after performing the usual ceremonies, they hurried it off to the funeral

* Merry-making.

pyre, on reaching which they set the body down, when the lad sat up—probably revived by the motion and fresh air—and began to question the people why they had brought him there, and what they were going to do with him.

Instead of answering the poor fellow's questions, or trying to soothe him, they sat cowering around him like a number of apes: and although he conversed rationally with his father and other relatives for upwards of an hour, and begged that they would not burn him, it will scarcely be credited that they took no steps to remove him back to his house, or offer him any nourishment, which, in all probability, would have restored him.

He was allowed to sit there while they continued to stare at him with a feeling of dread, and that stolid indifference which characterizes this class, until overcome by weakness or fright, he swooned again, upon which the inhuman monsters placed the body upon the pyre, set fire to the same, and doubtless burned the poor fellow alive.

Upon the father being interrogated as to why he did not interfere to save his son's life, he, like a true Bania, replied: "what could I do when it was self-evident that my son was possessed by the devil?"

CHAPTER XV.

The horses used in India are nearly all entire, mares are seldom or never seen. Some are very vicious, but taking them as a body they are remarkably quiet and docile. As an illustration of this I may remark that taking a ride one evening upon a spirited animal—accompanied by two friends, who rode in a bullock gharry—I saw a botanical entwinement, consisting of a woody creeper, that had the appearance of a piece of rope growing in a milk bush,* and being anxious to possess it as a *curio*, I cut and threw it into the gharry for safety, in doing which I over-balanced myself and fell a plumper into the dusty road; I fully expected that my horse would have plunged, or run away, but he stood perfectly still and allowed me to remount without moving an inch.

* A fleshy plant which, when wounded, immediately discharges a fluid resembling milk. This plant forms hedges in many parts of Guzerat.


I experienced a dreadful monotony in the evenings after business hours, and yearned much for female society. I only desired *one* who was then traversing the world to join me.

I was sensible of having made a great mistake in sending dear A. round the Cape, for, irrespective of the loss of her society—which was not a trifle—I learned from those who had completed the same voyage, that an unprotected lady by that route is subjected to *disagreements* which do not arise during an overland journey, but I knew that she had the will, contemptuously to spurn any rude advance made by those who are ever ready to take advantage of a lady so situated, and I afterwards learned that she made one at least feel her power.

In moments of loneliness my memory often reverted to our last parting, at which I kept my countenance stoically, although my heart was full. I saw a tear floating in my darling's eye, but the high spirits I assumed, checked its overflow.

As a means of killing time, I used to ride and drive through the various bazaars, or take a sail up and down the river.

My first journey was a visit to a very picturesque little village called Randrier. This, like all other Indian places, teemed with apparent misery, temples, dogs, ruins and rubbish. I however enjoyed the sail, but the journey home was tedious: for the wind and tide being dead ahead of my craft, the sailors had to



tack her from shore to shore, by which manœuvre we gained about twelve yards out of a run of two hundred, and at this speed we progressed until the tide ebbed, after which we got on better, and reached the Bunda (landing wharf) about 11 o'clock, p.m., just five hours after the time appointed for dinner.

Upon reaching my bungalow, I was delighted to find a letter from home, but its contents made me sad, for I was informed that poor A. had suffered troubles and disappointments, through some who had professed undying friendship, and others upon whom she had greater claims: all seemed to have deserted her at a time when she most needed their sympathy.

I pictured her tearful eyes watching the receding shores of her native land, without one kind word, look, or blessing, bestowed by those from whom duty alone demanded a "fare ye well," and in the presence of strangers, where not one friend could be found to whom the sorrows of an overwhelmed soul could be poured out in exchange for a hearty "God speed you upon your long and perilous journey!"

The knowledge of this filled me with grief, but I had the consolation of knowing that the winds of heaven were wafting her o'er the sea, and that time would anon find her with one who had before kissed away the falling tear distilled from an overflowing heart, and who would thenceforth shield her from the frowns of an envious world. I prayed for life that I might cherish and protect her. I determined that she should

never lack happiness whilst it pleased Him to support me: and I carried out my determination in all its integrity.

I resolved that the future should be devoted to our joint interests alone, for I felt that we were cast upon the wide wide world to fight the battle of life deserted and uncared for by all, saving a great, good, and generous Providence who had ever protected, and would still preserve us from harm, until death sealed our eyes in darkness, and we had completed our pilgrimage in this "vale of tears," trials, troubles, hopes, and fears.

These few lines will be read by some who will understand and feel their force: they are not however written with a view to pain them, but merely as a part and parcel of my "thoughts of the past."

"OLD TOM."

There is a curious specimen of humanity at Surat, who follows the cailing of a barber. He is known as "Old Tom," and the paraphernalia of his profession is of silver, said to have been presented to his father, to whose business he succeeded, by the late Duke of Wellington, who honored him with several *sittings* during his progress through the province of Guzerat.

He visits every European immediately upon his arrival in the place, and is not a little vexed at the introduction to one who has discarded the lather-brush and razor.

He introduced himself to mē in my bedroom the morning after I arrived, in the following manner; which may be taken as a fair sample of his introductions generally.

I was sensible of some person's presence, and opening my eyes they encountered those of a tall figure, about forty-five years of age, of a swarthy complexion and a humorous countenance, in which cunning, sycophancy, and *rupees*, strongly predominated. He was dressed in white linen; and a cloth, about the size of a sheet, which encircled his waist, bristled with razors, methodically arranged among soap-boxes and pots of blazing silver.

He was standing like a statue about six yards from my bedside, and the moment he saw that I had observed him, he made a very low salaām and commenced preparations for an attack upon my beard. I however gave him to understand that I had ceased to undergo that interesting operation, upon which he assumed a look indicative of surprise mixed with disappointment, and gave vent to a jargon of English from which I gleaned the following account of himself. I quote it *verbatim*, and if anyone can define its meaning, he deserves a medal for his capacity of comprehension.

“My master no let shave—let cut hair? litt-lee long beard grow. Six child and two wife die—litt-lee too much sick, my master,—litt-lee too much cholera make die, my master—not let Tom work, me have no

rupee—and me very poor man, my master. Sahib B—— come,—no shave—no cut hair. All sahib now let litt-lee long beard grow, and Tom get no rupee.” “Come, come, Tom,” I said, “that will do, give us a stave in some other strain. What will you have the conscience to charge for shaving my dog when he arrives?” He appeared highly indignant at this question, drew himself up to his full height, gave me a knavish look, a low salaam, and bid me “good morning Sahib.” He did not trouble me again during my stay at Surat.

In the evening of this day, two friends and myself took equestrian exercise, and went to see the bazaars. We rode through the thickest and most densely populated parts, and I was surprised to find so many natives perambulating the streets. There were thousands idling about and smoking cigarettes, made of native tobacco rolled in a leaf; or chewing *pan souparee*, (a compound of betel-nut, pan leaf, quick-lime made from calcined marine shells, and cloves) which caused their saliva to have the appearance of blood.

We soon cleared the principal streets and came upon the Nawab's Palace, which, though a very large building, has a plain exterior.

Meer Jaffir Ali is the present Nawab, (nominal, by courtesy) and occupies the palace, where he lives a martyr to luxuriance upon the pension allowed him by the British Government, (£20,000 per annum, I believe).

He keeps a number of wild animals, amongst which is a noble elephant and some very fine hunting chetahs. These latter are fierce and rapacious creatures closely resembling the tiger in appearance and habits, and are kept principally to hunt deer, which they run down in a very short space of time.

The elephant is a very fine fellow, of immense size, and gaudily painted down his frontispiece. When he moved his ears, they had the appearance of two gigantic punkahs worked by machinery,

Our horses did not feel at home in the company of His Elephantship, and snorted immoderately whilst in his presence; so after satisfying our curiosity by a good view of him, we galloped away.

On returning through the thickest part of the crowd, our attention was drawn to a half-drunken native, who, to amuse his audience, turned towards us as we were passing, and with a comical expression upon his "phiz," began to sing—or rather bawl—something in the vernacular which we did not understand: the people who surrounded him, however, seemed to enjoy the joke whatever it was, and I, determined to turn the fun upon himself, stood up in my stirrups, and wagging my head, assumed the most amusing countenance my features were capable of, and closely imitated the words which the darkey had uttered. This raised a roar from the multitude which did not cease whilst we were within hearing. I evidently touched their comic veins,

The author of this little incident, however, seemed quite taken aback by "the European's assurance," and stood, apparently electrified, staring at me with his mouth wide open. When I speak of an open mouth, I mean it so far as this fellow was concerned. It would have been a narrow escape for a blue-bottle to have flown down the street without getting inside.

My friends may have seen the part of Mr. Punch's drama, where, after giving the mortal blow to the sheriff's officer who comes to apprehend him, that hero convulses his body, and sings a song of triumph. Such a figure doubtless I appeared, when seized with the strange fancy above narrated.

My comic adventure past, I thought it high time that my companions should do something worthy of note; and the desire had scarcely passed across my mind, when Mr. T—— rode over a woman carrying a bag of seed upon her head.

The grain, as well as the woman, found a resting-place in the dusty road, and the accident frightened us not a little; but fortunately she escaped unhurt. My friend was anxious to know the extent of damage, but the bystanders cried out "*Acha sahib, acha sahib, salāām sahib, chelow, fuket orut hai,*" (all right sir, all right sir, go on, it's only a woman). Now had this been a man, the natives would have treated the affair in a very serious light, but being of the opposite sex, it was considered of no importance.

This little incident will serve as an illustration of

the estimation in which the natives hold their females. Poor creatures, they are perfect slaves to the "lords of the creation" in India, and are made to do all the laborious work, even to breaking stones for the roads.

Upon returning home, by another route, we had to pass through a labyrinth of sand-hills and cactuses, at one point of which, my horse encountered two wild dogs on one side, and the whitened skeleton of a buffalo upon the other. As soon as the brute observed them, he stopped very suddenly, and nearly threw me over his head. I could not by force or persuasion prevail upon him to pass them, and we had to take a circuitous route to avoid the nuisance.

As my animal would follow where he failed to lead, I fell in the rear of my companions, whose horses, in galloping across deep dikes, threw up black mud in such large quantities that it completely saturated me. My white suit, face, hands, and shirt, were beautifully variegated with colored dirt, and profuse perspiration, the latter streaming down my whiskers on to my coat. Had I been drawn through a quagmire I could not have presented a more sorry spectacle. I had, however, learned to bear such mishaps lightly, and arriving at home, I *peeled off* the obnoxious suit, had a refresher in a bath, and my friends stopping to dine, I determined to make an evening of it.

Dinner was "served in a crack" and I was agreeably surprised to find cucumbers, onions, lettuce, and delicious mangoes on the table. We each "put away"

a quart bottle of Bass' best; after which coffee, and then cigars and grog *ad libitum*. I indulged in two *half glasses* of "old Tom," but my friend T—— took three *glasses*, and at 9.30, p.m., we were—not under the table—but quite "sewn up," and the unanimous opinion being, that *bed* was the only antidote—to bed we went accordingly.

CHAPTER XVI.

The evening after the adventures narrated in the last chapter, I took a ride in a different direction, and was much pleased with the appearance of the houses inhabited by the better class of Parsees. They are perfectly oriental, highly ornamented, and the eaves and balconies were alive with myriads of peacocks and pigeons. Numerous large bats were flitting up and down the street, and I tried to strike some of them, which flew inconveniently low, with my riding whip, but they were too sharp for me.

The force of imagination is very strong in India, owing I presume to the influence the climate has upon the nervous system. On this night as I lay in my cot, half asleep, I thought a snake had fastened on to my back, and was making a horrible squeaking noise at every pulsation. I was terribly frightened, and called out lustily for Mr. S—— to remove the noxious

reptile. My friend approached the bed, and the unwelcome nocturn appeared at the same moment to leave me. The noise that I imagined proceeded from the snake, and which I could have sworn was at my back, proved to be at a distance of twenty yards, and was nothing more than the shrill chirping of an insect of the grasshopper tribe!

The following night I was much disturbed by another incident. A favorite little dog attached to our establishment was very restless, and more than one boot was levelled at its head. The cause was manifest at 7 o'clock in the morning, when she ushered into the world four little bow-wows. Caudle was administered at noon, and at 6, p.m., her bed was changed. At 9 o'clock the mother and offspring were very comfortable, and doing as well as could possibly be expected. The next day, three out of the four infants met with an adverse fate in an old water butt, their bodies being subsequently devoured by eagles.

In one of my rides I came to a street where a schoolmaster was teaching his pupils: there were about a hundred of them standing in a row with their faces turned to the wall. The master was ejaculating something in the vernacular, and the youngsters were responding in a most lively manner. I could not understand what they said, but the responses were given by the children in a clear and musical tone, and simultaneously. Many of the boys had something

lying at their feet, such as inexpensive ornaments, metal plates, counters, &c. These were, I presume, rewards of merit.

One morning as I was reposing, in the enjoyment of a cheroot, and thinking of absent friends, my attention was arrested by a very novel sight. I saw something moving steadily along upon some China matting by my bedside, and as it seemed from a distance to be unlike anything in nature, I left my cot for a closer inspection, and was much amused to find, that it was the carcass of a huge moth of which a number of small black ants had taken possession. The little things had stationed themselves all around it, and whilst the bearers on one side rested, those who were opposite, dragged it on : thus their prize was continually in motion. There were about one hundred ants forming the escort, and to clear the way : these appeared to warn the bearers of all obstructions. They were constantly hurrying backwards and forwards, evidently to communicate with those in command of the body. The insects, as they fastened on to their prey, had the appearance of numerous legs ; more particularly so, as they placed themselves completely round the moth at equal distances, and in perfect order. I watched them until they approached the edge of the matting, where they appeared to have great difficulty : in a short time, however, a number of the attendants closed up, and placing themselves *under*

the burden, safely eased it on to the smooth boards ; after which the original bearers again took possession of it, and proceeded on their journey along the room, the scouts rushing about as before with their usual alacrity.

I was delighted with the sight, and felt great pleasure in watching their movements, which I considered was another exemplification of the marvellous instinct bestowed upon the minutest of creatures, by our Great Creator.

On the evening of the above occurrence, I was smoking a cheroot in the balcony of my bungalow, when I had cause to look upon Nature's productions with somewhat less interest. I felt a strange sensation at my elbow, accompanied by a slight pricking, and putting my hand up, to my great horror dislodged an enormous centipede, which had punctured my arm completely through my coat and shirt. He was soon despatched by one of my native servants, who killed it with his naked foot, and with a gusto which I could not well account for, until he told me that, "if Janwa* bite masta body—masta die after." My dissolution would doubtless have taken place *after* such a catastrophe, and being uncertain as to whether it might not have been accelerated thereby, I finished my cigar in doors, and then retired to bed ; where my olfactory nerves were

* Janwa,—Any kind of insect, reptile, or animal, from a flea to an Elephant !

sensible of a very disagreeable odour. It at once occurred to me that one of my colored vagabonds had been reclining his sable limbs upon my "shake-down," and this suspicion was fully realized, by finding an insect—of a species well known at the "Liberty" in Dublin and called, *par excellence*, a "genteelly"—crawling along the fold of one of my sheets.

CHAPTER XVII.

The morning after the discovery named in the close of the last chapter, I held a court of enquiry there-upon, which resulted in nothing. I however presented (?) the servants with the sheets, purchased others, and "cut" an equal amount of "pugga" * from each to pay for them; and gave them to understand, that, should I be fortunate enough to catch any fellow taking such a liberty again, I should not hesitate to pitch him out of the window, irrespective of life or limb. Having left them to reflect upon my promise, I took a stroll to the Dutch Bunda, where, under a sweet scented "lymm" tree, I enjoyed a cheroot, and a grateful breeze, which stole along the river side in delicious soft gales.

Whilst I sat watching the pale blue smoke curling upwards into and among the luxuriant foliage above me, my attention was drawn to a rude placard,

* Wages.

which announced an entertainment in the bazaar at ten o'clock, p.m. I had not, up to this time, seen any native "Tumashas," and consequently voted that some friends and myself should form part of the audience. Accordingly, ten o'clock found us among a motley group of some three hundred natives, all males, aged from four years, upwards. A tall lad with a pure effeminate voice, together with a mere child were dressed up to represent females, who appeared to be the object of the amours of a horrible looking fellow with a chalked face and a long false beard. He personated the clown of the party: and the manner in which the brute made his advances to the assumed females was most disgusting. I could not understand the language they made use of, but a native clerk informed me that no Englishman would tolerate it amongst his own people. The "band" consisted of four performers. One of them played a primitive instrument, made of a few strings stretched across a log and scraped by a bow, which produced a faint squeaking noise nearly inaudible, but which was, nevertheless, considered by the leader of the band sufficiently harmonious to accompany the elder *female* in a vocal monstrosity. Musician number two performed upon an Indian absurdity called a "tom-tom," which was very like one of the illuminated beer barrels that are to be seen suspended over the doors of our metropolitan gin palaces. This instrument was hung from the man's neck by a strap, and

thumped most unmercifully with his knuckles. Numbers three and four played upon y^e ancient trumpets of y^e Indians, from which they belched forth the most hideous noises.

One of my friends subscribed to the funds of this entertainment, and the receipt of the money was a signal for a great flourish of said trumpets, followed by a terrific commotion, both vocal and instrumental, which beggared all description.

The master of the ceremonies crossed over to us, and with another dreadful and discordant blast from the musicians, offered bouquets which we declined, and left their society thoroughly disgusted.

I observed that the Parsees did not honor this entertainment with their presence; and I found that, as a rule, this caste aspired to more enlightened amusements. They emulate the English in many ways, and appear to appreciate our society much. They are most attentive to Europeans, and very fond of making little presents.

A Parsee gentleman at Baroda,* well versed in the English language, gave me a cage of Ahmedabad sparrows. They were very small, and beautifully marked in white, red, black, and amber. They sung very sweetly and plaintively in the mornings. There were about thirty in number, and it was interesting to watch them arrange themselves in a row upon their

* Mr. Nowrojee Pestonjee.

perch when going to roost at night. Each had his own particular *locale*, and would flutter and fight until he obtained it. These were a very refined class of sparrow, but the original plebeians were also here in numbers: they are exactly similar to those of England, with the same unmistakable chirp and impudent assurance. But the most impertinent of all the ornithological tribe in India, is the carrion crow. There are myriads of them and in appearance as well as habits they closely resemble our English jackdaws. They are very bold, and will actually fly into your bungalow and steal viands from your table whilst you are sitting at it. As an instance of their assurance, I will relate a little incident to which I was an eye witness.

One morning as I was strolling along a lane in search of botanical *curios*, my attention was drawn to a female who was carrying a "chatty" of milk upon her head. I was struck to see Mr. Carrion Crow coolly perched upon the vessel, and enjoying his breakfast. I at first thought that he was a pet bird, and watched him with great interest, but I found that as soon as he had had enough he flew away and was quickly succeeded by others, who in their turn helped themselves to the refreshing beverage. They alighted so softly upon the vessel that the girl who was carrying it walked briskly along in happy ignorance of the aerial thieves.

In returning home, I for the first time saw a native

paying homage to a "pepul." This is one of certain trees in India which the inhabitants hold in great veneration, and I observed that this as well as the "banyan," were both freaks of nature, each bearing two distinct kinds of foliage almost as opposite to one another as the English apple and miseltoe. A very large tree of the banyan class is growing, or rather fading, upon the Dutch "bunda" (wharf) at Surat, and certain castes of the natives never pass without honoring it with a very low salaâm. Young lambs and kids are sacrificed at its base, and numerous other offerings are made to its trunk. Upon one occasion when passing this tree, curiosity led me to examine a cavity about half-way up the trunk—say about five feet from the ground—in which I found a large quantity of flowers, merely the petals of roses, jessamine, &c., which emitted a most fragrant scent. I was assured by an Europeon whose bungalow adjoined the tree, that he had witnessed the secretion in its cavity, of money, butter, eggs, sugar, grain, sweet-meats, and all descriptions of edibles, comprising offerings to the deity to whom the deluded beings consider the pepul a medium.

The "pepul" is very handsome, and bears a large flower which in its early stage is of a beautiful primrose color, but which changes to a deep red as it fades away. The different colored flowers hang upon the tree at the same time: they are relieved by rich green foliage, and the whole presents to the eye a forest

tree of no ordinary beauty. The seed is similar in appearance to an acorn; and the flower is as large as the hollyhock, and in form and texture very like it. It has no scent, and the leaves, which are heart-shaped, grow very large.

Travelling in India, otherwise than by rail, is a great novelty; as is evidenced by the following narrative.

Being pretty nigh baked by the hot winds which always precede the monsoon, three friends and myself determined to pay a visit to the sea-side, and accordingly gave instructions to our servants to prepare for a trip to Domus, a villiage about nine miles from Surat. To accomplish this journey was not an easy task; for be it known that there are no hotels in the country parts of India, not even in Surat, and consequently it is absolutely necessary, when traveling—if even for a single night—to take the whole of your household with you, including servants, furniture, cooking apparatus, utensils, and indeed the whole of your effects. Therefore, immediately after dinner, on the evening preceding our departure, there was a great bustle amongst the servants, and a lively clatter of earthenware, pots, and kettles, which was succeeded by the arrival of two bullock gharries, upon which was packed all matters and things appertaining to the *cuisine*, together with the cook and Hammal.*

* House servant.

These were despatched by our chief butler, to prepare breakfast upon our arrival in the morning. As it is necessary, in India, to travel either before the sun has gained, or after it has lost its power, we were obliged to turn out very early. Some hours before it was light, there was an animated bustle among the servants, who were packing, chattering, taking down beds, removing baths, chairs, tables, &c., which soon unhoused, and left us within bare walls. I lit up a cigar for pastime, and looking out over the balcony, perceived a whole train of bullock carts, (a pair of biles in each) which were waiting to convey our traps, and necessities; in fact it was just such a preparation as we should require at home to haul the furniture of a whole street three or four hundred miles along a turnpike road. In due time all our effects were loaded, and the last cart (in which probably there was a mattress and a sun shade—they don't overload their cattle in India,) having departed, myself and Mr. S—— mounted our horses—two spirited little creatures who evidently seemed jealous of each others running powers—and away we trotted to a friend's bungalow, to get some refreshment as pre-arranged. From a trot, both animals broke into a canter, and upon the approach of either, the other would dart forward as if determined “not to be done.” This *play* continued for about a hundred yards, when they quickened their speed to an unmistakable race, and both ran fast and furiously. The horse I rode, although the smallest,

was by far the fleetest, and taking into consideration that he was carrying a heavier weight by three stone than the other, and reached his destination first, it must be admitted that he ran admirably, and with perfect game. He kept ahead until we came to a very awkward part of the road, where we had to turn to the left, and then short round to the right, to avoid the gable end of a dirty house which stood out very far across the street. Nearly opposite to this was a huge post, and to save bringing my head in contact with the first-named obstruction, I had to swerve my horse round suddenly, and my friend being just in the rear and unable to stop the speed of his animal, there ensued a collision, which sent him with considerable force against the post. I feared that he had fractured his leg, or stove in some of the animals ribs; but fortunately all ended well, and no bones were broken.

The extreme heat—130 degrees Faht.—together with the excitement, made me very nervous, and although after a little rest I partially recovered, yet, I felt its effects all day afterwards. We partook of some delicious mangoes, after which a cheroot moistened with brandy and soda, and then started for Domus. By-the-bye, another bullock cart was required here, to convey a bath! which the men in charge of the other effects failed to see: (wilfully doubtless) and a superior gharry having been provided for ourselves, with an excellent pair of "biles" we stowed away

provisions for the journey, and were very soon upon the high road to the Brighton of that part of the country.

I observed that mile stones were placed all along the road, and with the exception of one, they were all in excellent condition. The exception we afterwards saw at the village of Domus. It was in a broken condition, and appeared to have been conveyed from its original resting place, to perform the duty of "smasher" to a "dhobee" * who acknowledged its usefulness, by giving it a daily beating with the linen of us helpless sahibs; and whereon our collars, wristbands, buttons, shirts, &c., were most effectually annihilated.

The road was completely lined with our servants, horses, baggage, provisions, &c., and reminded me more of numerous strolling players journeying to a fair in England, than our own retinue, found to be necessary for a three days' sojourn, and a nine miles journey. To those who have never been in India, this may appear absurdly ridiculous, but it is quite true, and absolutely necessary; for if you desire to spend a day or two by the sea-side, in that country, an empty bungalow is all the accommodation you can procure, and this—as a rule—at an exorbitant rate of charge for the occupation.

The introduction of railways is forcing rapid

* Washerman.

changes in travelling accommodation, but if a railway official has business along the line, which precludes the possibility of his returning home the same night, he is compelled to take servants, bed, cooking utensils, and provisions with him. These remarks do not apply to Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta, at which places there are good hotels. But the proprietors make you pay pretty well for the use of them.

There are halting places, at two mile distances, along the Domus road. At each a well and covered shed is provided for the accommodation of the poor, by the rich and charitably disposed natives. We stopped at one of these places, about mid-way, where a relay of bullocks awaited us, and where a very fine banyan tree, in full foliage, with its bright red berries shining out in bold relief from its green mantle, afforded an agreeable and welcome shelter both to us, and to our cattle. We passed numerous pedestrians upon the road. They were principally females, whose whole worldly effects, and probably a life's savings, were centred in tawdry jewellery for the ears, nose, ankles, and wrists. Those of the ears were very large, apparently of gold, and passable workmanship; in shape and size something like the bell of a French clock, say about three inches in diameter, exquisitely chased, and of a bright yellow colour. The nose ornaments are large, and they are affixed to the left nostril, making those they are intended to adorn

look extremely ugly. The women were all well formed, possessed fine limbs, and remarkably fine figures.

Upon our arrival at Domus I immediately caught—a cold, and suffered much from a sore throat. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and although we were a long distance from the sea, I could discern the breakers dashing with considerable force against the rocks. I watched their gambols until they faded into darkness, and then turned in to dine. The atmosphere was delightfully cool compared with Surat.

On my way into the bungalow, I saw a large lizard chasing a fly down a wall. I “whisked” it off very gently with a riding whip, and to my horror, I found that upon falling to the ground, its tail had become detached from its body, and was writhing about in the greatest apparent agony; whilst its original possessor was coolly walking off in an opposite direction. I felt regret at the injury I had unwittingly inflicted upon the poor reptile, and allowed it to escape without further molestation.

The next morning I arose very early; and my cold was infinitely worse, probably caused by the change of air. This was, however, a trifle that troubled me but little, as the enjoyment received from the delightful change, so much exceeded the inconvenience of a slight malady.

It was gratifying to find, that, our servants had arranged everything extremely well; in fact, they

had made our temporary habitation almost as comfortable, as our "pukka" * home at Surat.

I found that the usefulness of the Indian servant, in travelling, was a great and redeeming trait in his character.

Adjoining the bungalow we occupied, was a garden, or grove of fruit trees; and being a lover of botanical research, I did not delay long in diving into its sylvan recesses, to explore its possessions. I was amply paid for my resolution by seeing many of the various Indian fruits, in their several stages from buds to maturity. The most beautiful of all were the gay pomegranates, which exhibited their lovely scarlet flowers, both single and double, and bore fruit at the same time. Mangoes—the royal family of Indian fruits—luxuriated in the shade under the fostering foliage of their parents. The fruit of the latter when ripe, is yellow, but its colour prior to maturity, is a deep blueish green, and has a bloom upon it, similar to the European plum. Sour limes were here also in great abundance, but being similar in its habit to the orange, any further description of it would be superfluous; suffice it to say, that the blossoms and fruit luxuriate together, the latter being green, small, and spherical, and possessing a very sharp acid taste. There was quite a forest of guavas, from which a celebrated Persian jelly is made. This

* Effective—all right—complete.

is a green fruit, and when cut open, presents to the eye numerous small seeds, fostered by a sweetish pith of a delicate pink colour, and which in its general appearance somewhat resembles a water-melon. It emits a very unpleasant scent, and its flavor—as a fruit—is both insipid and repugnant to an European's taste. The natives call it a pear !

The flowering plants were very beautiful, and my love of floriculture tempted me to cull from among them a fine bouquet, composed of several sorts of roses, and jessamines; the principal of the latter being the “double cape,” which is pre-eminent for its delicate white color, and for emitting the sweetest fragrance. There were numerous other floral productions in this garden, of a species quite unknown to me. They were principally shrubs, forming underwood to the towering cocoa-nuts and gigantic mangoes. Their blossoms were exquisite in color, and beautifully formed, but generally void of scent. Whichever way I turned, their brilliant hues, softened by the rich foliage of bright evergreens, and shaded by the verdant canopy afore-named, shone out with effective beauty.

The birds too must have their meed of praise; for they, with their varied plumage of bright blue, green, yellow, black, white, and scarlet, flitted about from bough to branch among the exotics of this shady elysium, presenting to the lover of nature a picture so paradisiacal that it was quite enchanting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER breakfast I strolled out with a revolver, but game was very scarce.

At noon, the weather, which had previously been calm, freshened, and the wind increased in violence until it blew "great guns" again. Whilst I sat at my bungalow window watching the "sad sea waves" as they dashed themselves upon the rocks in the distance, a very fine jackall made his appearance upon the strand. He approached stealthily at first, and then sat down, and pricking up his long ears, was evidently contemplating his new neighbours(ourselves.) There was an immediate rush for firearms, but, as is generally the case in such extremes, none were loaded, and ere they could be prepared, the "lion's provider" had trotted into our compound and escaped a violent death by making himself scarce amongst the under-wood in the rear.

Shortly after this, an enormous lizard quite a foot long from head to tail, ran up a tree close to where I

was standing. I procured a rifle and quickly brought him down; he was, however, only wounded, and crawled away into the bush before I could reach him, leaving drops of blood behind to track his path.

I then took a stroll round the jungle, and had a good shot at a squirrel which was squatting upon the top of a cocoa-nut. He fell heavily, but was merely shocked, as upon reaching the ground, he jumped up and scampered off with great alacrity.

Upon returning to the bungalow, I was surprised by a large "pie" or native dog. He was bold enough to approach to within a yard of the doorway, where he sat down and took stock of us. My friend S— procured a rifle and fired at him within a range of five yards, but the shot was not effective! and the animal made a speedy exit.

An excellent tiffin, consisting of mutton chops, curries, and delicious fruits, was then served, and this was followed up by cheroots, brandy and soda, and an equestrian test of speed upon the sands, which came off as follows:—As soon as old "Sol" permitted us to turn out of doors, we mounted our steeds and galloped away to investigate the suburbs of Domus. I remembered that it was Chester race week, and having, for several years previously, been present when "The Cup" was the subject of contest upon the lovely "Rhoodee;" and furthermore this day being Saturday, I considered that we could not finish up the week in a more gratifying manner, than, by a

trial of speed between Mr. M——'s horse "Callaghan" and Mr. A——'s horse "Silvertail," each mounted by a gentleman who was not the owner. Of course I was tempted to indulge in the attendant vice—a bet—and "backed" "Silvertail," who, so far as his opponent's master's opinion went, had no chance of winning, both man and horse being pooh-pooh'd by the contending party, as not having a leg to stand upon. I acted as starter, having first bet M—— a rupee (which by the way I won and never got, it having been melted in champagne at a subsequent meeting) and then gave the word "off," when away they went in good style, every stride increasing their pace until nothing was discernible to me in the rear, but the horses' tails, and they were enveloped in a complete cloud of dust, parched turf, shingle, and sand, which the animals, in their strenuous exertions to outrun each other, were throwing up behind them with fearful effect.

"Silvertail" was declared the winner by M——, who acted as judge, much to the chagrin of S——, who endeavored to explain the failure away to the demerits of "Callaghan;" and greatly to the disgust of M——; who stoutly denied the inability of his steed to conquer, and who charged the loss of the race (and rupee) to bad riding.

After the trial was decided, we jogged on by the sea-beach until we came to some large sand-hills, beyond which, at some distance, we saw a lady and

gentleman enjoying their evening's walk. The former was in European costume, and the sight of petticoats was so novel to us, that we bore down upon them near enough to reconnoitre; but we were soon satisfied, and I may add somewhat disappointed; for instead of seeing, as we expected, a beautiful European face, the lady's features were of very ancient date, and her stockings were lying in folds upon unlaced boots; the gentleman, poor fellow, seemed to be in the last stage of consumption.

About half a mile further on, brought us to the village of Bhimporè, in the centre of which is erected a flag staff of immense height and calibre. This marks the site of a Hindoo temple, which has long been celebrated for containing the figure of a monkey, of gigantic proportions, carved out of stone and worshipped by Hindoos who esteem it sacred, and who undertake pilgrimages from all parts of Goojerat to make offerings to the inanimate monster.

The village itself has a curious appearance. It stands in a grove of trees, and each house is detached, and enclosed with bamboo fencing. There was the usual conglomeration of kids, kites, dogs, cats, cocks and hens, the latter with small bodies clothed in ragged feathers, and very long legs, might easily have been taken for young storks, but for their habitual scratching.

The inhabitants appear to devote their time to marine pleasures, *i.e.*, fishing and bathing, both of

which occupations I saw them indulging in. During the rains, however, when fishing becomes too dangerous a calling, they employ their time in the cultivation of rice, and other cerealious produce upon the waste lands in the district.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEFORE the British flag floated upon the Indian waters, Bhimpore, as well as many other villages thereabouts, was inhabited by the vilest of wreckers and pirates. Many an ill-fated bark has been decoyed by false signals upon their inhospitable shores, to be plundered, and their crews mercilessly murdered by those villians, who never spared one unhappy soul to tell the sad tale.

The present occupiers of the village appear to be a very wild and uncultivated race, and they would, without doubt, again degenerate into their former state of barbarism, should English rule cease in India.

They are the subjects of the Nawab* of Sucheen, of whom I shall presently give a short account.

I was informed that the chiefs of these villages, used formerly to encourage piracy, wrecking, and

* A Lord Lieutenant or Viceroy.

even murder; from the proceeds of which they derived a princely revenue.

With regard to the present ruler (1861), it appears, or rather my informant told me, that upon the English Government (or E. I. C.) taking possession of that part of the coast, the chiefs were found to be receiving a large revenue from the proceeds of piracy; no vessel being safe that came within their limits. Our people were determined to put an end to all this, but at the same time behaved with becoming liberality in the adjustment of the Nawab's power, viz.—In consideration of the immediate cessation of piracy along his coast, they awarded him sovereignty, together with the revenues of a certain number of villages, which he might choose. These terms he gladly accepted, and amongst other possessions Bhimporé and Sucheem were included, from the latter of which he derives his title. Upon the completion of the contract, he at once abolished the predatory profession before alluded to.

The present Nawab is the lineal descendant of the original party to the agreement; and by faithfully carrying out its clauses, he enjoys honor and peace in his limited dominions. His ideas of enjoyment, however, may be estimated by the picture of one of his state processions which I witnessed, and which I will narrate shortly.

Upon leaving Bhimporé we returned by the sea-side to Domus village, where several articles of pottery

are made. We were not fortunate in finding the artisans at work, but as explained to us, they appear to manufacture their wares by a very primitive process. The only tool used in forming their vessels, is a wheel, which is made to revolve with great velocity. The artist sits down beside it, and forms the utensil with his hands and feet, aided by the wheel only.

We passed several gardens teeming with flowers and fruit by the wayside, and also an immense well, very gaudily painted. This we were informed was built by a wealthy native for charity. The generality of wells in India are of immense proportions, and they cost large sums of money, some of them exceeding ten thousand pounds sterling.

During our stay at Domus we received from the natives numerous presents of fruit, flowers, milk, butter, cocoa-nuts, and toddy. The flowers were very beautiful; the fruit was "so-so;" and the butter—Oh! save me from it. Its color was perfectly white, like hog's-lard; it was of a stiff, greasy substance; of an acrid taste; and without the slightest resemblance to the article it was intended to represent. It was, however, a fair sample of that which is obtained in the bazaars.

The best way, and the only mode of making butter palatable in India, is to put milk into a bottle and stand it in a cool place for about half-an-hour; then make your servant shake it up for ten minutes, when a beautiful butter is produced—but always white.

The servant will, however, if color be preferred, procure a root from the bazaar, a shaving of which will give a fine yellow. A small piece of this root made into a paste and shook up with the milk, will color the butter, and a very little stretch of the imagination will then serve to convince you, that it is fresh from Aylesbury.

The cocoa-nuts were in different stages of growth, some nearly ripe, and others with the shell just forming. Those in the latter condition, produced a large quantity of a pale milky fluid, which I tasted and found pleasant "tipple," but not nearly so rich as of those more matured.

Toddy is a peculiar intoxicating liquid, and is much used by the natives, particularly as a beverage. It is drawn from the palm in the following manner:—An incision is made in its trunk at the top, from which the sap—otherwise toddy—flows into a red earthen pot called a chatty, which is affixed just below the wound in a convenient position, to receive the fluid. It is similar to cocoa-nut milk, and is extensively used by the native bakers, as a fermenting agent in making bread.

The Bombay Government levy a tax upon all palms from which toddy is drawn, and all those belonging to the crown, are let—by tender I believe—to augment this source of the revenue. Those under assessment are distinguished by a white-washed mark.

When the tax was first imposed, it proved to be very unpopular, and the bakers refused to buy the toddy at the advanced rate. The result of this was, that no bread was obtainable for several days, and the Government were compelled to reduce the amount of the tax, very considerably, from the sum originally fixed.

The consumption of toddy, as a beverage, is very great. When drunk in the morning it has a pleasant sweet taste, and is not intoxicating; but at noon, it begins to effervesce, and then its strength and flavor completely changes. It gradually assumes a "stale beery" taste, and is impregnated with alcohol. In the evening it becomes very spirituous and intoxicating. During the hottest months, however—say April and May—it ferments much quicker, and becomes strongly charged with spirit at noon. I drank a tumbler full at mid-day and felt quite jolly from its effects.

In the evening of our last day at Domus, the atmosphere was suffocatingly hot. Part of our servants were despatched to Surat with the kitchen, &c., and we returned the following day at 6 a.m. Nothing worth noting occurred on the journey; but after distancing the shore, and losing the fresh sea breeze, the heat became intense.

CHAPTER XX.

On the afternoon of the day upon which we reached home from our seaside *séjour*, my attention was drawn to a motley assembly in the road near to our office bungalow. It turned out to be the Nawab of Sueheen with his retinue, who was on his way to pay a state visit to one of our government officials. The following account of the extraordinary style in which he was conducted will, I think, convey to the minds of my friends a passable idea of

A ROYAL PROCESSION.

The advance guard was *one* Arab gaudily dressed and mounted upon a camel.

Then came a few led horses, whose trappings were of the gayest description.

After these followed a large elephant, showily painted in scarlet and blue about the head, ears, and trunk, and bearing upon his neck the "elephant-wallah,"*

* Keeper or attendant.

dressed in all the colors an Oriental fancy could dictate. The animal measured his steps to the sonorous tones of two bells, set in fourths, and which were slung over his ponderous neck.

Close upon the heels of this fellow were three very ancient and outlandish looking individuals walking abreast, and each holding to his lips a most curious and primitive instrument made of wood, and in appearance similar to a huge German sausage, through which they forced the most unearthly and hideous noises that were ever blasted against the drums of my auricular nerves. It would gratify me beyond measure were I able to convey to my friends, through the medium of caligraphy, an idea of the pandemonium that ensued after the passing of these *artistes*.

About thirty Arabs who formed the Nawab's body-guard, were each carrying a villainous kind of spear, which they flourished above their heads in a most eccentric manner. Their dress, or rather costume, might have been compared to that of Falstaff's army, when marching through Coventry, with this difference, however, that the troops under the command of the obese general possessed *half a shirt* between them, whereas the Nawab's guard appeared content to march without a shirt at all! a few yards of faded red serge being deemed sufficient to conceal their shaven heads, and sable loins, from the vulgar gaze of us curious Europeans. Whatever they lacked in linen, however, was fully counterpoised by their voices; as upon passing our

bungalow they favored us with a native war-dance; to attempt to give a description of which is quite out of my power—it would take a very clever pen indeed, to attempt to portray the scene with anything approaching the reality: suffice it to say that they began the performance by a quick nervous movement, which might be compared to the aperture of a bee-hive when struck by a stone, on which occasion the “sentry bees” may be seen running about in great confusion, to ascertain “what’s the row.” Then followed a terrific thumping of “tom-toms,”* which appeared to be the signal for a demoniac reel, during which their features exhibited the most fearful contortions, and their discordant yells can only be compared to a jackall’s festival.

Immediately following these came the great Nawab in a “palkee.” He was very richly attired, and seemed to feel the importance of his position greatly, judging from the majestic appearance he assumed, as he reclined in state within his oriental sedan. His bearers, however, contrasted sadly with the picture inside. They were in a state of semi-nudity, and their general appearance was filthy in the extreme, and highly piratical.

The Nawab’s three sons came next, taking precedence in the procession by seniority—the eldest first, and so on. They were mounted upon Arabian horses, highly

* Small drums beaten with the fingers.

caparisoned, and attended on each side by footmen laboring under huge scarlet sun shades, which, forming a canopy over the princes, protected them from the effects of the sun's rays.

This part of the group attracted my attention more than any other. The rich scarlet shone out in bold relief from the sombre appearance of the city wall past which they were moving; and that, in its turn, being softened by the bright green foliage of the acacias which waved in the breeze betwixt us, formed a very striking picture.

Several Arab horsemen, armed *cap-a-pie*, galloped to and fro, and, as is usual on all such occasions, after gaiety comes squalor; or, as we observe in respect to the annual pageant of the City of London that "after the Lord Mayor's Show comes a—donkey-cart," or anything your imagination may dictate, so, in this instance, the rear of glittering ostentation and finery was brought up by a decrepit old nigger driving a miserable bullock-gharry, the animals in which appeared so proud of their bones, that they were exposing them, much to the inconvenience of a tight skin; and this "turn out" was accompanied by the never failing honorary attendants—a class of biped to be met with all over the world—a horde of dirty, naked little juveniles, who were yelling through their distended windpipes loud enough to crack the very universe.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MONSOON.

The clouds in the evening had a very peculiar appearance, doubtless occasioned by the near approach of the monsoon. They were highly illuminated, and shed a sensitive glare over everything. As the great luminary took his departure below the horizon to shed his beams upon the western skies, the clouds assumed the most fantastic shapes, and gradually changed color to a deep purple. It became dark very suddenly, and soon afterwards the sportive elements relieved the monotony of Erebus, by vivid flashes of lightning and distant thunder, much to the terror of the uneducated natives, who do not understand its theory.

The next morning, the strange appearance of the heavens, and the overheated atmosphere of the previous evening, was fully accounted for, by the first burst of the monsoon, which came upon us with terrific fury. The deluge was so great, that

in less than an hour, our compound was under fifteen inches of water. The rain fell in torrents all day, and was accompanied, occasionally, by low rumbling thunder. The thermometer stood at 98 degrees before the storm, after which, it suddenly receded to 84. Although the change was so great it was not attended with any cooling results, on the contrary, it seemed hotter, in consequence, I presume, of the closeness of the atmosphere. The earth fairly steamed.

In the short space of three days, a barren waste was completely changed to a verdant green. And places where I imagined that no life could possibly exist in the parched roots, were then luxuriating in two inches of grass. The rapid growth of vegetation in India is wonderful.

The rain had a very depressing effect upon my nervous system. I spent my "evenings at home"—my mind took retrospective views of days passed and gone—I loved to be alone—and even found pleasure in melancholy.

Whilst sitting out upon my balcony enjoying a cigar and a cool evening breeze, I was not unfrequently serenaded by a native military band which played occasionally on the maidān, (plain) at a short distance off; from whence, the lively notes of quadrilles, waltzes, galops, &c., came floating along upon the still but balmy air, enchanting my senses with their dulcet vibrations.

At such times my thoughts took strange ,

FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION

Which seemed to carry me away to scenes that had never occurred, and yet I fancied them real. Somehow or another, since I had become known to, and enjoyed the society of, my beloved A., the strains of a military band always filled my thoughts, and cheered my heart, with the most pleasant reminiscences of the period of my youth ; but the strangest part of those memorable pleasures was, that they were always and ever associated with HER and re-unions, promenades, rides, walks, and drives which had never existed saving in a prolific mind.

I have, in imagination, been "a gipsying" with my darling A. and her sisters, when all our hearts were young, light and free, and the busy world forgotten in the joyous merry laughs that resounded through the glen of the chosen sequestered spot, disturbed only by the plaintive "cooings" of the woodland doves, who bore witness to our pure and unpolluted minds unruffled then by either the fears, cares, troubles, or sorrows, which it is our lot to share in this world.

I have been *her* guiding star at the stirring dance, at horticultural shows, and reviews.

I have been envied by those who sought her, and feeling their envy, have clutched my prize so firmly,

that her delicate fingers have lacked the circulation that gave them life; the purple fluid being arrested in her soft arm midway.

I have been "as happy as a king," when the dear object of my affections has honored me with the pleasure of escorting her, and her sister Addie to hear the cavalry band play upon the pier at B——; and I would not have exchanged that pleasure, for half the wide world.

These and similar fancies, invariably took possession of my soul, when the sweet strains of martial music came floating upon the refreshing night winds, to assail my senses with their lulling cadences.

How was it? Why was I the sport of those pleasures and melancholies? Had I lived with my darling in spirit? Is it possible that we had been betrothed, and our souls had become entwined in everlasting love, before we knew each other in our earthly tenements? It is both remarkable and strange, but I *felt* that I had passed through all those pleasures, and I was convinced in my own mind, that they had occurred; but at what period, I had no conception. If not in reality, then it must have been in a dream; if not a dream, then in the spirit. I certainly knew ADDIE, and I had lived in the charms of her sister, although I had never seen either; then the question arises:—How, when, and where did I enjoy their society. I can only say that the query is unanswerable, and that *Fate*, in her mysterious freaks

with the human family, delayed the earthly meeting of myself and dear A. until both experienced irremediable troubles in striving to pass the rugged path of life, to our destinies.

From imaginings such as above I awoke to future hopes,* which were, that upon our reunion, we might be so firmly united that nothing but the universal destroyer could part us again in this world. Our Great Protector, I hoped, would preserve us both. I pictured for the future all that I had fancied of the past; and although inclement winds and Old Time should blanch our cheeks, and the world's troubles and cares frost our locks, still our loves would, I knew, remain unchangeable, and I prayed that we might again enjoy, in our native country, many happy hours, both in musical evenings at our own fireside, and in the exciting pleasures of good old English merry-making, where our hearts would be made glad by the soul stirring harmonies of a military band.

* Alas! Those hopes were futile.

CHAPTER XXII.

I HAVE often been charmed by the sonorous tones of two bells, which formed part of the trappings of the elephant belonging to the Nawab of Surat. The animal was taken out for exercise every day and passed my quarters about five o'clock in the evening. The bells gave us notice of his approach long before his ponderous body hove in sight, and their musical "ding-dong" would often cause me to ponder over the effects which are produced upon sensitive minds by

PEALS OF BELLS.

It may be contended that there cannot be appreciable music in the sounds of *two* bells, but they awakened very many happy recollections, and not a few unhappy remembrances in my mind.

Their simple melodies have often lulled me into a reverie ; during which happy state I have retrospec-

tively traversed the eventful periods of my life, and arriving at childhood's happy hours, the pleasures of memory have given copious draughts of ambrosia to my thirsty soul.

I have again rambled through my father's corn fields on Enfield Chase to pluck the red poppy, the blue corn flower, all the truant ears of barley that reared their proud heads among the wheat, the dog-rose, and the wild forget-me-not with its graceful innocence, which all found favor in my eyes to form the wild bouquet prepared for some juvenile favorite at home.

I have again chased the butterfly as it flitted along seeking nourishment from the yellow furze blossoms and ever welcome daisies on the banks, and when fairly tired, I have refreshed myself with an hour in dream-land.

As the summer advanced, I have sat for hours upon a stile at the corner of a fir grove, still dear to my mind, where enraptured with the beauteous appearance of the ripening grain, I have lingered to contemplate its future, and with regret, to know how soon it was doomed to fall ; and how like that we all must, sooner or later, become the victims of Old Time ; whose scythe, guided by a mind relentless and void of compassion, mows down both old, young, rich, and poor ; and which spares neither parent, child, friend, nor foe. Let us then be prepared for that destroying

weapon, lest it should gather us to its swaths before we are ripe, or ready to fall.

Such thoughts as these have often possessed me while waiting to enjoy the welcome sounds of a peal of bells, which anon came rolling along in such harmonious succession, that you might almost fancy the notes to be a number of little cupids gambolling over the zephyr waves upon which they are floating to convey to our senses either pleasant and happy recollections, or to fill our souls with remorse.

Their melodious tones, which in some cases convey both pleasure and pain, fill the air with rejoicing at the village festival. They are associated with excessive joy, and peal forth their merry sounds at the marriage-feast. Their harmonious notes proclaim the Sabbath, the day of rest to which we all look forward with anxious pleasure as the antidote to the curse of labor. But the same iron tongues that send their voices floating upon the coquetish breeze that chases away the dewdrops from summer roses, and waves the yellow corn which gracefully bows to the salute, conveys also to many of us, recollections of a far different and painful nature. To some of a marriage which has been succeeded by a life of misery. To another of childhood's fleeting hours—gone for ever—when all was sunshine and the clouds of life unknown. It reminds others of happy moments spent in the society of dear friends who have been gathered to their last homes and their memories fast fading away.

Its voice also warns us of the fleeting hours that are ever tolling us quickly but imperceptibly nearer to eternity. There is, however, a far more harrowing tone than this. One which convulses our frames and fills our souls with deep affliction; a sound that clashes against the chords of overflowing and bursting hearts which only find relief in the distillation of briny pearls that obscure the vision, in forcing a path to trickle down our grief-stricken cheeks. This, however, only happens to those, whose hearts and minds are capable of, and blessed with, true affections. To such I would ask: what can convey a sharper pang to the soul, or a keener sense of grief to the heart, than the solemn knell of the village bell, which proclaims to the unwilling ear, the loss of all one holds dear in this world; the dissolution of a dear wife or husband; a darling child or loving parent; an affectionate lover or a true friend? I repeat, what can be more afflictive, and what antidote is there to the wound which the vibration of that metallic voice may open in the heart? I unhesitatingly reply to my own questions. There is nothing more oppressive than the first—and no conclusive remedy exists for the last, the wound is indelible. Time may soften; but he cannot heal it.

The merry Christmas peal, the new-year's welcome, and the melancholy toll, all tend to refresh our memories with the pleasures of the past enjoyed with those we loved, and grief and sorrow for those that

were, but whose once bright eyes are now closed
in the eternal shades of everlasting sleep !

The reverie past : farewell ye glorious rambles, and
adieu ye delicious soft zephyrs that conveyed upon
thine aerial wings the undulatory and lovely en-
chanting cadences of *The Barnet Belle* !

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE rains having somewhat subsided, I resumed my evening rides and drives, and the first object that arrested my attention was the Indian skylark which was trilling out its song at an immense height.

In appearance they are similar to the English birds, and the male has the same tuft upon its head; but I think that their plumage is a trifle brighter, and their notes, although very beautiful, cannot be compared with those of the English family either for sweetness or strength of tone. The little Indian songster rises from the ground and begins his melodies during ascension; he sings while fluttering upon the wing at an altitude of about one hundred yards, and like the English bird makes the same swift sudden return to the earth again, when his song is finished.

It is a remarkable fact that the Indian lark when confined in a cage, and its vision limited to its little home, can be made or rather taught, to imitate the

sounds of various animals; such as the neighing of a horse, the bark of a dog, the mew of a cat, &c.

I now began to suffer immoderately from a malady called prickly-heat. It is a skin complaint which attacks all Europeans without exception; caused I presume by excessive perspiration, which inflames the pores and creates a rash. When it attacks one severely, it is almost unendurable; it causes a mingled feeling of pricking, itching, and smarting; and I have seen some people who have completely lacerated their skins in attempting to allay the irritation.

During the monsoon the flies and mosquitos are a perfect scourge, and wherever I went, I encountered such myriads of them, that it was sufficient to impress me with the idea that the whole race of Indian *musca domestica* were concentrated in one spot. I attempted to read, but the only way of accomplishing this, was by taking refuge inside mosquito curtains.

On Sundays, owing to the absence of punkahs and official "fly-thrashers," I was nearly devoured by them, and *en passant* I may remark that those days of rest, when my mind was unemployed, were the most irksome.

I a thousand times wished for the society of my beloved A., and yet I felt thankful that she had not arrived, for her constitution was not strong, and she was escaping from the dreadfully hot and muggy weather. Her image was ever before me. She was

my first thought upon waking in the morning, and the last before sweet sleep stole my senses away. She had up to this time endured ninety-four days upon Old Neptune's pillows, and I frequently and earnestly prayed for her safe deliverance from his mysterious bed.

HIGH LIFE AMONG THE DOMESTICS.

I was dressing one Monday morning when my butler came and requested leave of absence. I enquired "What for?" when he replied "This is cocoa-nut day, sahib, and all caste make great *tumasha*.*" I excused him as requested, and was curious enough to walk past his hut in the evening to take a survey. Judge of my surprise, when I found him surrounded by about three hundred and fifty guests chewing *pan-suparee*, and a native band of music consisting of several tom-toms and pipes, the latter squeaking horribly out of tune. The host was in the centre, the lord of the party; *he* had given the feast, out of the peculations derived from my housekeeping account; and now for the first time I learned that *he kept his servant!* His wages were thirteen rupees per month (26s.) and out of that sum he had to board himself and provide for his family. I therefore considered that my place was not good enough for

him, gave him notice to quit, and was pleased to find that during the service of his successor my expenses diminished considerably.

The natives, on cocoa-nut day, offer, by throwing into the river, many thousands of cocoa-nuts to appease the wrath of the "Spirit of the waves;" and until the "God of storms" is presumed to be propitiated, not a soul of them will travel by water: the consequence is, that no steamers run between Surat and Bombay during the rains, there being no traffic to support them. Cocoa-nut day is usually held upon the first full moon which occurs in August, and upon that day several steamers commence running, and the natives (after the completion of the ceremony) begin to travel in shoals.

It is interesting to witness road-making in India. It is done by native women, who begin by conveying (always in little baskets upon their heads) brick-bats and unbroken rubbish from some unknown region. After scattering the material about where required, they sit down cross-legged and break it up into very small pieces with a kind of mallet, after which they level it with their hands! Long-handled crushers made of wood are then brought into requisition to answer the purpose of a roller, and they are used in the following manner:—The laborers stand up, rest their left hands upon their hips, and with the right beat the material down in a mechanical manner, and with a force almost sufficient to kill a beetle!

Their movements seem to be governed by a code ; for instance : they first beat *one*, then *two*, then *three* ; after which they change about, giving *one, three, two* ; *three, one, two*, and so forth, always making a rest between the beats, and occasionally crossing handles just as if they were performing a ceremony. By a rest I mean a dead stop, as the laborers do not move a muscle after making the different strokes. The women mix "*chunam*" (mortar made from calcined marine shells) just in the same way, and gabble all kinds of bosh while doing it.

It was now the month of June ; the weather was intensely hot, and I suffered the greatest irritation from prickly-heat, which had attacked me with unusual severity. I took a drive in my bullock-gharry to hear the native regimental band which was playing upon the maidān ; but as at every movement of the vehicle I experienced a sensation of thousands of needles puncturing my skin simultaneously, I ordered my gharry-wallah to return home, where I sought relief from the nuisance in a bath.

The next morning I was awake at five o'clock by the screeching of numerous parrots. They generally took their nocturnal rest in a lymm tree close to my bedroom window. I did not regret the disturbance, inasmuch as I was amply repaid by the beautiful liquid notes of the "*bul-bul*" (the Indian nightingale), and numerous other little songsters, who were delighting me with their melodies, whilst they heralded

the glorious sun which was peeping over the distant horizon.

It soon afterwards rained very heavily for about two hours, and during its continuance the air was deliciously cool ; but as evening closed in, the heat returned to an almost unbearable degree, and I began to find that these sudden atmospherical changes with their concomitant miseries, such as boils, prickly-heat, fevers, and flies, affected not only my constitution but my temper.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I WAS sitting in my office one day, when a peon* hurriedly entered and in great excitement exclaimed—"Sahib L—— jis kill big janwa." I went out into the compound, and there saw an enormous snake which had just been shot by our managing agent. It was a female cobra, and measured fully six feet in length. Although the unfortunate reptile was nearly divided in two, life was so tenacious that it continued to writhe in its agony for many hours afterwards. The monster was first discovered hanging from a tree, full forty feet from the ground. These reptiles generally perambulate in pairs, and their affection towards each other is truly remarkable. The death of this female would cause her mate to ramble about, exposing himself to every danger, until he met with the same fate in the same spot; where he surely would be found in the course of a few hours, lingering in the wake of the lost one.

In the evening I took a drive in my bullock-harry

* An orderly, footman, or soldier.

through the bazaar, where my progress was checked by a native wedding.

The procession was headed by a very large horse, gaily caparisoned, and led by the proud sire of a female child about four years of age, who, completely enveloped in scarlet silk and festoons of flowers, was mounted upon the animal. She was passing through the marriage ceremony, and was on her way to the house of the bridegroom.

On returning home we found dinner served. Our appetites were not very sharp at any time, and they were not at all improved by the following incident:—

Among other viands we had a dish of *bœuf à la mode*, and when the cover was removed I asked a servant named "Dujee" what it was: he replied "bif elements sahib." I thereupon decided to have a "few elements," but they were very "so-so." Just at that moment the dog "Tiney"—who had now become convalescent—shewed symptoms of having taken something that did not agree with her. She retired to the balcony, and as certain sounds proceeded therefrom which were not at all calculated to sharpen the appetite of an Englishman partaking of an Indian dinner, I pushed the "elements" some distance across the table, and addressing myself to Dujee, said, "Bhoy, what de debble a matter wi' Tiney?"* to which question that enlightened indi-

* The natives always understand this style of language best.

vidual replied, "Tiney make litt-lee too much womit sahib.†" I felt somewhat bilious before, but this answer quite settled me. I did not wait for dessert, but voraciously swallowed a glass of cognac, left the table, took my topee,‡ and walked to the post office to despatch letters for Bombay. The distance was only about a quarter of a mile, but such is the effect of the climate upon an European constitution, that I had to stop and rest several times on the return journey, and when I arrived at my bungalow, I was fairly drenched with perspiration.

The next morning whilst sitting at breakfast, we were struck with the sound of a peculiar squeaking musical instrument, and on looking out over the balcony discovered

AN INDIAN JUGGLER

who was preparing for a performance. Some of his tricks were clever and interesting. He blew fire from his mouth by which he ignited a bundle of hay; boiled water on a boy's bare shaven head; bound the same boy in a net-work of cord, even to his fingers and toes, and put him into a basket (where it was impossible that he could have moved an inch) which he pierced in every direction with a pointed sword. The

† Indians cannot pronounce the "v."

‡ Sun-hat.

boy, upon being released from his wicker prison; emerged unscathed and free from his bonds. The juggler then produced a small mongoose* and several live snakes. The little quadruped was fastened from the neck to a peg in the ground, and as soon as the snakes saw him they reared their heads about two feet from the ground in an attitude of defence, and the battle soon afterwards began. The largest snake, whose fangs had either been broken or extracted, commenced hostilities by striking the mongoose fiercely, but took especial care to keep his head clear of the animal's reach. The snake shortly afterwards glided spirally round its opponent, and would have squeezed him to death, had not the juggler prevented it by holding the reptile up by its head, upon which the victim was released.

The second attack was upon a smaller snake, which was no sooner released from a bag than it was seized by the head by the mongoose, who would not loose his hold until the young reptile was dead. This also insinuated itself round the body of its antagonist, but power fled with life, and the quadruped held the field victorious.

This day we were visited by a terrible thunder storm, during which the lightning was truly awful. A south-west wind preceded it, and the rain fell in volumes.

* The Ichneumon, a destroyer of snakes and of crocodiles' eggs.

CHAPTER XXV.

The close proximity of the Taptee river, subjects Surat to occasional inundations during the rainy season, and at such times it has been found necessary for the occupiers of certain bungalows to make a speedy exit from their balconies—say fifteen feet from the ground—into a boat, to save themselves from being drowned. An illustration of the inconvenience arising from these floods—which are as sudden as midnight fires in London—may be gleaned from the following incident.

A Mr. S—, of the Civil Service, and an old resident, provided an accommodation for his carriage bullocks in the ground floor of his bungalow, his own apartments being immediately overhead. Being disturbed one night by a rumbling noise underneath where he was sleeping, he summoned a servant to ascertain the cause; when he found that, since he had retired to bed, the tide had risen so high, that his bullocks were swimming for life in the room

beneath; and it was their horns grating upon the ceiling, that caused the noise which drew his attention to the catastrophe.

On Thursday, the fourth of July, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, just as I was leaving the office, I received a telegram from Bombay announcing the safe arrival of my beloved A. I was so delighted that the crystal dewdrops would force their way to my eyes for very joy. The telegram should have reached me on the first of the month, but the severe floods had washed away several of the poles that supported the wires, and this mishap caused an interruption and consequent delay.

The Mussulman population made a dreadful noise the whole of this afternoon. They were dressed in very gay costumes, and paraded up and down the roads, leading rams, goats, &c., which they were going to sacrifice. They were all preceded by the most horrible native music, which sounded infinitely worse than an army of discordant bagpipes.

I invited nearly everybody in the station to dinner on this evening, and provided champagne for them *ad libitum*, as a thank offering for the safe arrival of my charmer.

WILD HONEY.

The Indian bees build their cells in very strange places. I have now in my possession a honeycomb

that I took from a hedge, where it was suspended from thorny twigs. On another occasion as I was gazing abstractedly, one Sunday morning, out of my balcony towards a lymm tree, my attention was rivetted to a curious looking substance, covered with insects, upon one of the branches. I tried to climb the tree but failed, and afterwards persuaded my butler "Conjee" to ascend and bring the cluster down branch and all. He had proceeded about half way when he hesitated and seemed inclined to return. He evidently quailed to face the enemy, but the other servants having urged him on, he proceeded to creep along the boughs as stealthily as a tiger. Having reached the desired object, he broke the branch off quickly, gave it a smart shake, and descended with the prize, leaving all the insects hovering about the spot, searching for that of which they had just been robbed. The substance turned out to be the honey-laden comb of wild bees. The insects were much smaller than those in England; they were of a light brown color; and their well-built cells were rich with fine maiden honey.

A DREADFUL MONSTER.

In the evening of this day whilst resting from the fatigue of dining, and watching the many insects as they sported in and out of our apartment, my attention was arrested by a very large bat, which was

chasing, along the ceiling, what appeared to be a young gentleman of the same species. It flew lower than the generality of bats, which frequently strike the ceiling with their wings, and its motion was measured and slow, very unlike the flitting of its companion.

I was curious for an examination of the intruder, and called to Mr. S—— to get my stick and knock it down, which after several ineffectual attempts he succeeded in doing, the creature falling in the vicinity of his neck. This frightened my friend not a little, and in a state of great nervous excitement, he lustily called out for me to remove the cause of his terror, fearing a sting or a bite. Mr. T—— and myself rushed to the rescue, and in the confusion that ensued, the unwelcome being was dislodged ; S—— giving it a mortal blow with the stick as it fell, declaring that he had sent it into the middle of the twentieth century. I did not feel quite so sure of this, and commenced a search for the object of our terror. The oil lamp upon the table gave a very feeble light, and in groping about the floor in the direction of our strange visitor's flight, I saw what appeared to be an inhabitant of the infernal regions. Its eyes, as large as peas, shone in the darkness like two balls of fire, and it was moving towards me (sideways) quickly, with a crab-like motion. I felt a "creepy-crawly" sensation, and every individual hair upon my head began to separate. I was sensible of the circulation of cold blood in every part of my frame.

I hurried from the spot, procured a light, and then discovered the remains of a most magnificent *moth*. When entire it would have measured fully six inches across the wings ; which were beautifully ornamented with circular transparencies. Had it been caught uninjured, I would have freely given twenty rupees to possess it as a *curio*, but its beauty was completely destroyed by the rough treatment it had sustained, and only one wing remained whole.

When the gun fired from the Fort at 9 p.m. according to custom, the jackalls commenced a fearful howling, and several being in my compound just under the bungalow window, myself and Mr. T—— went out for the purpose of frightening them away with a rifle shot. Just at this moment I happened to look towards the sky, when I saw the comet (1861) in the constellation “Ursa Major.” It seemed to be travelling northward, and the rays of its tail swept several degrees upwards. I drew my companion’s attention to it, and we were both surprised at its appearance, inasmuch as that neither of us had seen any notice of its coming in the public journals.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE evening following the astronomical discovery named in the close of the last chapter, myself and Messrs. S—— and T—— took a long ride through the bazaars, with a view to witnessing the extensive preparations made by the Mussulmans for their annual festival called

MOHURRUM.

This is a celebrated feast or entertainment held in remembrance of the first martyrs of the Mussulmans, "Hassein" and "Hossein," from whom the whole race of Syeds have generated.

Hassein was poisoned by an emissary of the usurping Calipha; and Hossein, the last victim of the descendants of the prophet's family (through the King Yuzeed's fury), suffered a cruel death on the plain of Kurbulla, on the 10th day of the Arabian month

“Mohurrum;” the anniversary of which catastrophe is solemnized with the most devoted zeal.

Hassein and Hossein were the two sons of Ali, by his cousin Fatima, the daughter of Mahommed; and after the murder of their father by the contrivances of the Calipha, they with their families removed from Shawn, the capital, to Medina.

After residing there for some years, the people of Shawn being tired of King Yuzeed's tyrannical rule, invited Hossein to return to the capital and take up his lawful title of “Emaum” (leader of the faithful). Before accepting this invitation, Hossein sent Moslem his cousin, as a messenger, to report the true state of affairs to him; but upon his arrival with his two sons at Shawn, he was seized by order of King Yuzeed, and cast from a precipice, and his two innocent sons were barbarously murdered for the sake of a reward that was offered for their heads.

This forms the subject of the ten days' bewailing during the festival.

Sunday, the 14th of July, was the first day of Mohurrum, and the sights that met our view at every turn during our perambulations baffle all description.

The Mahommedans are divided into distinct sects, called the “Sheas” and the “Soonies.” The former believe Ali and his descendants to be the lawful leaders after Mahommed; and the latter are persuaded that the Caliphas—such as Aboubuker, Omer, &c.—are

the only leaders to be accredited. Hence quarrels, animosities, and dislikes are cherished and hoarded up to be avenged during the Mohurrum.

The proceedings begin upon the first day of the Mohurrum; and Tazias* made of ivory, ebony, sandalwood, and cedar, (some are wrought in silver filigree, and indeed in every variety of material from silver to bamboo and paper, according to the rank and wealth of the party) together with Taboots, are exhibited in every direction, and conveyed in procession through the streets. Mourning assemblies are held morning and evening during the Mohurrum, and the chief priests recite a subject descriptive of the lives and sufferings of the two martyrs.

The "Murseeah," a poetical composition of fair merit, and embracing all the subjects they meet to commemorate, is chanted with tolerable effect. The names of their lawful leaders are recounted with blessings, and the Caliphas' usurpers with curses.

Following these comes the procession of "Dhal Dhul," (the name of Hossein's horse that was killed at Kurbullah.) This consists of an Arabian animal, beautifully caparisoned, and surrounded by attendants; and finally, the tazias are deposited with funeral rites in the burial ground of the Mahommedans, or thrown into the sea or river.

* A term signifying grief, and applied to a representation of the mausoleum erected over the remains of Emaum Hossein at Kurbullah.

The "tāboot" is a slight frame-work of bamboo in the shape of a mausoleum. It is covered and ornamented with colored paper and tinsel, and designed to represent the structure which is erected over the remains of Hossein. They vary considerably in size and appearance according to the taste and ability of the artist who manufactures them. In some of them both the tombs of Hassein and Hossein are represented. Incense is burned before them, and various other rites are also performed.

The taboots appear to be peculiar to India; they are not mentioned in the Koran, nor are they built by either the inhabitants of Arabia or Persia.

Many Mahommedans regard them with strong disapprobation; in Bombay, however, as also at Surat, the larger portion of this sect unite in making them. They are carried in procession through the streets, accompanied by music (save the mark!) and men painted and equipped to represent animals, are grouped among the crowd, where they perform the most extraordinary antics.

The Mahommedans of India who object to the procession of the taboots, are accustomed to go on this occasion to the mosque for five successive evenings to listen to the account of the death of Hossein.

Their demonstrations of grief, however, are not equal to those of the Moguls and Persians, who, while listening to the recital, weep aloud and violently beat their breasts. They formerly subjected them-

selves to frightful tortures: sometimes an enthusiast was represented in a dying state, his body covered with wounds and blood, from daggers and darts which at his own request were thrust into his flesh.

Another procession revealed to the sickening sight a martyr with a dart pierced completely through his tongue, and the blood streaming therefrom; whilst another submitted to having hooks run through the muscles of his back, and by the aid of ropes swung thereby from the branch of a tree, whilst his followers surrounded him and chanted the most woeful dirges.

The whole was, indeed, a strange exhibition, fitted to excite in the mind of the enlightened spectator mingled feelings of pity, wonder, and grief.

The mourning, however, with each succeeding year, appears to be less real; and now (1861), as witnessed at Surat, it is evidently all feigned, and quite a performance—*sans du mal*—as is evidenced by the following account of what I saw.

In our progress through the bazaar, we met about twenty processions, all of different grades, and the total number of people was nothing short of twenty thousand.

The first taboot represented a model steam-boat, with a child sitting on the deck. It was well got up, ornamented with a number of Captain Maryatt's conversation signal flags, and sported the British union-jack at the foremast. Smoke, by some cunning contrivance, was made to issue from a small funnel,

and a boy worked a pair of levers communicating with the wheels to effect its locomotion; he was, however, assisted by men who pushed behind! The rudder was moveable, and supplied with a small wheel to steer her course when put "astern." Her figure-head was a gaily painted English lady, with an enormous bust, and eyes similar to those of a toad when its head has undergone severe compression.

This taboot was preceded by a group of "performers" who were painted with indigo blue from head to foot, their faces striped with chalk, and their heads, loins, and shoulders ornamented with gauze, tinsel, and native flowers, such as jessamine petals and roses, and which emitted a strong and sweet perfume. These eccentric players were halting at every ten yards, and mechanically responding to the "murseeah," which was chanted from a book by the chief priest, who "held forth" from the centre of the group.

The other taboots, although different representations, were much in the same style of dressing; viz., a mass of tinsel, tawdry finery, paint, and filth.

One fellow, nearly nude and face painted blue, held a string of beads; he was the harlequin of the pantomime, and his beads formed the wand with which he appeared to rule the antics of his confederates, whose bodies were painted all over to represent snakes, lizards, &c. They had peculiar head-dresses, and their faces were painted in curious designs, with red, blue, and yellow colors. Cords were twisted

round their loins, and to these were affixed immense iron chains, which were held by stout men behind, who kept them within bounds. Fastened to the small of their backs were long false tails. These were held by other attendants, who continually waved them above the heads of the performers.

One of these pantomimists was quite a boy, painted to represent a tiger. He capered about upon his hands and feet, and carried a green lime in his mouth. It was his intention to ape the tiger, but his tiger, in acting and appearance, was an ape beyond question.

Some of the taboot attendants were really beautifully dressed in festoons of flowers; and I particularly noticed one whose coat appeared to be a net-work of white jessamine petals, studded with blooming roses all over its surface at equal distances. They were real flowers, and of the same description as those which are offered to the gods in the hollow trunks of poplar trees. One of the party was going through a most extraordinary performance. He had worked himself up into such a state of excitement, that he looked more like a demon than anything else, and the profuse perspiration globulating upon his over-heated body and mixing with the colors with which it was painted, formed a good imaginative picture of a fiend from the nethermost pit. His legs and body were bedaubed with yellow clay, his head was enveloped in dirty natural flowers, he had a red and tinsel cloth about his loins, and a mortar affixed to his left side.

This latter appeared to contain the mangled remains of fruit and flowers, which he was fiercely pummelling with a huge pestle about the size of a hedge-stake: doubtless, in imagination, he had a follower of the Caliphas in his mortar. He rushed about to all points of the compass during his performance, and the contortions of his features were truly hideous.

I soon wearied with these sights, and therefore instructed my gharry-wallah to "*Ohelow bungalow-ke-jow**" which he did by a circuitous route, the main thoroughfares being literally choked up with the multitude.

* Make haste home.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Now that my dear A. had arrived at Bombay, I prepared for her reception at Surat by hiring a bungalow called "Gaspall ne warree" (haymarket). I Europeanized it as far as the country and circumstances would allow, and when completely furnished, I do not hesitate to say that it was an habitation to be envied: and so thought several of my friends who enjoyed many a jolly musical evening in its arbutus covered balcony, prior to the gloom that was spread o'er the spring of my life by the shadow of death.

I purchased a new gharry lined with scarlet silk, and a pair of milk-white biles, for her use; and an Arabian horse for my own; hired *ten* servants—this number being absolutely necessary to a *small* establishment in India—and completed all my arrangements in about a month.

My mind during this period was, however, a prey to the most dreadful imaginings, for my poor A. fell sick on the third day after her arrival in the country, and remained confined to her bed in a dangerous state

for upwards of three weeks. No language is adequate to convey an idea of the agony of mind I endured; fearing that every post might bring the dreadful intelligence that the being who was dearer to me than all the world beside, had passed away without the happy greeting of two fond hearts, that had pined for months to renew their vows of fidelity and love, in a strange land, far, far from the happy *home* where fate had divided them.

Sleepless nights, horrible dreams, nightmare in its most hideous forms, took possession of me; my tortuous brain fired by the absence of tidings either for good or ill, perhaps for a whole week together, (and I need not remind those who have truly loved, what an age that seems when an impassable gulf separates, when sickness prostrates, and exhaustion seals the lips of those in whom is centred all one's affections) had such an effect upon my nervous system that the very sound of a falling leaf would cause me to start and tremble.

I have paced my lonely room for hours during the night, when all has been painfully still around me, save the occasional screech of an eagle, or the distant howl of a jackall. I fervently called upon the Great Architect of the Universe to spare my only friend and helpmate, and this gave me relief; grief succeeded prayers, and troubled sleep followed grief; then dreams of happy days—fled for ever—would soothe my weary mind, and more than once I awoke to the

painful reality, repeating the beautiful lines of Tom Moore—

‘ Oft in the stillly night when slumber’s chains hath
 bound me,
Fond memory flings the light of other days
 around me.”

Thus days and nights passed away, alternate hopes and fears vanished, and all my trouble was changed to unspeakable joy, when upon the wings of lightning the welcome intelligence reached me of a rapid improvement. With what trembling hands and palpitating heart I broke the seal of that cherished telegram, is better conceived than described; suffice it to say that I immediately resolved to fetch dear A. home to Surat; to accomplish which necessitated a perilous journey, one hundred and eighty miles, through wild jungles, dangerous rivers without ferries, and festering morasses, the miasma of which was the germ of deadly fever.

My object in doing this was to reach Bombay in time to return by the first steamer that ran after the close of the monsoon. This journey occupied seven days, and as it may be interesting to my friends to follow me through my travels, I will here relate what befel me upon the road.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON the 4th of August, 1861, having swallowed a hasty tiffin,* and having in a state of excitement allowed my tongue to throw off its fetters and relieve itself of an expletive having especial reference to "Old Conjee," my native servant, for being asleep as usual, I stowed myself away in one of those tests of temper, a bullock gharry, and started for the Delhi Gate Railway Station. The road was bad, and the brutal biles were lazy; I had cut my time rather fine, and the result was that upon our arrival at the station, I had the satisfaction of seeing the train "move on."

I was fortunate, however, in obtaining the assistance of the station-master, who stopped the train again for me, and in half-a-minute's time we were flying through the jungle at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Upon our arrival at Nowsaree, the then terminus

* Luncheon.

of the line, I despatched a note to a ganger of platelayers, asking him to provide me with a lurry* and a gang of men to proceed to Billimora, where I had arranged to pass the first night of my journey.

Mr. H——, one of the Company's engineers, was stationed at that place, and to him I had a letter of introduction. My messenger returned in due time with the depressing intelligence that, being Sunday, the ganger, an Englishman, had devoted himself to the jolly god; indeed he had accompanied Bacchus so far into *spirit* land, that to him *earthly* things were unintelligible. I sought his quarters and interrogated him myself, but the answers elicited to my enquiries were so ludicrous, that I feel bound to record them here for the edification of my friends, as follows:—

“Can you supply me with a lurry to proceed to Billimora?”

“Billy who? I never heard his name before!”

“I said, Billimora.”

“Billy Morrow?” the sot continued, “he's no pal o' mine, I doant know nothink of him!”

I stood for a minute or so, and looked at the fellow in disgust; he seemed to have forgotten that I was present, and after expectorating pretty freely, during which performance I was obliged to move quickly on one side, to avoid an addition to my

* A vehicle used to convey platelayers tools and material upon a railway.

clothing, he afforded me an opportunity of forming a judicative opinion upon his powers of song, by breaking out into "The Groves of Blarney," (at the same time throwing his arms and legs wildly about) and before the melody was half finished, he managed, after several ineffectual attempts, to elevate his feet upon a small round table which was standing near to him, in accomplishing which elegant position, he smashed a glass, and dislodged a tea-pot and bottle. His eyes were partially closed, and he continued to indulge in his vocal efforts, amalgamating one song into another with remarkable accuracy, passing from the pastoral above named to "The Pirate of the Isles," "Happy Land," "The Pope he leads a happy life," and finally reminding me of my position by growling forth "Oh! Pilot 'tis a fearful night!"

Although vexed, I was considerably amused with the fellow, and tried to arouse him again, but without effect, he met my entreaties by noises most marvellous, a something between a grunt and a groan, and from which a keen ear might have detected snatches of "Jolly companions every one," after the fatigue of which, he glided down into his arm chair, drooped his head on to his right breast, and sunk into another happy state, in which he favored me with a little *instrumental music* from his nasal *organ*. Finding it useless to trouble him, or myself, further in the matter, I retraced my steps to the station; and

having seated myself upon a beer barrel which was standing upon the platform, I began to contemplate my position. How could I pass the night? There was no hotel or public bungalow at this place, and the station master was a native with whom fraternity was out of the question; to walk to Billimora was simply impossible in an Indian climate; and to get benighted in a dense jungle, and probably devoured by tigers and other frightful denizens of a tropical forest, was *not* one of my wildest hopes or desires; and with respect to remaining at the station to await the break of day, I could not well bring my mind to bear upon such an idea, without the protection of its chief; for I had just heard a strange tale of an occurrence that was said to have taken place there but a short time before, and which, if true, was quite

A TRAGEDY.

A Parsee merchant having arrived at Nowsaree very late upon a certain evening, and finding it impossible to proceed upon his journey that night, decided to pass his time by spreading his rug at the shrine of Morpheus, under the roof of the unfinished railway station.

He had in his possession a quantity of merchandise and a few hundred rupees. His packages were given to the station master for safe custody, and the rupees he carefully concealed in the ground adjacent to his

"shakedown," but doubting their security, he afterwards intrusted them to a person connected with the station, for safe keeping till the following morning; the person to whom the rupees were handed, weighed them, as usual, to ascertain the number, and it is supposed that he then conceived a craving to possess himself of the treasure. He communicated his wish to an associate, who, like himself, was of an opposite caste to the Parsee, and who immediately suggested the diabolical idea of murdering their guest, and absconding with his property. They thereupon held a consultation, as to the best mode of carrying out their villainous design, and which resulted in the following plan, viz.: they were to allure the victim to a large tamarind tree, and there, by the light of the moon, first to drug him through the medium of *pan-suparee*, and then to murder and bury him. It was arranged that the man who had charge of the rupees, was to dig a grave under the tree, then to return and invite the merchant to take a stroll in that direction. Having reached the fatal spot, he was to offer him *pan-suparee* highly drugged, of which he would, as a matter of custom partake. This end accomplished, as soon as the victim became insensible, the decoying miscreant was to report progress to his coadjutor, who was then to perform *his* part of the tragedy, viz.: to sever the jugular of the poor Parsee; after which, it was agreed, that both were to assist in concealing the object of their crime, and then divide the spoil.

Now it so happened, that the merchant feeling very fatigued, had already retired to refresh himself, close to where the before-named consultation took place, and the partition which separated them, being of a fragile nature, he, fortunately for himself, overheard with horror, the design laid for his speedy and violent dissolution.

He was an intelligent man, and immediately set to work to frustrate, if possible, their plans, by providing himself with some tasteless, yet stupefying berries, which he insinuated into some sweetmeats, and then sat down, calmly to await the summons for the moonlight walk.

In due time the Parsee's *banker* presented himself, and with affected friendship, proposed the stroll, to which the merchant readily assented.

Upon nearing the noble tamarind, the merchant prevailed upon his friend (?) to partake of a little of his "atcha, atcha * sweetmeats, which he had procured at considerable cost from the Himalayas."

The bait took, and so did the drug, for just as they arrived at the foot of the tree, the patient experienced a drowsy sensation, and lying down, soon became totally unconscious.

The merchant thereupon exchanged clothing with the ruffian and conveyed him to the foot of the grave—which by the way was already prepared—by the side

* Extra good, very fine.

of which he carefully deposited him face downwards, and quietly ascended the tree, in a fork of which he sat, patiently looking forward to the sequel.

He had "like a cherub sat up aloft looking down on the wrongs, &c.," for about half an hour, and was just upon the point of again descending, when he heard a footstep stealthily approaching.

This proved to be the confederate of the sleeping scoundrel, who was cautiously creeping towards the grave, and flourishing an immense knife, the blade of which was gleaming in the moon's rays. He had evidently come to search for his associate, who had failed to report progress as pre-arranged.

Upon nearing the grave, he, by the faint light recognized what he supposed by the dress to be the merchant, and came to the conclusion that the plot was ripe and that he had missed his companion by the way. He stood statue-like for a moment, then glanced cautiously around, and feeling satisfied that he was unobserved, bent over the victim, glided the horrible weapon under his neck, gave one terrible gash upwards, and nearly severed the head from its trunk.

His next care, was to secure a valuable emerald ring, which he had observed upon the merchant's little finger. In proceeding to commit this robbery the head of the murdered man fell back, and in it he recognized the ghastly features of.....his partner!

Just at that juncture the Parsee uttered an un-

earthly groan, and simultaneously shook, with great violence, the boughs of the tree upon which he was standing. The murderer looked up, and upon his eyes meeting those of the merchant, he gave one terrific yell, and bounding away into the jungle has never been seen or heard of since.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Whilst ruminating upon the horrors narrated in the last chapter, my attention was drawn to an European of a very rough exterior, who was rushing frantically about in a state of great excitement.

He was dressed in a slouched cap radiant with grease—neck tie of the shawl species—dark blue jacket and trousers which had seen more than average service—his legs were thrust into an immense pair of jack-boots—he carried a pig jobber's whip in his hand—he was on the most excellent terms with himself—of dark complexion—repulsive features—irregular teeth—ragged hair—and stood in his boots just five feet nothing!

His name was Ludlow, and by profession a sailor. He had deserted from his ship, and taken service as a ganger of native platelayers upon the Bombay and Baroda Railway. I afterwards learned that he had also deserted his wife, leaving her and four helpless children entirely destitute.

He came up and staggering before me—his face

reeking with filth and perspiration, and his breath smelling horribly of stale liquor—commenced the following dialogue:—

“Evening, sir.”

“Good evening,” I replied.

“’Ave yer sin anything o’ my hoss?”

“No. Have you lost one?”

“Yes! I’ve bin down to Surat to buy some things, and ony jist had time to gi’ my hoss to a putty-waller and jump into the train. I ollered arter ’im to meet me here to day, and now the warmint’s nowheres to be found. I’ll give im “what for” when I do get a hold on ’im” (and doubtless he kept his word.) “I’ve got to go to Billimora to night, and I’m bound to find ’im.”

I was glad to hear that, and to suit my own convenience I courted the fellow’s company.

“So,” said I, “you have just come up from Surat, I did not see you in the train. Well! how do you purpose getting on to Billimora?”

He replied, “Oh! my mate (alluding to an engine-driver named Harvey) is just over there, (pointing in the direction of some ballast waggons) he’s getting a lurry ready and I’ve got men here to run us up.”

This was welcome news to me, and I then interrogated him as to the lurry’s capabilities for conveying passengers and luggage, as follows:—

“I’m getting on to Billimora, can you make room for myself, servant, and luggage?”

“Oh, ah! I’ll put yer all right!” he replied.

I continued, "I am connected with the Company and have a letter of introduction to Mr. H—— perhaps you will kindly conduct me to his bungalow when we arrive, as I intend staying with him to night."

"Oh, ah!" he answered, "I'll show yer; I knows old H—— very well, he's my gaffer,* and you'll jist see how I'll pull the old devil out o' bed when we gits there; I does as I likes with old H——!"

"Is he a pretty good sort of fellow?" I asked.

"Oh! ah!" he replied, "and don't he like his beer jist."

This latter information was imparted to me with a very knowing wink.

By this time we had reached the lurry, and his "mate" soon had my luggage and old Conjee—together with a huge lantern which that thoughtful worthy had provided as one of the necessaries of our journey—comfortably stowed away upon the vehicle, and in due time we were upon the road, leaving Ludlow behind still searching for his "hoss."

We progressed very well for about four miles, when Ludlow was seen in the rear, upon the truant animal, galloping towards us over every obstruction, sleepers, rails, heaps of iron chairs, piles, indeed his own neck and everything else being unheeded by him. He quickly overtook us upon one of the most wretched carcasses I had ever seen.

* Master.

I told him that I thought a feed of corn would be a treat to the poor beast; which remark elicited the information that he had bought the "hoss" for twenty rupees (£2) and meant to fatten him up and sell him again.

I said nothing more, but thought that the nursing from such a master would occupy some time to bring the poor brute into a saleable condition.

We travelled on about a mile further, and our men being fatigued I asked Ludlow whether he could not get a relay. He said that he had placed relays along the road, and that the "warmints" had gone too "fur" ahead, but he would soon fetch "um" back again, and "suiting action to the word," he drove his spurs about half-an-inch into the poor brute's sides and galloped away.

He returned in about half-an-hour with the information that he had stopped the relay about a mile ahead. We soon came up with them, upon which, without the slightest warning, Ludlow commenced to thrash one of the collases in a most unmerciful manner with his riding-whip. The poor fellow ran and pleaded for mercy, but the brutal ganger was inexorable, and after inflicting a severe chastisement upon the unfortunate native for alleged desertion, he discovered that he had been beating *the wrong man*. The unhappy native who had thus suffered had been doing his best with us the whole journey.

I expostulated with the author of the mischief upon his brutality, and more especially for beating an innocent person, to which he replied—

“See here guv’nor, I knows what I’m a doin’ on, they’re all my men, and they knows me very well; they wun’t wurk ’uthout medsun o’ that sort.”

“But,” said I, “why not be particular in the selection of the offenders? this poor man has done nothing amiss!”

He replied “look here guv’nor, it’ll do ’im no ’arm, for if ’e don’t want it now, he will do afore I’ve done wi’ him.”

Here was a pretty specimen of humanity to have charge of men; I would not have trusted such a being with a dog of mine.

Having apparently set matters to rights by presenting cheri meri* to the sufferer, we travelled on until we reached a place called Umulsar. The shades of evening had now deepened into a thrilling darkness. The moon was not due for some considerable time, and the only light available was that which was emitted by the fretful firefly, as it flashed here and there in the morass that surrounded us.

The night was extremely hot, and all nature seemed hushed; the almost unnatural stillness being broken only by the rustling of creeping reptiles, as they threaded their way through the parched grass, and the

* Money present, or bribe.

shrill whistle of the blister-fly.*

A "Misther O'Nael" luxuriated in a shed at Umulsar, and we halted there while that worthy prepared a cup of tea.

Upon returning to the lurry to resume our journey, I found to my mortification that the collases had all decamped, in consequence, I presumed, of the ill-treatment to which they had been subjected by Ludlow.

I saw them disappearing through an aperture in the shed a few minutes before this discovery, and immediately remembering our unenviable position, I went in pursuit, intending to pay them handsomely to proceed with us. Now direct in the pathway under the shed, I observed the faint glimmer of a fire of sawdust smouldering upon the ground, and being very dark, I failed to perceive a quartering plank which had been placed upon two barrels as a seat, and with which I brought my shins in contact with such force as not only to carry away the obstruction, but

* This is an insect of the grasshopper tribe, whose outer wings are the perfect resemblance of a green leaf. The fibres are beautifully delineated, and in shape it is exactly similar to the leaf of the willow. The insect's locomotion is effected principally by two very long jumpers, each being armed with two rows of saw-like teeth, by which it attacks its enemies. The wound, if inflicted upon the human frame, results in a blister, hence its name.

to wound my legs in a dreadful manner; the effect of which mishap has left scars that the period of my life will not suffice to erase.

Old Conjee, just previous to this, had fallen asleep upon the lurry and tumbled off his perch on to the metals. He had been packed upon the top of a quantity of luggage, and had about six feet to descend before he completed his experiment upon the laws of gravitation. He was holding the big lantern in his hands at the time, which, to use an Irish phrase, was smashed to "smithereens," and he carried in his downward flight the whole of our effects, including the stock of provisions, which, owing to the entire absence of hotel accommodation in the provinces of India, it is necessary for a traveller to provide before he undertakes a journey, and which, through the mishap above-mentioned, were strewed about in all directions amongst the ballast, forming a most ridiculous picture.

There laid in one conglomerated mass :—cooking pots, rice, and broken eggs, amalgamated with Ghee,* and blacking; potatoes and limes indulging in a bath of lamp-oil; butter, lucifer matches, bacon, and ballast were associated in happy confusion; my linen was beautifully variegated with castor-oil and Worcester sauce; the milk-bottle with its contents had met with an adverse fate in one of my spare boots; the ink-

* Clarified butter.

bottle burst with surprise upon my clean towels; three miserable chickens, tied together by their feet, were studying gymnastics among the pots and kettles, and indulging in the most extraordinary evolutions and exercises; and, as a climax to the whole, poor old Conjee was uttering yells of distress from beneath the *debris*, his foot having become enlaced between one of the metals and a wheel of the lurry.

We quickly extricated him from his perilous position, and found that his left foot had been badly crushed.

The first surprise being past, we set to work to examine the state of our *provisional* affairs, and luckily recovered, by the light of the firefly, sufficient to supply our wants for the remainder of the journey.

We now became conscious of our greatest dilemma, viz., that of being left at ten o'clock p.m. in the middle of a wild jungle, with a night as dark as Erebus.

This forced me to conjure up my most seductive powers, which were brought to bear upon my two fellow travellers, who agreed to divest themselves of all superfluous "toggerie" and put their shoulders to the wheel to help us on to our destination.

Before doing this, however, they thought proper to indulge in a little recrimination as to who was the cause of the effect from which we were then suffering. Harvey accused Ludlow, who thereupon abused Harvey. The latter then upbraided the former for ill-using the collases,

which really was the cause of our unenviable situation. Then each accused the other of being drunk, and neither, in my opinion, were very far from the mark in that assertion.

Finally Ludlow became very abusive, and threatened to knock his mate "into a cocked hat."* The thermometer of "mate's" temper thereupon arose to a very high temperature, and his usually gentle nature giving way to outraged feelings, he sprang towards his antagonist and delivered such a blow upon his "ivories," that some of them had a narrow escape from making an excursion down the throat of the now vanquished gladiator.

Matters having arrived at this unpleasant crisis, I considered it advisable to obtain a light to see fair play, but I soon discovered that "puss in the boots" had experienced an efficient check, through the concussion above narrated, and that his pugilistic ardour had waned in the very bud. He approached the victor, and extending his hand exclaimed —

"Bill, see here, here they are—I'm satisfied—I'll talk to you tomorrow—I shan't miss 'em much—here they are, see—there's on'y two on 'em."

This speech was delivered in a tone expressive of the satisfaction he intended to have out of "Bill" when they arrived at their sober senses in the morning.

* I felt regret that this transformation did not come off, it would have been a very interesting performance.

I could not for the moment imagine what the fellow held in his hand, but upon close inspection, I found them to be two extra sized black looking grinders, covered with blood, and which had been extracted by the summary process of their owner's friend and "pal," Harvey.

I was pleased to find that Harvey's infliction had the effect of cooling Ludlow's bounce, and to prove the vacillating character of the fellow, I may state, that in a very few minutes afterwards, he was pushing the lurry along and singing like a——well I cannot very conscientiously say a nightingale, for it more closely resembled the tones of a certain long-eared quadruped—and swearing eternal friendship for his mate, whom he strongly pressed and advised to ride, declaring that he could do all the pushing himself.

Laudations of this kind continued in an extravagant manner, until we reached Billimora, when to my mortification I found that the gentleman to whom I had letters had gone on to Bulsar. I was therefore compelled to take refuge for the night in a miserable hut, and accept the hospitality of my two loose companions, with the probability of being nearly devoured by mosquitos, rats, lizards, and reptiles of all descriptions, for of such was the place infested.

I arose the next morning at daybreak, and partook of a hurried breakfast, that is to say, a couple of small eggs and some biscuit, (no bread being obtainable, ditto butter, ditto milk) and a frightful decoction

of something which my eccentric hosts were pleased to denominate tea.

This repast being ended, I started upon a ballast engine for Bulsar, at which place I was fortunate in meeting with the gentleman I sought at Billimora, and also with Mr. G——r, a civil engineer, whose great kindness to me I shall always remember with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

They were superintending actual swarms of lilliputian male and female native navvies, who, engaged upon earthwork, were transporting their burdens (say one shovel-full each at most!) in little baskets upon their heads.

Being anxious to proceed upon my journey, my interview with the former gentleman was of a very transitory nature, I merely made the customary unmeaning enquiry as to the state of his health, &c., and wished him a good morning, and myself a good breakfast. The latter desire was soon gratified through the hospitality of my friend Mr. G——r, who also at 12.30 p.m., very kindly placed at my disposal, a beautiful grey Arabian horse, and twelve attendants to carry my luggage. I appreciated this liberality as it deserved, and after a hearty farewell, I started for Damaun, leaving Conjee, to follow on bullock-back, as he was incapacitated for pedestrian exercise by his wounded foot.

The sun was scorching hot, and the backs of my

hands were soon blistered through its influence. I bathed them in the numerous creeks that we had to ford by the way, but I soon discovered that instead of acting as an antidote, this treatment aggravated the injury.

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTER travelling through flood, mud, and jungle, for about two hours, we reached the Par river, the scenery around and about which, was quite enchanting. Before crossing, we came upon an immense lake, the surface of which was smiling with gigantic water-lillies; * and myriads of animalculæ were sporting away their brief existence, in the grateful shade of the thick foliage which overhung its banks.

I tried to cross the Par on horseback but did not succeed. There appeared to be a hole or immersed dike, running parallel with the river, which the animal reached, but finding himself sinking in the mud, he began to plunge, and swerving quickly round towards the bank from which we started, I lost my balance, and was immediately floundering in the water, which, in consequence of the tide running out, was not at all remarkable for its purity. Both

* The sacred lotus.

myself and the horse very quickly scrambled out of the noxious stream, and although I looked a sorry figure, being thoroughly soused over "head and ears" with black mud and water, yet I was thankful that no further inconvenience resulted from the mishap.

I subsequently crossed upon the shoulders of two of my attendants, and the horse was led through at a point higher up the river.

I remounted the terrified animal, who was still shivering with fright and a wet skin, and the excessive heat of the sun soon dried my white (?) clothing. My cigars being in a waterproof case, fortunately escaped damage during their immersion, and therefore in ten minutes afterwards, at the most, I was blowing my cloud upon G——r's milk-white steed "as happy as a sandboy."

I have cause to be thankful that my mishap was not worse, for I have since heard that the Par at the point where we crossed, swarms with "muggers,"* and that it was only a short time previous to my accident, that an engineer who had travelled that way with his favorite dog, had had the misfortune to lose his faithful companion in the following manner:

Both master and quadruped, for lack of bridge or boat, had to wade through the stream, the tide was very low, and the water shallow.

The engineer passed over safely, and upon reaching

* Crocodiles.

the opposite shore, was surprised to hear a distressing yelp from his favorite; he at once looked round to ascertain the cause, when to his horror he perceived an immense mugger floating about midway in the stream, and the tail of poor "Carlo" just disappearing down the throat of the hideous monster.

We crossed several rivers during the journey, but the majority of them were provided with ferries, and the horse always took the water and swam by the side of the boats without fear, until we came to a very broad lake, at least half-a-mile across. Nothing would induce the animal to take this as before, and one of my attendants, at the suggestion of a boatman, effected by stratagem that which failed in force. His plan was this: he obtained a log of wood upon which he laid in the water, took the halter in his mouth, and immediately began to strike out for the opposite shore. The horse did not then show any sign of fear, but readily followed his leader.

After crossing the river, we travelled over a great deal of ground. Darkness came upon us long before I desired it, and we did not reach Damaun until 10 p.m., where I was subjected to another disappointment.

Mr. B—l—k, to whom I had a letter of introduction, was away from home; but after considerable trouble I foraged out his clerk, a Portuguese, who directed me to the Governor's Palace, in which Mr. B—l—k had apartments.

Damaun, a Portuguese settlement, was at that time governed by an American, who represented Portugal, to which kingdom the colony belongs.

Upon presenting myself at the Palace gates, I was surrounded by a number of soldiers, who appeared to look upon me with a great deal of curiosity.

As we were each ignorant of the other's language, I could not make them understand that which I required, and therefore wrote a note to the Governor, asking His Excellency for a night's shelter; but I regret to say that this modest request was refused.

Having tried in vain to gain access to Mr. B——k's quarters, and being nearly worn out by the fatigue of my journey, I was about to re-cross a broad river which divides the town of Damaun, to seek a night's lodging in the Travellers' Bungalow, when a Portuguese servant turned up from amongst the soldiers, and he having a smattering of English, I prevailed upon him to go with me as far as the residence of Mr. F——te, a civil engineer, who was also doing duty at this place.

Misfortunes never come alone, and Mr. F——te was *non est*. I was, however, firmly resolved to take possession of *his* quarters either by fair means or otherwise, and forthwith commenced a vigorous *assault* with gravel upon the windows, *and battery*, with feet and sticks upon his doors. We had created a very fair disturbance for a quiet Indian town at midnight, for about ten minutes, when the figure of a nigger,

with the mouth of an alligator, presented himself at an aperture in the wall, where he stood like the statue of a demon, yawning, to the evident danger of dislocating his jaws. The Portuguese had a long "confab" of a very animated character with him, the purport of which I could not understand ; but suffice it to say that eventually we were admitted into the interior of the bungalow, which was the most uncomfortable barn-like place imaginable. Be it remembered that my servant Conjee had been left behind at Bulsar, and my twelve attendants were clamouring to be released from their duty, Damaun being the end of their stage.

I was glad, therefore, to make myself happy in any place, however miserable, to get rid of their importunities, and to take rest, of which I stood in great need.

As soon as I saw the luggage safely stowed, I gave my attendants a rupee each, and having dismissed them, turned my attention to the *cuisine*, for sundry murmurings from within, reminded me that I had not dined.

Conjee had despatched with my luggage, the three gymnastically inclined chickens that had figured so prominently in the "spill" at Umulsar. These, which were about the size of partridges, I gave to the amphibious-looking creature before named, to cook.

In due time they were placed before me, dished up in a liquid somewhat resembling pea soup and lamp oil. An attempt had been made to roast them—they

emitted a vile odour—they were perfectly raw—and were garnished with their natural covering—*i. e.* a large quantity of feathers !

I very soon “put them on one side”—as that gem of oratory who hails from Sheffield, and holds forth from his mysterious cornucopia at fairs, &c., and commonly known by the cognomen of “Cheap Jack,” would say—“in disgust,” and proceeded to the examination of some very outlandish looking cakes. These appeared to be a mixture of treacle, chalk, and sawdust. I also put them on one side, and tried to swallow a cup of tea ; but somehow or another a huge cockroach had endeavored to insinuate himself into the sugar basin, from which he had been transported to the tea-cup.

This was a “settler,” and being unable to prejudice my palate to a *penchant* for *Potage aux Cockroaches*, I drowned my dissappointments in a bottle of Bass’s best, threw my weary bones upon a stump bedstead that had been placed for my accommodation in the centre of the room, and was soon revelling in the arms of Morpheus.

I do not know how long I had slept, but I was awoke, long before daybreak, by a terrific flourishing of trumpets, ringing of bells and beating of drums.* I had forgotten for the moment where I was located, and opening my eyes in a dreamy state, saw before

* The inhabitants of Damaun profess the Roman Catholic religion and this was a saint’s day.

me what in the faint light of my primitive oil lamp* appeared to be an inhabitant of of the nether world, with myriads of sprites both on his right and on his left hand. They appeared to be in a row, and all were grinning at me with the most horrible and fiendish expressions of glee. I was sensible of my every individual hair separating and standing erect.

The cold perspiration rolled in immense globules down my forehead, and I shivered so violently, that the old ant-eaten bedstead, which had lived out some few generations, broke down and pitched me out of bed on to the floor. Thoroughly awoke, I jumped up with a determination to face my enemies, and I consider that I must have looked pretty considerably foolish when I found myself confronting—several pairs of white trousers and other articles of clothing, which were hanging upon a clothes line that was suspended from the side walls along the extreme end of this most sepulchral and dilapidated habitation.

I made up a bed and turned in again, but could not sleep, and as the cocks began to herald the first glimpse of rosy Aurora, I bade adieu to "Goblin Hall," the scene of my nocturnal terror, secured two bullock-carts, presented the queer looking customer before alluded to with "*cheri meri*," and *jolted* away upon my journey.

* A tumbler half filled with water, upon which cocoa-nut oil swam about an inch in depth, and a piece of cotton wick supported therein by a narrow strip of tin, which is bent over the side of the glass. This is the universal hand lamp of India.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE country from Damaun to Oomergaum is exceedingly pretty. There is a very broad river to cross before the latter town is reached, and having arrived there, I found that the ferryman was absent, and I had to wait two hours before he made his appearance; upon which I embarked in his crazy old craft, and half-an-hour more found me at the bungalow of an engineer named P——n, upon the opposite shore.

I met Mr. F——te there, who together with Mr. P——n and myself, took a stroll after sunset to see a number of women who were standing in a circle immersed to their waists in the sea, and invoking the gods to stay the storms, by clapping their hands and chanting some melancholy dirges about cocoa-nuts—very edifying, no doubt!

Having satisfied our curiosity with the above novel sight, we returned to the bungalow and dined. I felt exceedingly unwell and suffered considerable pain in

the backs of my hands, which were severely blistered by the sun, and very sore.

Although extremely hospitable, my companions were strangers and their society very tame. I was filled with *ennui*, and seeking relief in sleep, turned into bed at 9 p.m., on the floor, where I was nearly devoured by ants during the night.

I arose the next morning at 5 o'clock, partook of a cup of tea and a biscuit, and started for a place called Dhanoo, where I arrived about noon.

There was another large river at this place: the tide was very high, and flowing, and as there were no ferry boats, I had to beat about the river side for three hours, until the water had ebbed sufficiently low to admit of our bullock-carts wading through it in safety.

It must be understood that I was travelling along coast, and at every few miles awkward rivers and creeks running at right angles from the sea, seriously impeded my progress; very few of them being furnished with ferry boats, and not one presenting the luxury of a bridge.

Just previously to crossing the last named river, I was enjoying a cigar under the shade of a sacred peplu tree, and looking carelessly out into the distance, was delighted to discern poor old "Conjee" coming over the barren plain, limping upon his wounded foot, which was enveloped in at least 150 yards of white

bandage. He had also about the same quantity of linen converted into a topee, or head dress, to shade from the fierce rays of the sun, his by no means handsome "phisiog."

I was exceedingly glad of his services again, and after crossing to the opposite shore, we continued our journey in company to a place called Tarapore, a distance of seven "cors," or fourteen miles; the principal part of the way being traversed upon the sands of the sea shore, at one point of which we came upon the skeleton of a huge whale, which had overshot its depth in the previous season's monsoon.

Its carcass had laid exposed to the sun for about eight months, and most of the bones were perfectly blanched thereby. There was however a quantity of blubber still remaining, over which hovered numerous eagles, vultures, adjutants, and carrion crows.

We reached Tarapore at 6.30 p.m., where I made the acquaintance of Mr. H——ll and Major D——n, who were extremely kind to me; I quickly indulged in a cold bath which was very refreshing, a sumptuous dinner which was more so, and after a stiff glass of brandy and soda, and an excellent cheroot, I retired to bed. The night was deliciously cool, and for the first time in India I felt luxury in a blanket.

The district between Dhanoo and Tarapore was the most healthy that I had passed through, being open to the sea, and fanned by its cool and refreshing breezes.

An excellent cup of coffee brought to my bedside at 6.30 the morning after my arrival at Tarapore, aroused me from the most comfortable shakedown I had had during the journey.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BEING thoroughly refreshed by the hospitable treatment of my two friends named in the last chapter, and having an hour to spare before I again started on my weary journey, I lit a cigar, and sauntered into a Parsees's garden, where—

The roses blushing in their bloom,
All other flowers scorning,
Around their bed a fragrance shed,
With majesty each drooping head
Was bowed to greet the morning.

The fleeting matin quickly past,
The morning star had vanished,
When Sol's warm ray proclaimed the day,
The pearly dews were chased away :
To airy nothings banished.

In this garden were also numerous fruits, the most notable of which, were very fine golden colored

pomelos.* These, as large as footballs, were hanging from the trees like huge pumpkins. They were of a spherical form, and shone out in pleasing relief from the luxuriant green foliage with which they were shaded.

There were also limes, mangoes, betel-nuts, cocoa-nuts, and plantains, in their various stages of ripening. Cucumbers with immense leaves and myriads of blossoms, were creeping along the ground in every part of the garden wherever moisture prevailed. Figs were as plentiful as blackberries in England, and pomegranates sparkled here and there with their bright scarlet bloom among the noble leaves of the plantain.

There was also a quantity of "gund beyl" (camels' hay, or sweet rush) which exhaled a delicious lemon-scented perfume, not unlike our English verbena. It grows very tall; it is a sweet smelling, bitterish, aromatic grass; it has long scabrous leaves, which are frequently used as a substitute for tea; and the white succulent centre of the leaf bearing culms is often put into curries to give them an agreeable flavor. An infusion of the leaves is also used medicinally by the natives, who consider them to be tonic and stimulant. This grass is much cultivated in gardens at Bombay, on the Coromandel Coast, and in the north of Bengal.

* Forbidden fruit.

There was also a peculiar plant with a prickly edged leaf of a straw color. This yielded a delicious fragrance very like a dead ripe orange, and I afterwards learned that it is extensively used by the Parsee ladies who wear it in their hair for its sweet perfume. I placed one leaf of the plant inside my topee, and it emitted a powerful aroma after having been plucked a week.

This was the best garden I had met with, and its owner deserves a word of praise, not only for its high state of cultivation, but also for the means adopted to make it so.

The walks were all raised a foot above the soil, and on each side an abutment of chunam* was built to form artificial rivulets. These had outlets at various points, so that the water poured into the receiver at the well, was self-transported all over the garden. The water was raised by a very primitive machine worked by oxen, and the water-courses were at least two thousand yards in extent.

Whilst I am on the subject of gardens, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief sketch of what a garden was in India, when Ovid flourished in Rome.

The hedge-rows were formed of ketakee, a tree producing a very fragrant flower: it blooms during the

* Mortar made with calcined marine shells; and which sets as hard, and is capable of taking as bright a polish, as marble.

rainy season, and fills the air with a most agreeable perfume. A smaller but more odorous species grows in southern India, the dried flowers of which still form a favorite ingredient in the washes and unctions of Hindoo ladies. Steeped in, and dried with catechu, it is masticated with the pan leaf. The fruit is eaten raw or roasted, by the Andamanese, and the flower is also said to be a destroyer of that plague of household comfort—the bug.

Within such a fragrant enclosure, the shrubberies and beds consisted of mallika (*jasminum zambac*), juthika (*jasminum auriculatum*), jati (*jasminum grandiflorum*), and the various other species of jasmines.

The jati was reckoned as the first of flowers in India, as Kalidas was esteemed the first among poets. The most delicate and sweetly scented of Indian ointment is prepared out of this flower at Gazeepore.

That the rose was indigenous to India has been incontestibly proved by the scientific botanist, but it is now a difficult task to find out the ancient Hindoo name for this queen of flowers. Colebrook and Wilson called it karnikara, and such a flower occurs in almost every work of the old Hindoo poets, particularly in the poems and dramas of Kalidas, but what this karnikara was, it is for learned orientalists to decide; if karnikara was meant for the rose by Kalidas, how can we reconcile that with his description of spring in "Kumara?" for therein he bewails the absence of

fragrance in this flower (after admiring its beauty) and taxes nature for creating everything imperfect in this sublunary world.

The pandits of Bengal identify the Sthala Predma (*Hibiscus Mutabilis*) with karnikara, but this could not be the flower, for the former blossoms in September. The karnikara of Kalidas was a vernal flower which gemmed forth among the floral ornaments of the court, the beauties of Bisala (*vide* "The Seasons").

In Upper India the term for oleander or rose (*Nerium Odorum*) is kina; can this be a corruption of Kalidas' karnikara?

Landscape gardening was not unknown to the Hindoos in those remote periods of antiquity. China may contest the claim for the priority of this invention with India, but every garden in Kalidas' time had its "krira saila," or pleasure mount, studded with that pride of ornamental trees, the Jonesia Asoka, with Palasa (*Butea Frondosa*), Kesara (*Rottlera Tinctoria* (?), Balmla (*Mimusops Elongi*) and other highly beautiful members of the Indian Flora.

There was, it is fabled, a curious but romantic way of hastening the flowering of an asoka. If one of those trees showed obstinacy in blossoming, a handsome damsel had to strike its trunk with her jewel jingled feet, when in a few days the stubborn plant would put forth its crimson blossoms in answer to the chastisement.

Marble seats were kept underneath these trees as "Love's recesses;" it was—

" The ground
Where early love his Psyche's zone unbounded."

Refectories were built on the summits of these retificial hills, where the vigils of the easy god were kept, for "surulipta," or "wine smeared," was one of the names of these pleasure haunts. They were also yclept "chitragriba," or the picture galleries.

To relieve the monotony of such a scene, groves of oranges and lemons, or of the graceful palmyra, feathery cocoa, and cooling plantain, were placed in the far landscape. A nook was devoted to such woody shades as are formed by the latefolias or the mangiferas. The blossom of the latter was one of the five flowery shafts of Kama, the Indian Cupid.

The arbours and summer houses were formed of the Madhavia (*Gaertuera rasemosa*), the Malati (*Eclutes caryphyllata*), and other fragrant evergreens and creepers.

These arbours were forbidden ground to all excepting lovers and their pet gazelle or peacock, which danced with the clapping of the hands of their fair (?) mistresses.

Serpentine tanks and other artificial water-works were the natural adjuncts of these gardens, which

wafted delicious odours from myriads of lilacæ and the nymphiadæ too numerous to enumerate here.

Such were the worlds of sweets where the poet of India tuned his lyre for the delectation of the fawn-eyed nymphs of Vikrama's court, eighteen hundred years ago !

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE whole distance from Damaun to Tarrapore is rich in the most picturesque scenery. In many parts the dense foliage scarcely allowed room for our bullocks and carts to pass through. A thick brushwood is very prevalent: it is evergreen, and is generally enveloped with various kinds of creeping flowers, many of which are exceedingly pretty; but the most beautiful of all the wild shrubs is one, the foliage of which resembles that of the laurustinus, and which throws out trusses of scarlet flowers, similar in form to those of the honey plant.

Between Oomergaum and Tarrapore I passed the most lovely natural arcade I had ever seen. It was formed by a number of tall trees standing apart at equi-distances of twenty feet, and covered a space of about fifty acres. The trunks of the trees were picturesque pillars to the foliage, which, influenced by a continual sea-breeze, combined at their summits into a perfect roof, which was so dense as almost to be impervious to rain. As I passed in my gharry,

this freak of nature quite rivetted my attention. It appeared as if the Old Dame had planted it there as a rendezvous for nereids and fairies.

One part of the road, before reaching Chum-Chum, was nothing more than a brook or water-course, and so dense was the foliage meeting overhead, that the sky was scarcely perceptible.

About half-way through this dell or pass, we came upon a well, where we halted and drew some water, which was greatly improved by the addition of some very fine cognac. I then mounted a cigar, and we proceeded upon our journey through mud, miasma, and rugged rocks, the bullocks getting dreadfully scourged by the prickly cactii, through which they had to run the gauntlet.

Having reached Chum-Chum, we had to cross a broad arm of the sea, which was worse by far than going through a London street with two-foot boulders unset; in fact the bed of the river was a rugged rock, and every step the bullocks took, passed the gharries over a projection of about two feet, each wheel alternately. The animals did not however seem to take the least notice of their rough navigation, but picked their way, dreamily along, as though they were used to it; not so with myself however, for after we had accomplished the crossing, I instinctively felt my ribs with a view to ascertain how many were left unbroken. It must be understood that bullock-gharries, or carts, are the most primitive vehicles

imaginable, and their owners eschew the luxury of springs; it consequently follows that they are enough to jolt one's very life out upon an even and well made road—which is a rare thing to meet with in India—and this being the case, it is easily conceivable what a traveller has to endure while he is cooped up in one of those wretched machines, more especially whilst the vehicle is passing through a river with a rocky bed and a frightfully uneven surface. The unhappy passenger lies in momentary dread of either being killed or drowned. I, however, reached Tarrapore in safety, with no bones broken, and the excellent spread given by my host, Mr. H——ll, soon set my spirits in motion, and all troubles were forgotten.

I started at noon the following day for Serapore, and when about a mile from the village, we came upon another river, where the tide was so high that we could not get across. The bullocks were therefore unyoked and set to feed, my servant lit a fire, quite gipsy-like, prepared some curry and rice which I very much enjoyed, and after waiting about two hours, the tide had sufficiently ebbed to allow us to pass through in safety.

Among the numerous flowers by the wayside I particularly noticed the wild balsam, and a very prolific weed having an oval-shaped fleshy leaf. They both produced a lilac colored flower. The former is too well known to need description here. The latter runs along the ground and luxuriates in the

sand. It has a very large convolvulus-shaped flower, and grows very profusely all along that part of the coast.

I saw a great many pheasants by the way. They are extremely small, have a glossy black head, neck, and tail, and brown wings. They fly similar to our English pheasant, and but for their habits and long tail, might easily be mistaken for crows.

The sea-side, throughout the journey, was studded with numerous toddy trees. I obtained some of their produce at Oomergaum, and found it cooling and palatable.

We also passed the various rendezvous of innumerable herds of buffaloes and goats. The former were revelling in all the tanks of dirty water they came across, merely exposing their eyes and noses above the surface. This they did, I presume, to rid themselves of their persevering enemies the flies, which hovered in clouds above them. The dirtiest water appeared to suit them best, and if they could indulge in a pit of pure mud, they would appear to have gained the very acme of their ambition. I saw hundreds of them bathing in mud holes of mortar consistency, with just their eyes and noses peeping out, and these they would occasionally immerse when a few flies had the assurance to settle upon them. Their general appearance after leaving the pits is filthy in the extreme, inland especially, where they are not unfrequently met in droves, reeking with disgusting black

dirt, the stench from which is intolerable. They are probably going home, on such occasions, to be milked !

The goats were of a very large breed, and they delighted in gambolling upon the summits of the most rugged rocks. At several points of my journey I was more than amused by seeing some of those sure-footed creatures calmly looking down upon their playful progeny from the points of high pinnacles upon which there was barely room to place their feet closely together, and yet they maintained their equilibrium like statues.

The villages through which I passed also presented scenes that frequently arrested my attention ; indeed, I do not remember one exception where there were not two native women sitting outside one of their huts searching each others' heads for——what doubtless they found. I noticed that the hair of the women generally was jet black, very long and glossy, and, if cultivated, would have been very beautiful.

We travelled on for about four miles, and came to another very broad river. The tide was flowing and very high, so that we could not cross until it had run out, at 6 p.m. ; consequently, darkness overtook us ere we had reached the opposite shore.

Our journey now lay through a dense jungle, in fact a howling wilderness. We wandered through it at a walking pace. The darkness was intense, and it has ever been a puzzling problem to me to know how

the gharry-wallahs ever found their way through this solitary wild. They continually struck fire with a flint and steel, which was done, I presume, to keep off the wild beasts. I confess that my heart failed me a little on this occasion, for I had no firearms, nor in fact anything to defend myself against the attacks of dacoits* or wild beasts, should such a calamity overtake us.

The jackalls were howling—the panthers were growling—and sea-gulls were screeching 'mid mast-like palms. One of the gharry-wallahs stopped to light a cigarette, and in the painful stillness that prevailed, the forest resounded with the notes of the wildest fowl—the coo of the dove—and the discordant screech of the owl—the wail of the quail—and the mysterious landrail.

The fallen leaves were rustling beneath the stealthy step of the leopard's prowl; and the whole district seemed so chaotically wild, that I lacked the man and became a child, as our beasts of draught plodded dreamily along, hour after hour, through the labyrinths of that dangerous and pathless jungle.

We at length reached Seragaum in safety at midnight, and having, as pre-arranged, put up at the bungalow of Mr. H—p—r, I made a hasty meal and retired to bed well nigh exhausted.

The next morning I arose at 4.45, refreshed myself

* Robbers.

with a bath and a cup of tea, and took leave of my host and Seragaum.

About 7 o'clock, a.m., we reached a village called Kelvie Mahim, where I favored a Mr. H—rg—ve with a visit. I was very much pleased with his apartments, which were a part of what appeared once upon a time, to have been a well fortified castle, but which is now crumbling to decay before the all powerful sway of Old Time. The walls were of immense thickness originally, but they have now become, in many parts, mere heaps of rubbish overgrown with rank vegetation. The rooms occupied by my friend were reached by suspicious-looking vaulted passages, and winding stone stairs in a state of great dilapidation. Their aspect was ruinous and cheerless, and calculated to impress the visitor with an idea of the quarters we read of as having been occupied by the old parliamentary troopers who fought and conquered in Cromwell's days; indeed, the retrospective picture was so forcibly impressed upon my imagination, that I glanced abstractedly around the place expecting to rest my eyes upon famous trappings, immense swords, battle-axes, old cannon, &c., and I should evidently have settled down into a profound reverie, had it not been for the cork of a soda-water bottle, which being carelessly drawn by that incorrigible Conjee, flew at the tip of my nose and brought me to my proper senses. I reciprocated with the bottle!

We afterwards crossed two very wide rivers and

halted on the south side of the latter, where Conjee bought a chicken, lit a fire, and cooked breakfast under a shed which was being used for the same purpose by about fifty collasses who were travelling to join the railway works at Tarrapore. These people seemed to be very poor, and as I had only one day's march at that time to reach the more civilized Island of Bombay, I divided my provisions, which, together with some money, I presented to the chief of the party to assist in supplying their wants upon the road.

Whilst waiting for breakfast, I lit a cigar and strolled a short distance alongside the river, where I came across a dead bullock lying upon the shore. Curiosity prompted me to approach and examine the carcass, but the effluvium was so powerfully bad, that I quickly returned again. A large "pie" (wild dog) was endeavoring to tear some of the flesh from off the animal, which was shortly afterwards taken possession of by a man who immediately commenced skinning it, whereupon he was surrounded by about two hundred vultures, an equal number of carrion crows, and three wild dogs. The former, contrary to my expectations, were afraid of the dogs, who drove them away at their pleasure. These vultures were about the size of swans, and their wings from tip to tip measured about six feet across. The man having completed his unenviable occupation, left the carcass to his watchful guests, who no sooner saw the coast

clear, than they fell upon it beak and talon, and picked its bones clean in an hour. The dogs ran away at the first attack, and the crows were content for some time to pick up the scraps that flew from the talons of the vultures as they tore the flesh asunder.

I resumed my journey at 11 o'clock a.m., and travelled through some very park-like grounds, from which we frequently emerged into dismal swamps. We also forded several creeks in which the gharries nearly floated, and having arrived at Dhan-tura, crossed a river two miles broad, in a ferryboat, which occupied an hour to accomplish. I then discharged my gharries and gave each wallah a rupee in addition to the fare, for extreme civility.

Mr. R—d—m, of Bassein, to whom I had written a week previously, had kindly sent his horse to Dhan-tura for my accommodation; but as I did not happen to arrive at the spot indicated upon the day that I was due, the great ass of a gorah-wallah* returned home again.

There was a village on the south side of the above-named river, called Haggersty, where I had the good fortune to meet with two covered bullock-carts, which I hired, one for myself and the other for Conjee and the luggage, and forthwith proceeded upon my journey to Bassein, which town we reached at 10 o'clock p.m.

* Groom.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BASSEIN is a very clean and respectable town, and the streets are macadamized, as is also the high road from thence to Bombay, a distance of twenty-five miles. The country now began to lose its wild appearance, and to assume a more civilized aspect; it was plainly discernible that we were nearing the environs of a great metropolis. Mr. J. L—ttlw—d a railway contractor, resides at Bassein, and I was glad to reach his bungalow, where I put up for the night.

I had made this gentleman's acquaintance at Seragaum, twenty miles down the country, and he had kindly sent one of his servants back with me, to convey keys of cellaret, &c., with instructions to the chief butler to see me well cared for. I found the first-named servant a most active and willing fellow, and he rather surprised me with the following incident.

When we had advanced to within six miles of

Bassein, he started off, unbidden, at a very quick pace, leaving me under the impression that he had deserted us, but to my great and agreeable surprise, he, in two hours afterwards, met me at the entrance of the town, and with a face beaming with satisfaction escorted me to Mr. L—ttlw—d's bungalow, where a substantial repast, consisting of a very fine boiled fowl, potatoes, preserve tarts, port, sherry, bottled beer, and fine flavored cheroot, had been provided by this energetic and obliging darkie, to whom I presented a rupee, and then fell foul of the frugal spread, to which I did a very fair share of punishment.

I soon afterwards consigned my weary body to the arms of the oblivious god, and did not resign that happy state until six o'clock on the following morning, at which hour I was awoke by old Conjee, who announced the arrival of a horse which was in waiting to convey me to Mr. R—d—m's bungalow, a distance of two miles, to breakfast.

Mr. R—d—m was a civil engineer in charge of the construction of the Bassein Bridge for the Bombay and Baroda Railway. He had, by some unaccountable means, heard of my arrival, and had kindly sent his horse to convey me to his quarters, which I reached in due course, through bridle ways, rice fields, ponds teeming with water-lillies, and myriads of flowers of the convolvulus tribe which hung in gorgeous festoons from the thick-set hedges and trees by the wayside.

Upon my introduction to Mr. R—d—m, I dis-

covered that we had met before in the same service in England in years gone by. The result of this was naturally a strong feeling of friendship, which considerably increased as we reverted to old times and happy days that had passed away.

I found my friend a roughish diamond, but a thorough Englishman of the very first water. His *forte* was ever to eschew all empty show, unmeaning flattery, and uncomfortable ceremony, and to look at the *homely* side of the world, where true enjoyment and unfettered comfort are always found with open arms and smiling faces.

His first salute was "come in ! come in ! the breakfast is getting cold, where *have* you been all this time, eh ? angling for *Puck* among the water-lillies, I suppose !" Before I had time to reply, he thrust a glass of cognac into my hand.

"Here," said he, "wet your eye, old chap, it will do you good and give you an appetite for breakfast."

I was about to decline upon the plea that it was early, &c., but my friend would not accept an excuse; I had to swallow the *Ahg Parni*,* and with difficulty escaped wetting "t'other eye." They were, however, moist enough with one dose, for the brandy being very strong, it took possession of my breath ; whereupon my tears got frightened and sought safety in flight through my phrenological organs of language, the

* Fire-water ; the name applied to brandy by the natives.

latter also having failed me at that particular moment.

A few good natured thumps upon the back administered by my anxious friend, soon restored me from the effects of the infliction, and I was immediately ushered in to a substantial breakfast, consisting of very nice boiled ham, delicious eggs, mutton chops, "two-eyed steaks," * tea, coffee, toast, &c.; and after partaking of enough of these good things, my friend plied me well with some very fine French brandy, diluted with excellent water, and cigars; (he at the same time did not neglect himself) and pending arrangements for our journey to Bombay, (he had decided to accompany me) we took a stroll to visit the famous old Portuguese Fort of Bassein, the towers of which, as they meet the eye above the dark stone ramparts, form a most interesting picture; but the interior is now

A WILD RUIN.

This Fort is interesting both from its history and the character of its ruins. Its appearance from the outside is that of a well-built fortification of immense strength, and seems, from this view, to have suffered but little either from time or an enemy, though on the west side the impression of many a cannon ball surrounded by ray-like cracks is visible.

From the landing place of the river, the interior is

* A vulgar phrase for bloaters.

reached through a large breach that has been made in the wall, which is about six feet thick, and divides the fort into two unequal parts.

On each side is seen a perfect chaos of jungle, which is inhabited by every conceivable species of reptile; hence it is dangerous to explore any part of the ruins but those usually pointed out to the visitor; the tracks of which are comparatively clear of the vegetation which is everywhere rank and luxurious.

The fort was built by the Portuguese in the early part of the sixteenth century, and a slab in the ramparts bears date 1531, from which it may be inferred that the fort was completed in that year.

It was taken, after a protracted seige, by the Mahrattas, by whom it was completely devastated. What the invaders left standing, the weather and the *Ficus Indicus* are rapidly overthrowing.

At present, except in one or two places, every stone is covered with a mass of earth and vegetation, which increases every year; and during each monsoon large portions of the buildings fall down from the force of wind and rain, assisted by the insidious approach of the above-named botanical destroyer, which insinuates its life-strings into every cranny and crevice, like gigantic ivy, and, as it progresses in strength, it gradually separates large masses of many tons weight, and thus illustrates that which we too frequently observe in every-day life, in abusing the parent who nurtured it in its helplessness.

Soon there will remain but a few shapeless heaps of stones and *debris* overgrown with wild bushes and rank weeds, to mark the spot where once flourished noble palaces, cathedrals, and famous churches whose altars blazed with sacred plate, flowers, and images surrounded by bands of priests clad in gorgeous array; whose aisles dim with clouds of fragrant incense, were filled with kneeling worshippers and vibrating with the solemn chants of those long since mingled with the dust, and whose thrilling cadences are now replaced by the shrill whistlings of gigantic insects, and the hissings of deadly cobras.

Such is the march of generations upon this earth, and those noble ruins are subject matter for painful meditation, in comparing their present condition with their former magnificence, the memory and glory of which, alas! has passed away for ever.

There are, altogether, the remains of eight churches in the fort; and the most remarkable ruin is that of St. Paul; attached to which, as to nearly every other, was a convent. The quadrangle can still be traced, as well as the double set of cloisters, one over the other; but the ruins are now in such a dilapidated condition, that it is dangerous to explore them too closely. A cell is here pointed out, which is said to have been the black hole used as the place of punishment for refractory nuns; and close by this is the ruin of a spiral staircase which led to the top of the great belfry tower.

Of St. Paul's, little but the bare walls remain; notwithstanding which, its interior is very imposing. The grand entrance is a most elaborate and exquisite piece of workmanship. Over the doorway and all around it is carved stonework, the most notable of which are two small pillars with beautiful Corinthian capitals; and the various details of the whole are still as sharp and clearly defined as when they left the artizan's chisel.

The interior, though imposing, has a most desolate and dreary aspect. The windows have been blocked up by those barbarians the Mahrattas, who defaced and destroyed the greater portion of the ornamentation when they took the fort, upon which occasion they converted the sacred edifice into a granary.

The roof of the church is very curious. It is composed of carved stone slabs, forming a circular arch.

Near to the high altar are the tombs of two pious sisters—who are said to have built the church—one of which bears date A.D. 1591.

The pulpit with its flight of steps can still be traced in the middle of the wall, and the baptistry is quite perfect, but that is all which remains traceable of its former grandeur.

The description of St. Paul's will serve to convey an idea of the other churches, for the main features of all are the same.

The church attached to the large monastery or

convent near to the western gate, is chiefly remarkable for facing the west, in which it differs from the others, as well as for the number of small side chapels it contains, in which apparently the bones of the high dignitaries are, or were deposited. One stone, said to cover the remains of an archbishop, bears the date A.D. 1604.

The large church commonly called the cathedral, is well worthy of notice. It, together with the buildings attached, forms one side of a grand square, the remaining three being formed by the Governor's Palace, a church, now (1861) occupied by a company as a sugar factory, and the Court-house.

In the centre of the square rises a temple of *Siva*, as if to point out the agency by which destruction was brought upon the surrounding buildings, Hindoo and Christian architecture being here brought face to face as if in rivalry.

It is a pity that those fine specimens of Christian architecture should be allowed to perish, especially in India, where they are so rare; but it is now almost too late to attempt to arrest the progress of decay.

Having completed our survey of these interesting ruins, and being thoroughly tired, I embarked with my friend in his cutter, and we were quickly sailing away for Tannah.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE first object that attracted my attention as our little bark moved proudly into the stream, was the new iron bridge erected by the Bombay and Baroda Railway Company. It is a most noble structure, and has quite a light, graceful, and fantastic appearance, as it reposes upon the bosom of the great expanse of water beneath. It is composed entirely of ironwork resting upon piles sunk deep into the bed of the river.* These piles consist of hollow iron tubes, screwed together in lengths of seven feet, and filled with a peculiar concrete which it is presumed will be sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the bridge in

* This bridge work is uniform upon the Bombay and Baroda Railway. It is a very important invention of Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Kennedy, the Company's consulting engineer; and the structures are so substantially erected, that they are calculated to resist the most powerful torrents. From personal knowledge I can state that these bridges have borne the most severe trials without the slightest injury.

the event of the iron becoming corroded, or worn away by the action of the sea.

From this bridge to Tannah the river is like a lovely lake in fine weather, but during the monsoon rains the water is rough and unpleasant for a small boat, in consequence of the velocity of the ebb tides.

The district is very mountainous, and the green slopes, studded with every variety of tropical foliage, have a very charming appearance, reflected as they are in the mirror of the placid waters at their base.

A few snow-white bungalows which peep out from among nature's emerald costume, considerably enhances the beauty of the scenery.

This was, I think, the most lovely sail that I ever remember to have enjoyed. My friend took especial care to have the boat well supplied with "creature comforts," and by the time that we reached Tannah, not a man in India could have competed with him in warbling "Mynheer Van Dunck," or any other bacchanalian composition.

Old "Sol" was pouring down his keenest rays upon us, exciting our pores even to *tears*, which in a short time told a tale upon our fragile costume and gave us the appearance of having had an oil bath.

I watched, with the most profound interest, every object as it arose before me. At intervals may have been seen the noble panther refreshing himself by cautiously imbibing the crystal fluid as it meandered along by the foot of the loftiest mountain, around the

apex of which they abound and majestically roam through its thickets, sole masters of the creation within its boundary, from which, however, they rarely descend unless driven to do so by hunger or thirst.

I was really sorry when we sighted Tannah. I regretted to bid adieu to "scenes so charming," and the memory of that delightful sail will ever "bring back the feeling" of pleasure that stole "so gently o'er my senses" in that ecstatic ramble.

The Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company have a station at Tannah, at which we arrived two hours before the train was advertised to start, and this gave us an opportunity of reconnoitring the town, which I found did not differ in any respect from Indian towns in general.

My friend appeared to know the place very well, and introduced me to an apology for an hotel, in which luxuriated, as its hostess, a Mrs. Brown (I had heard that name before, somewhere) an European lady of comely proportions and exuberant dress.

Mrs. B. was "at home," and indeed appeared to be quite so with my friend, who, by the way, is of colossal stature, and being, to use a vulgar phrase, "three sheets in the wind," began a series of affectionate embraces upon the lady, supported by the usual honied expressions of attachment, &c., much to the *assumed* indignation of Mrs. B., who doubtless in those *pressing* professions experienced the sensations

of endearment which might be felt by a lonely traveller in the Polar regions ; she did not, however, appear to have been very much offended at my friend's liberties, as upon our departure for Bombay, she particularly desired him to call upon his return to Bassein.

Having returned to the railway station, I found that we still had twenty minutes to spare, and at that time, about two hundred natives had congregated in the booking office, for the purpose of taking their tickets.

My luggage had been placed upon the weighing machine, and it seemed to have been quite deserted by that pumpkin-headed Conjee. I watched it for a few minutes, and seeing so many of the natives, whose numbers were increasing momentarily, some tumbling over, and others trampling upon it, I confess that my temper became a little ruffled ; therefore, turning to a stupid-looking Parsee, whose dull leaden eyes were blinking behind a pair of "gig lamps," and who appeared to be guarding the gangway at the ticket window, I said—

"When are your people going to weigh my luggage ?"

He did not reply, but looked at me, as I thought, contemptuously. I repeated the question—he remained silent—and I felt stupidly confused. I then asked—

"Are you the station master ?"

Still no answer : English flesh and blood could endure no more. I made a rush at him, not to strike,

but to push his impolite figure on one side to enable me to gain access to the booking-office, in which I succeeded, and the secret was out. The station master was *non est*, and that was the cause of the delay and evident confusion. My friend seeing me push past the fellow—who by-the-bye was then shivering in his slippers, quite astounded at the termination to my questions—approached him, and peering into his face, said—in *not* one of the gentlest tones imaginable—

“Who *are* you, you hungry-looking snipe, and why don't you get this gentleman's luggage weighed, eh? e-h-h?”

The threatening demeanour of the anxious enquirer had the effect of bringing the sorry object addressed, to his proper senses, and with them power of speech, for he replied—

“I've nothing to do with it, I'm only a probationary and——”

But before he could say another word, R— exclaimed—

“Prob-ationary are you, and have nothing to do with it, eh? then I'll probe you till you find some person who has!” and “suiting the action to the word,” he, with his left hand fingers, gave him a sharp dig in the ribs, repeating the dose with his right hand upon the stomach of the unhappy native, who bellowed out most lustily.

My companion, doubtless thinking that he might

as well be "hung for a sheep as a lamb," and naturally warming with the excitement, commenced a general assault upon everybody, striking out right and left, and unheeding alike friend and foe. The terrified natives quickly fled in every direction, some through the doorways, and others out of the windows, and in less time than it has occupied to record it, we stood alone, sole masters of the office.

Shortly after the termination to this *melee*, the station master, a fussy little Parsee, all fume and bounce, made his appearance accompanied by two police peons, to whose tender care he had a desire to consign us. Matters looked "fishy," and I was half inclined to eat "humble pie" before the "great little" man, as a compromise to the injury inflicted, when I saw the two representatives of the law* taking stock of my friend, and immediately after converse with each other—doubtless upon the propriety of tackling him. I also saw depicted upon their faces, that which was revolving in their minds, such as—

"He's an ugly customer to have anything to do with!"


"I'd rather not interfere!"

"I'm not afraid—oh no! but I think that we had better leave him alone!" and so forth.

For my own part I considered it the best policy to

* Two sorry objects, mere skin and bone, and whose legs, (God help them) were similar to those of the ostrich.

conciliate the officials, and approaching the chief, mildly assured that little chatter-box that I had not taken any part in the affray, and that the sole cause of the unfortunate disturbance was owing entirely to his own mismanagement at the station. In the first place, a crowd had collected in the booking office in consequence of their inability to obtain tickets, he being absent from duty and having neglected to appoint a deputy to book the passengers: and secondly, no servant of the company had been left in attendance to receive and care for the luggage; the result of which being that mine had received considerable damage through the natives trampling upon it, and that I should claim compensation for such damage from the company: and further, that such neglect to the comfort of passengers as I had witnessed at the Tannah station, ought not, and should not escape representation in the proper quarter: and finally, I informed the ostentatious little man that the Deputy Traffic Manager of his line happened to be my intimate friend, and that I should see him upon the subject immediately upon my arrival at Bycullah. This threat had the desired effect, and I was immediately supplied with tickets to Bombay. After I had imparted the latter information to the fussy little man, he assumed quite a different air, and became exceedingly polite, but requested me take care of my friend, as he was a little the worse for..... He conveyed the meaning of the latter part of his remark to my mind, by



placing his hand to his mouth and throwing his head back to an angle of forty-five degrees.

Whilst this confab was going on between the station master and myself, R. sought amusement and pastime by a little conversational excitement with the police peons—something after this style—

“So you think you could take me to chokee* eh? See here! my covey, I’ve swallowed many a better fellow than you, and bigger!”

This speech was accompanied with sundry digs in the right ribs of peon No. 1, who cried out—

“Nah sahib! Nah sahib! †”

R. continued: “Your father must have been a clever fellow when he summoned you to take a part in the world’s affairs, eh? old snowball.”

Peon No. 1 not exactly comprehending the meaning of this harangue, replied—

“Ah sahib! Ah sahib! ‡”

R. then turned round to peon No. 2, and addressing him said:

“Now if it’s a fair question, has your mother got any other offspring like you?”

Peon No. 2 declined to reply to the interrogation, he considered that “discretion was the better part of valour.” He had watched the assault upon the ribs of No. 1 and was not particularly anxious to have

* Lock-up.

† Don’t sir! Don’t sir!

‡ Yes sir! Yes sir!

the experiment tried upon his own. He was not at all ambitious for my friend's acquaintance, and therefore, ere my companion could get within two yards of him, he became alarmed for his personal safety, and "obsquatulated," closely followed by peon No. 1, and thus ended this most exciting though disagreeable little adventure.

My luggage was in due course, deposited in the train, and I once more experienced the extreme pleasure of a civilized mode of travelling.

Bombay was soon reached, my friend and I parted with mutual hearty good wishes, and I then sought my dear A. at Coloba.

Poor "Sherry" was first conscious of my approach, and came bounding out ere my cab had fairly stopped; although I had left him in England six months previously, one smell of my hand was quite sufficient, and I was nearly devoured with caresses; then came the usual greetings of dear friends long parted, and I held my dear A. weeping tears of joy upon my breast.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

My stay at Bombay was not an agreeable one, the monsoon rains had returned with almost insufferable intensity. The atmosphere, for nine days, was a complete vapour bath; and the sea was so rough, that the steamer "Johnstone Castle," in which I had engaged berths for dear A. and myself to Surat, was weather-bound for seven days after its appointed time for starting.

This delay, being unlooked for, put us to considerable inconvenience, as all our luggage, including clean linen, was on board the steamer, and stowed away in the "hold," where it was buried in merchandize, and consequently unobtainable.

On the twenty-second of August, at 5.30 p.m., the sea having calmed down a little, we steamed out of the bay into as rough an ocean as ever rolled, and into as black a night as ever frowned upon the mighty deep. Our friends at Coloba all expected the vessel to put back, and they ascended the lighthouse for the

purpose of watching our return, but total darkness came on before we had well cleared the "bar," and they were consequently disappointed. This was the first trip of our ship, which was a new one, and the captain, a tough and stout-hearted sailor, was fully determined to do battle with the waves, to secure for his "bride" a good reputation.

This passage forcibly reminded me of Russell's songs of the sea, I frequently repeated the words "Great Father of Mercies our trust is in Thee," and I fully felt their force, as I poured out my whole soul to Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," who governs the driving winds, and "rides upon the storm!"

After we had been at sea about two hours, the most frightful weather came on, and our little ship, only 179 tons register—a mere speck on the ocean—first rode proudly over the summit of a huge wave, and the next moment found her in a valley of water full fifty yards deeper. At times she would meet a wave that completely engulfed us, and then her whole frame would tremble, her creaking timbers terrify her human freight, and volumes of hissing water would rush about her decks to the great discomfort and harrowing fear of at least one hundred and fifty natives, who were huddled together in groups, and shivering with fright and insuccated garments.

These poor creatures had become satiated early in the evening, and during the remainder of the journey,

men, women, and children, who were scattered about the comfortless decks, huddled together in groups, formed such pictures of dejection and misery, that no one could look upon them without being filled with sympathy and compassion for their unhappy position. It was a scene sufficient to cause the very naiads to weep.

The whole worldly effects of these poor creatures, such as rugs, bedding, sticks, umbrellas, chatties (water-bottles), rice-pots, provisions, bundles of clothing, and other matters and things were floating about the ship unnoticed and apparently uncared for by their weary and qualmish proprietors.

Old Conjee was among one of the motley assemblies above alluded to, and when the raging of the tempest had reached its highest point, I remembered that he had possession of one of our packages containing linen, music books, &c., and fearing for its safety in such a deluge, I crawled, as well as the motion of the vessel would permit me, from the cabin to the deck; where the first object that attracted my attention was the unlucky package, floating about in the company of the afore-named chatties, umbrellas, &c. I called out to my attentive (?) "help," who, by-the-way, I had not seen since we started from Bombay, and after exercising my lungs to a point approaching apoplexy, I saw a rough black head bobbed up from among the mass. It was enveloped in a dark colored shawl, which at that time

must have contained about a gallon of marine water. I asked him why he allowed my luggage to swim about the deck instead of bringing it into the cabin; to which question he uttered a subdued and defiant growl, and as quickly vanished again.

I did not trouble him further, thinking that as the parcel had imbibed so much water, it could not get worse, and therefore it remained in its bath to the end of the journey.

The little ship behaved admirably through the dreadful weather and fearful waves, until three o'clock P.M. of the second day, when we entered smooth water in the Taptee river, much to the gratification of all on board, and more especially to some lady passengers, who—judging from sundry moans and groans and other noises well known to seafaring people that issued from the ladies' cabin—must have suffered considerably on the voyage.

The pilot took us to a nook about a mile short of the landing-place, to evade, as he explained, the heavy and sweeping current in the middle of the river, which was running out at least eight knots an hour. Some of the gentlemen, however, discovered that our steersman's house was close to this nook, and that the captain being a stranger, the wily native had evidently deceived him and imposed upon the passengers, by anchoring at this spot to suit his own convenience. The captain, upon learning this, ordered him to moor the vessel opposite to the landing-place; when

lo! it was discovered that the engines' fires had been raked out.

The captain, however, ordered the engineer to fire up again, and after a necessary delay of about two hours we steamed away to the proper place, cast both anchors which was necessary to hold the vessel in the violent stream, and at 10.30 p.m. we landed in safety, and travelled forthwith to our new home "Gaspall-ne-warree."

The day after our arrival at Surat was occupied in clearing luggage and "getting to rights." I had a piano among my effects, and as no suitable vehicle could be hired for its conveyance, I had to engage *forty* Coolie girls to carry it from the steamer to my bungalow; the cost of which was one hundred and sixty annas, or twenty shillings of English money.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BEING now reunited to my dear A., whose soul was all goodness, a new and happy life beamed upon me. My days were all sunshine, and musical meetings charmed our evenings.

The hours intervening between the close of business and dinner, were employed in rides and drives, devoted as much to information as to pleasure ; and it was during those perambulations that I gathered much of that which is hereinafter recorded.

The forms of religious worship of the inhabitants of East India are so eccentric and diversified, that my readers cannot fail to be amused with an account of the proceedings of a sect who hold their meetings in Calcutta, and who are known as

THE BRAMAH SAMAJ.

This is a religious association, and its meetings are

held in a house situated at Jorosanko, on the Chitpore Road, Calcutta.

Their devotions are performed upon the third floor of the house, which is reached by a winding staircase. This appears strange, from the fact that Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Christians generally have but one floor to their temples, mosques, and churches. The room is of an oblong form, very long, and inconveniently narrow; mostly laid out in low galleries with an open space in the middle. On one side of the open space stands what at first sight appears to be a pulpit, the borders of which are covered with red velvet. This is a raised seat for the precentor of the congregation. Opposite to this is a raised platform, upon which appears three small slabs of white marble.

The room during the performance is well lighted with gas, and punkahs are in full swing.

The congregation is generally composed of one third members, and the other two thirds curious spectators. This is owing to the fact that the music and singing which accompanies the devotions of the Bramahs have always been of a superior kind.

Ram Mohum Ray, who was a thorough master of human nature, at the organization of the association, engaged the services of the best musicians and singers he could find in Calcutta; and it has always been a point with the Samaj to have the best music and singing its means will afford; the consequence is that

scores of people are invariably attracted to the Bramah Samaj, for its musical entertainment only.

The performance commences by Vishnoo, the celebrated musician of the Bramah Samaj, mounting the velvet-covered rostrum. He is dressed in loose trousers, a "chapkan," and a white skull-cap. He holds in his hands a musical instrument called, by way of eminence, "tampura," the repository as it were of the sweetest notes of music.

The tampura is made of the section of a dried pumpkin, to which is attached a wooden shaft, to which again are fastened wires, the vibration of which produces the everlastingly monotonous sound of "yao, yao, yao!" The musical director (Vishnoo) holds the monstrous pumpkin in one hand, and a bit of paper in the other—gazes awhile on the congregation—twirls up his moustachios—sits cross-legged upon the elevated cushion—and then begins to pore over the paper upon which is either written or printed the hymns, with the singing of which he is supposed to electrify the audience.

In a short time, the chief actors—Baboo Debendra Nath Tagore, the president of the association, and the two officiating priests appear upon the stage. They march up to the platform opposite to Vishnoo's elevated seat, and sit cross-legged in front of the apparent marble slabs. Baboo Debendra is dressed in a "jor" of glossy silk, and the two priests in simple cotton "dhutee" and "chadar," the common

ecclesiastic costume of the country. Baboo Debendra places himself upon the platform in the middle of the two priests, one on his right, and the other on his left side. This trio sit for a few minutes in solemn silence, their eyes being closed, and the body of the chief gently swaying backwards and forwards. Then music strikes up. The spectators being strangers are only prepared for the melody of the pumpkin; but they are very soon agreeably surprised and charmed by the dulcet symphonies of a seraphine, which is played by some invisible being located somewhere about the middle of the room. With these sweet sounds are commingled the tones of Vishnool's voice, who, in mellifluous strains, sings a Bramic hymn. The seraphine then stops, and Vishnool shines alone in all his glory. He takes up the Brobdignagian pumpkin, and resting the shaft upon his shoulder, commences to sing and play, to the infinite delight of his audience.

The prayers follow in the Sanscrit language, and are chanted from memory, no books being used!

They are essentially Vedic, and are largely interspersed with invocations to the elements.

The greatest peculiarity of the Braminical devotion, is the swaying backwards and forwards of the bodies of its devotees. This vibratory tendency is indulged in to the highest degree by the president himself. From the moment he takes his seat on the "vedi"—as it is technically termed—to the end of the service, his body is kept oscillating like a pendulum; the

other adherents to the faith following his example, with here and there an exception, for instance:—a lad is sometimes seen with his body perfectly still, while his head is in perpetual motion, sometimes oscillating, at others twisting laterally, and not unfrequently wheeling in a circle—in fact, subjected to all sorts of motions peculiar to boys in general.

To the chanting of prayers, succeeds the recital by the two priests, of Bengalee discourses from printed books.

The manner of their reading is remarkable, and contrary to the universal practice of all Bengalis. The long and short vowels are all pronounced according to their original design and use, which gives a foreign and ludicrous air to the recitation.

Baboo Debendra Nath Tagore then gives an address in Bengalee, which is characterized by considerable animation and feeling; after which Vishnoo concludes by playing upon the pumpkin banjo, and singing a hymn, and the congregation disperses—highly gratified I have no doubt.

CHAPTER XL.

ON the twenty-ninth of August, we decided to take our evening drive in the direction of Delhi Gate, to witness the low caste entertainment called

THE FESTIVAL OF CHURRI.

Almost as soon as we had started, our attention was drawn to several men and boys whose hands were joined to form a circle. They were chanting to the accompaniment of noisy, harsh-sounding cymbals, and their appearance was truly hideous as they danced like demons in a puddle of mud.

There were at least fifty thousand persons present, of every caste, and whose costumes were of every conceivable hue.

So dense was the crowd, that it was with great difficulty our gharry passed through. I was pained to observe two officers of Her Majesty's army

behaving themselves in a very ungentlemanly manner. They were on horseback just ahead of us, and I saw them lashing the natives right and left with the *butt ends* of their whips, for no other reason than that their horses plunged slightly when they saw a certain part of the ceremony which frightened them a little, by reason of its noisy accompaniment. I should not have felt regret had the natives given them a good pommelling for the assault; for I maintain that if the chargers could not stand the noise, and their masters curb temper, neither had a right to mix among the multitude to mar their customary amusements.

This "tumasha," or oriental festival, was a sight never to be forgotten; of such magnitude, and of such a different nature to anything European, that it requires to be seen to form anything like a comprehensive idea of its monstrous absurdities.

Wherever the eye rested there were myriads of souls. In the road—on the dusty balconies—on the roofs of all the houses—the city wall—the ruined portico of the Delhi Gate—the dilapidated ancient round tower adjacent, with its time-worn turrets buried in evergreen creepers—all contributed their crowds to swell the living surges.

In the thickest part of the multitude were frantic men in groups of eight, ten, or twelve, nearly nude, and dancing to very slow time, whilst two or three of

their number were beating their own naked backs with heavy chains, from the effects of which castigation their flesh appeared livid, bruised, and lacerated in a shocking manner.

In another place I saw a man actually roasting his head in the flames from a pan of burning oil, which was held by three attendants. The martyr exhibited a frightful spectacle, but he neither winced nor appeared to be sensible of his agony.

This appears to be some religious ceremony that the low caste people are taught to obey, and should it fall to the lot of any well-to-do person to take a part in these disgusting performances, he purchases a substitute to act for him.

Monstrous toys, fruit, flowers, sweets, &c., were in abundance; and immense poles, at least thirty feet long, and covered with red cloth, gold, and flowers, were carried by some of the performers, who kept up a continual slow dance to the execrable din of gongs, native pipes, tom-toms, and cymbals.

The horrible brutality originally indulged in by these fanatics, is now prohibited by the Indian government. The devotees formerly subjected themselves to having hooks forced through the muscles of their arms and backs, and endured the excruciating pain of being swung round the poles hereinbefore mentioned, suspended in mid air by their living sinews.

The festivities are generally indulged in by the natives of India are of a more humorous and less dangerous character, as is evidenced in those we saw upon the 1st of April and which are called the

HOLSE HOLIDAYS.

This is a swinging festival commencing fifteen days before, and terminating upon the full moon of the Hindu month corresponding with March.

It is held in honor of "Kristna," and during this time the lower classes behave with the greatest freedom towards their superiors; and in sending each other on empty errands it closely resembles our "All Fools Day." Red powders are daubed upon the image of the god, as also upon the clothing and persons of its devotees.

It is highly comical to meet numbers of men whose faces and linen are smothered with a bright magenta color. These diversionists parade the villages and towns in large numbers, and salute all the native female population with ribald jests and indecent songs, in which many of the females join.

A wheaten cake called "Pollee" is placed upon a pile, which is fired at the close of the festival, and the right of first offering it in a village is considered an honorary privilege.

This festival is observed by all classes; the highest joining it with as great a zest as the very lowest.

The eccentricities of the native population are not however confined to the lower classes, as will be seen from the following account of

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.

Baka Bai was a most remarkable woman : she was the wife of Raghoji, the Bhonsla who fought with Wellington at Argaum in 1803. Her husband died in 1816, and was succeeded by Parsoji, who was strangled in the first year of his reign by Apa Sahib, his successor.

Baka Bai was a devout Hindoo. She arose at 5 a.m., and devoted the early hours of the day to the worship of cows (!) and a certain sacred tree called "Tulsi," after which she sat down to repeat the names of her gods, using a rosary to mark her progress in case of interruption, when she could freely converse with anyone upon worldly affairs.

In the forenoon she was waited upon by her priests, when she bathed, adored the sun, presented offerings at the shrines of her idols, and listened to poems in their praise. Having repeated her homage to the sun and a cow, she made the circuit of a number of ant-hills and fed the tiny insects with sugar. This was followed by the worship of Bramans, who, joined by others, dined in the palace. Before they commenced, the old lady approached the first and applied

to his forehead the colored mark usually made on idols, set before him a small teaspoonful of water into which he thrust his big toe, and completed the ceremony by presenting him with "bel" leaves, flowers, and money. This ceremony was repeated to the whole company, after which, with the holy water that each Braman had manufactured, she retired to an adjoining room and drank it off for the remission of her sins.

In the afternoon alms were distributed to the poor, and the evening, when she partook of her only meal, was occupied in proceedings similar to those of the morning, especially in the adoration of cows.

Thus twelve hours daily did this zealot spend in the rites of her religion, besides maintaining at her own expense an army of priests, Bramans, and mendicants.

In the spring of 1858, Baka Bai fell sick, and being nearly eighty years of age, her end was hourly expected. Five cows were therefore introduced into the room where she lay, in order to be bestowed on Bramans. Each cow was led up to her couch by a halter—the recipient stood at its head—and the invalid donor was raised so as to take hold of its tail. The gift was pronounced, accompanied with a further donation of from fifty to one hundred rupees (£5 to £10) and as each passed onward from the bed, they were supposed to help the dying woman forward on her way to heaven. As she became worse a great

feast was ordered, and handsome sums of money were given to three hundred Bramans.

One of the last acts of this eccentric queen's life was to call for a cow, and having fallen at its feet, as well as her fast failing strength would allow her, she offered it grass to eat, and addressed it by the venerated name of "mother." While she was engaged in giving away additional cows to her priests, she fell back and expired; and thus this remarkable woman passed from the world on the 8th day of September, 1858.

Baji Rawa, the last of the Nagpore Rajahs, had died about five years previous, and his bones, together with those of Baka Bai, were, in March, 1861, started on their way to the Ganges.

The account of this expedition is not uninteresting.

A Mahratta Sirdar* was put in charge, and ten thousand rupees (£1000) were allowed from the British treasury to defray the expenses.

The expedition started about the end of the month, attended by a great crowd of followers. The chief walked barefooted as far as Ramtek, one of the principal temples in the Nagpore province. There he halted, and had the bones divided into two parcels of unequal size, and enclosed in cases of antelope skin. The large pack he put upon a horse's back, and the smaller one upon his own.

It was now the hottest season of the year, and the

* A chief officer or captain.

journey was performed by torchlight after sunset the progress being made by a succession of walks, leaps, and dances, to the sound of cymbal and drum.

At Mayah some thieves allured by the prospect of finding gold and jewels among the bones, stole the largest bundle, leaving only a small remnant to be thrown into the Ganges.

But before reaching their destination, a calamity still more serious befel the party. Cholera broke out among them, and about one hundred persons, were carried away by that dreadful scourge.

Upon reaching Allahabad, presents were liberally distributed among the people of the place: a necklace to one, to another a horse, changes of raiment to some, and to all presents of money.

At Kashi seven days were occupied in walking round the city, and another seven were devoted to bathing in the sacred stream and presenting offerings to the idols, and gifts to the Bramans in the name of the dead; after which the survivors bent their steps homeward, where they arrived about the end of June, many of them prostrated with fever and disease.

CHAPTER XLI.

FOLLOWING closely upon the heels of the "Churri" festival, comes the great fair of the Hindoo month "Shevan." This is considered the gayest period of the year in India, and answers to our "Merry month of May."

Myself and dear A., determined not to lose an opportunity of witnessing all the interesting sights, took a drive to see what was going on at

THE GREAT FAIR.

About forty thousand persons had assembled to revel in every conceivable fancy of oriental luxury.

Although it was, strictly speaking, a Hindoo fair, I observed nearly every caste participating in the general excitement.

A Hindoo priest had formed a very novel idea of ensuring popularity. He had assumed the most extravagant dress that ever adorned (?) the limbs of a

sable ecclesiastic. He was mounted upon a very fine and noble horse, caparisoned as if prepared for ancient battle. The animal, coated in bright scaly armour, was prancing along, proudly arching his well-formed neck, distending his nostrils, and seeming to be conscious that *his* part was to make a grand show. His rider, the priest, who was sitting as upright as a dart upon the animal's back, looked like a well-mounted Trojan; and had endeavored to make the blackamoor white without the aid of soap and water, by hiding his natural complexion beneath a thick coating of chalk! His head dress resembled a crocus pot before the flowers are developed, or, to adopt a nearer simile, like a cullender, through every hole of which protruded a quill of the "fretful porcupine." A slit was cut in the centre of a buffalo's hide to form a coat, through which his head was thrust; but I cannot say that the garment hung quite so gracefully over his shoulders as the ancient toga of the Romans. I could not discover whether he indulged in the luxury of "unmentionables," but his legs and feet were encased in a huge pair of jack boots, which appeared to have been relics of the Life Guards, and he held in his hand a long lance, the end of which was fixed to the right stirrup. For an Indian town, he was a most remarkable object, and seemed to be as much the subject of curiosity to the natives themselves as to us. Upon passing our gharry he gave me a most condescending salute, to which I as gracefully responded.

The gems of the assembly, however, were the children of some wealthy Parsee inhabitants, three boys and one girl of the ages of six, seven, eight, and nine years respectively. They were magnificently dressed in scarlet and blue satin, with exquisite braidings of gold and silver lace, and spangles all of gold. They were severally mounted upon Arab horses, beautifully caparisoned, and their equipments were of solid silver wrought into gorgeous devices; indeed, they looked more like steeds prepared for the generals of a great ancient battle than to take part in an Oriental show for the amusement, principally, of innocent children.

The horses' heads and fore quarters were completely enveloped in silver scales tastefully arranged; and the "shabrachs" were composed of colored net-work intersected with artificial roses. A beautiful Arab that carried the girl was honored with a shabrach of a violet color, with red, blue, and white roses affixed to each knot of the net, which had a most pleasing effect. The head-dress of each child was very tastefully composed of fresh natural flowers, principally jasmine petals, which shed a very grateful perfume around their presence. Altogether we were highly delighted with the sight, and everybody appeared happy, whether walking, riding, or grouping to enjoy their "hubble-bubbles" by the road-side, beneath the luxuriant shade of the flowering poplar, the delicious custard-apple, or the noble tamarind.

Whilst returning home, myself and dear A. made arrangements to visit Domus on the following day, to attend some horse-racing, which the Europeans of the district had "got-up" there.

We waited upon a Parsee proprietor of "Biles to Let" and ordered a pair of bullocks that would take us quickly, as I *ennui* frightfully behind a slow-coach.

The worthy vendor of *draught meat* assured us that the supply should be equal to the demand, and that a fine pair of bullocks should be placed at my service that would convey us over the nine miles "ek dum!" This means "a flash of lightning," but whether the term was justly applied to the powers of speed the animals possessed, remains a matter of doubt; it will be seen in the next chapter that an extraordinary speed was *not* obtained or made manifest upon that occasion.

CHAPTER XLII.

OUR Domus day having arrived, we arose very early and started upon the journey at seven o'clock precisely. We had to pass through the town to reach the Domus road, and I was somewhat nervous to find that the bullocks did not hurry themselves. I was charitable enough, however, to think that perhaps the walk through the bazaar was ordered for our especial benefit, the road being full of holes and extremely antagonistic to our bones during the infliction of a bullock trot. Upon getting on to the high road however, all the charitable conclusions that I had been cherishing immediately vanished; for through an interpreter whom we called to our aid, we questioned the driver of the brutes, and elicited the melancholy fact that the aforesaid "ek dum" beasts had spent all their happy days drawing carts employed in agricultural pursuits, and that it would be sacrificing my wildest hopes to expect a speed out of them exceeding *two* miles an hour!

Here was a pretty go—what was to be done? I

had promised friends to join them at breakfast at half-past nine, and at the very best computation we could not reach Domus until half-past eleven! I roared at the thick-headed wallah who was driving, and all my grimaces which should have frightened him into compliance, and my stentorian exclamations of "jeldi, jeldi ; chellao, chellao,"* were only responded to by a lunatic grin, immediately followed by a jovial native song, to the notes of which he accompanied his body by swinging from side to side of the gharry pole upon which he sat.

This cool assurance verily stupefied both myself and dear A. ; my better nature, however, conquered passion which prompted me with a strong inclination to kick the fellow, and having a bottle of brandy and water in the gharry, I took a long and a strong pull from it, lit a cheroot, and gave myself up to fate.

My fair companion could not, however, battle so well with her feelings, and after many but ineffectual persuasions and unsalutary reproofs, she commenced physical argument through the front window of the vehicle, by pulling the fellow's hair and thumping his back with her sun-shade.

This, however, did not produce the slightest effect upon him ; he merely quivered his shoulders a little, probably fancying that a fly had settled upon the part attacked. Poor A. soon became fatigued with her

* Make haste, go on.

unsuccessful exertions, and settled down in one corner of the gharry, where she remained in quiet solitude and disgust until half-past eleven, when we found ourselves at the haven of our hopes, having executed the extraordinary feat of travelling over a first-rate road with a carriage and *pair*, a distance of nine miles in four hours and a half!

We were soon seated at the hospitable board of our friends, and after a substantial breakfast garnished with excellent champagne, we took a walk to see the "course," which was well prepared for the coming struggles, and which being roped and staked really looked quite English.

We obtained a "c'rect card," from one of the stewards, and immediately commenced to get up a "sweep" of fifty rupees, which being accomplished, we went back to the bungalow for tiffin, and then returned to witness the races.

We obtained a good stand upon an elevated spot, and the running soon afterwards began.

The sweep-stakes, trial-stakes, and every other kind of stakes, were awfully "so-so." The hurdle race, however, created a little fun, from the circumstance of the jockey who rode the best horse, being just a "leetle" elevated. He could not keep his seat, and at nearly every bush he experienced a downward tendency, during which ungraceful performance he showed a particular affection for his steed by embracing its neck until he found his level.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, he only lost the chase by a neck, much to the chagrin of his numerous patrons who had their money "on."

At half-past five we returned to our friend's bungalow, partook of a cup of coffee, and set out for the journey home, during which we endured a repetition of the morning's tedium, and accomplished the journey in four hours.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN one of our perambulations we visited a native village called Phoolpara, where we saw a colony of flying foxes, and also a number of natives by the river side smoking primitive hookahs made out of cocoa-nut shells.

The former surrounded the spot with a most offensive odour, which seemed to blast everything within the precinct of its presence. Not a blade of grass nor a weed of any description grew beneath, nor a leaf upon, the trees from which they hung like bunches of grapes, heads downward, to sleep away their days. As soon as the sun sets they leave these haunts to devastate the orchards for many miles around, returning again as daylight approaches. The natives very much dread these marauding vermin, and during the mango season they are obliged to build cabins upon the tops of one or more of their fruit trees, where the owners remain all night to keep the destroyers at bay.

The natives smoking by the river were watching their burning dead, and feeding the piles with logs of wood, which were furiously consuming the bones of their departed relatives.

From Phoolpara we went to visit one of the asylums for used-up animals.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, in the goodness of a heart which was always teeming with philanthropy, founded from his own means, a hospital for old and infirm animals in almost every native town within the Bombay Presidency, and endowed each with an annual stipend sufficient to provide food and lodging for all the poor used-up animals within their jurisdiction, where they are allowed to rest from their labors until they sink from natural decay.

There are three of these establishments at Surat, in each of which the animals are classified: horses, bullocks, and dogs, enjoying their own exclusive society.

In addition to the grant of Sir J. Jeejeebhoy, these institutions receive considerable assistance from the wealthy Parsee inhabitants, who form committees to see that the superannuated animals are fed and well cared for, until death relieves them of such necessities.

Speaking of the Parsees, I may here remark that they hold a curious festival at this time of the year (September). They whitewash their houses and especially their large and commodious rooms. These they decorate, and place therein basins filled

with water, flowers, and fruit, for more than ten days. They do so on the ground of a tradition that the spirits of the dead are permitted to leave their abodes for the days already mentioned, and to visit their respective homes on earth.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE day following our visit to the animals, was remarkable for the number of visits we had in return. To begin with, dear A. and her favorite "Sherry," had a fine chase for an immense monkey which eventually took possession of the large arbutus tree that overhung the balcony of our bungalow. Poor Sherry sat for some considerable time upon his hind legs at the foot of the tree, begging for the beast to descend; but the latter would doubtless have made short work of strangling his penitent admirer, could he have got at him. Dear A. kept the disagreeable visitor engaged by throwing pieces of bread on to the tiled roof near to where he sat, while Conjee conveyed Sherry in doors out of danger.

The wild animal was of gigantic proportions, of a white color, its face and feet excepted, which were black, and its tail was about four feet long.

When the servants saw dear A. in such close proximity to the creature, they exhibited signs of

great alarm, declaring that "big janwa [would] kill madam sahib." She therefore withdrew, upon which the men armed themselves with great sticks, and chased the brute out of the compound.

While watching his hasty exit along the wall upon which he had mounted, I saw a large eagle flying with a snake in its claws. The reptile was writhing and twisting about, and had a remarkable appearance as it was borne through the air to its inevitable doom.

Two jackalls and several wild dogs next made their appearance, and following them the snake enemy the mongoose, a quadruped of the ferret species.

The evening heralded numerous birds; amongst which were the common pheasant, the large speckled woodpecker, and blue and white birds of paradise.

The night closed in very hot and void of wind, the monotony being relieved by vivid lightning, and loud rolling thunder, all ending in a terrific storm about midnight.

The next evening, when returning home from our drive, we met several bullocks whose heads were tastefully and profusely decorated with yellow marigolds, roses, and jessamine petals. Also a body of men dancing in their progress along the streets, preceded by others carrying huge crosses, upon which were placed "sudras" or linen frocks with the sleeves extended upon the bars of each cross, which gave them the appearance of a troop of ghosts.

The men in attendance upon the bearers were each

provided with two circles of bells fixed around their waists, the sound of which had a novel effect as the performers capered along and around this strange exhibition.

I could not learn the cause or meaning of this parade, but perhaps it had some reference to

THE DEWALEE.

This is a great feast commencing on the twenty-eighth day of the last Hindoo month, corresponding with October.

Although the holidays commence on the twenty-eighth, the Dewalee does not take place until the thirtieth, the last day of the year.

On the twenty-eighth the "sowcars" (bankers) worship their money, first having bathed it in "Punchamont." This consists of a mixture of milk, ghee,* sugar, honey, and curds, after which it is dried by rubbing in the husks of rice. It is afterwards decorated with flowers, and blessed by a Hindoo priest, who prays that it may increase and multiply during the ensuing year.

The Dewalee is synonymous with the feast of illumination, and it is celebrated by all classes of people: Hindoos, Parsees, Baniyas, Mahommedans, &c., in honor of the goddess "Kalee" or "Bhuwanee"—of Vishnoo's

* Clarified butter.

victory over the demon "Tarakee"—and more particularly consecrated to "Lumsmee," or "The goddess of Prosperity."

The goddess "Kalee" was formerly propitiated by human sacrifices.

This feast extends over a period of five days, during which time houses are cleansed, whitewashed, decorated inside and out with colored chalks in various designs—more particularly upon the exterior walls—and illuminated. The poorest hoveller at this feast exhibits his faint glimmering lamp in the small recess which is to be seen in the wall and near to the door of every cottage or hovel in India.

The plots of ground before the doors of the higher classes, are ornamented by quadrangular designs in colored chalks, many of which are executed in exquisite taste.

Fireworks, such as squibs, crackers, detonating balls &c., are heard hissing and snapping in every direction; and gambling, which is the chief recreation during the holidays, is pursued with unabated vigour to the end of the feast in houses opened for the express purpose.

On the first day the natives collect the whole of their treasure together and worship it, giving it the name of "Luxmee," the goddess of wealth. A light is made and dedicated to "Yama," the god of the infernal regions, and every preparation is made for the next morning, which is their New Year's Day.

The day before the last of the moon, is that upon which Vishnoo killed "Nurruckasoor," an invincible giant, (after a desperate battle), and entered his city early in the morning bearing the palm of victory. The people hearing of his approach, illuminated the city, and welcomed him with joy and acclamation; and the women richly adorned, bearing lighted lamps, preceded him with salutations and hearty congratulations.

The Hindoos keep this day in commemoration of the great conquest above-named. They get up early in the morning, fill their houses with lights, rub their bodies with perfumed ointment, and bathe themselves with hot water. New clothes and ornaments are put on, and their children are richly costumed. When this is done the mistress of the house performs the ceremony of placing wicks in silver or brass dishes, which performance is supposed to remove all difficulties, and render the succeeding year happy.

Upon the completion of this ceremony, each male member of the company makes her a present of money; sweetmeats are afterwards distributed, and friends are invited to dinner.

The last day of the moon is that of "Saraswuttee," the goddess of learning and wealth. It is however vulgarly known by the name of "Pedipoojun," or the worship of shops; each servant, customer, or visitor, receiving, as a matter of custom, presents

from the shopkeepers, from which circumstance it assimilates to the English boxing day.

This day ends the Hindoo year, and the merchants close their accounts. New ledgers, journals, and day books, are bought and worshipped through a Braman priest in the same form as with the treasure on the twenty-eighth. New entries are made in the account books, writers are sent to the different shops with rupees to enter in the names of their employers on this auspicious evening, and Saraswuttee is invoked to render the next year prosperous, and to guide them through the same. Then the Bramans are sufficiently paid for their labours, and servants receive presents of money, according to their rank.

On the new moon, or their new year's day, the new books are commenced, and "pooja" is again performed before both the old and new books.

This day is called "Balarij," or the day of King Bali; and is that upon which His Majesty was sent to Patal, or the lower regions, for his great merit.

The natives rise very early in the morning, make the lights, clean their rooms, and fill baskets with all the rags and rubbish they can find in their houses. They place lighted lamps upon these choice stores, and then throw them away, exclaiming:—"Let all the misery and troubles go, and the kingdom of Bali come."

After their ablution, the women make an idol of

Bali Raja, and worship it, and presents are given to poor Bramans and mendicants.

The second day is supposed to be that upon which "Yama," the king of the infernal regions, went to his sister to dine; and to perpetuate the memory of this, the Hindoos go to their sister's houses, and take meals with them, and upon leaving, present them with money or gold ornaments; such visits and presents being made to please the infernal king, who they believe will save them from the punishment of their sins.

Just at this season of the year, all the animals we met, such as horses, bullocks, buffaloes, and goats, had their tails and hcofs painted yellow, their bodies artistically marked with coloured chalks, and all their heads were decorated with festoons of yellow marigolds.

I did not seek to know what this show was intended to honor, but it doubtless had reference to a native holiday called

DUSSARA.

This is a festival which is supposed to relate to the autumnal equinox.

On this day, according to Hindoo legends, Rama marched against Rawana, on which account the Mahrattas seem to select it as a proper period for commencing their plundering excursions!

By the legends of the Hindoos we learn that Rama was the most remarkable prince of the family of the sun.* He was banished to the forests by his father for fourteen years, and was accompanied there by his wife Sita.

Rawana was the King of Lanka, or Ceylon, a giant with ten heads, who carried off Rama's wife Sita. He was pursued by Rama, assisted by Sugriva and Hanuman—who are described as monkeys—into his capital, which they took; and having put Rawana to death, they placed the brother of Rama, Vibhishna, on the throne.

During the Dussara holiday, images of the goddess Shiva—after having been worshipped for nine days—are thrown into the water.

Early in the morning, the Hindoos having washed their bodies, perform the pooja of their household gods; and in the afternoon they go to the temples in procession with friends, relatives, and children. Each Hindoo bears in his hand flowers, and a branch of a certain tree (apta) denominated sona (gold) which is held to be highly sacred in the celebration of this festival.

* The earliest known human race in India were divided into two sects, one of the sun, and the other of the moon. These families subsequently produced various castes, each of which assumed different manners, customs, and forms of worship, all however appertaining to the same subject.

On meeting friends, they exchange or make presents of these branches, and wish each other happiness in future.

This holiday is strictly observed, and at Bombay the banks and other public offices are generally closed in consequence. It occurs on the tenth day of the moon corresponding with October.

On the evening of the second of November, we took a drive through the bazaars to see

THE FEAST OF ILLUMINATION.

Most of the stalls or shops were dressed up with flowers and myriads of lamps, and our purveyor* had about one hundred and fifty of these lights in just space enough to place them. Some were hanging from the ceiling, others upon the walls, and many interspersed among his merchandize. His new books having been blessed by the priest in the morning, lay there in state, garnished with coins, flowers, sweetmeats, and biscuits; and besmeared with red paint, forming as nice a picture of dirt and filth as can well be imagined. Upon the corner of each book was the print of the priest's hand in red paint. This mark is frequently seen bedaubed upon the backs and breasts of the white sudras of low caste Bramans, and is supposed to have been placed there by their

* Goostajee,

priests ; but I am of opinion that it is frequently done by the owners themselves to cover the blotches of ghee stains, and dirt.

At our purveyors we tasted all kinds of native spirits, but the nausea they produced, suggested the necessity of a large basin and *sal volatile*, the antidote to which was a bottle of champagne, and home to bed as quickly as possible.

CHAPTER XLV.

The next morning at half-past six we went by appointment to see the Mussulmans Mosque and Tombs. The latter were nearly all under cover, their quarters were furnished with carpets, &c., similar to an inhabited house, and guarded by an old man who was paying his respects to the silent dead, by placing his finger, which he afterwards kissed, upon each tomb as he passed.

Myself and dear A. went to the summit of the old Moslem tower, from which a delightful view of the country for twenty miles around is obtained. The immediate neighbourhood was a diversification of old tombs of a reddish color and immense calibre, snowy-white bungalows, and noble green trees, each striving as it were for the mastery, to enhance the beauty of the scene.

The charm however vanishes as soon as the descent is again made, for this, as well as all the other parts of Surat, is in a state of hopeless ruin, and extensively intersected with dilapidated memorials of the dead.

The high priest, with whom I had become acquainted through an interpreter (he could not speak a word of English), was a most affable, agreeable and gentlemanly man. Upon taking our leave, according to custom, we were each presented with a floral chain and bouquet of roses and jasmine, a small packet of pan-suparee, and our garments sprinkled with rose-water from a silver censor.

In the evening, hearing a great noise outside our compound gate, we were curious to ascertain the cause thereof, and sent Conjee to see and report particulars. He soon returned with the intelligence that—

“Native man make great tumasha.”

Dear A. and myself thereupon went out to witness

A NATIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

A considerable number of both sexes were squatting upon the ground, encircling three musical performers. One was a very old man with a dilapidated banjo. He was swaying his body to and fro with great energy, and furiously fingering his miserable instrument without producing any sound, which was not at all remarkable, considering that it was strung without a bridge! Upon the right side of this performer sat a man ringing two brass bells; and upon his left a woman beating a bell with a stick with one hand, while the other was occupied in twirling a brass knob

attached to a string over and about her head, at the same time twisting her body into every conceivable position, and keeping perfect time to the beating of the bells.

As soon as we made our appearance among them, we were honored by an extra light, which consisted of a torch tied to a long pole, and stuck into the ground immediately in front of us. The audience seemed to have been highly delighted with the performance, but to us it appeared tame and monstrously ridiculous; we however gave them "cheri-meri," and made our exit.

A few mornings after this, as I was going to my office I saw several women who had formed themselves into a circle in the middle of the road, where they were making a dismal noise, and beating their breasts; they however took very good care not to hurt themselves. This appeared to me to be a performance totally void of soul, and the lack of *abandon* was painfully apparent. Cause unknown.

The extremes of the native Indian character are very remarkable, and the contrast from the above is forcibly illustrated in the foregoing.

On the eighteenth of November, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, at half-past four in the morning, I was awoke by the plaintive wail of a female, whose voice seemed to proceed from the vicinity of a cottage adjoining my compound.

She was chanting a song, as I afterwards learned

from Conjee, for the repose of the soul of her departed husband, who had died a few months previously. It was a most melancholy dirge, and consisted of innumerable verses, each closing with an unearthly sob, which appeared to come from her very toes. It had a most thrilling effect, being executed in the dead stillness of night, with the bright moon floating silently overhead, and shedding her effulgent rays down upon the unhappy and bereaved sufferer, as if in pity for her great and grievous sorrows!

When the above wail had died out and all was still, I arose and obtained a small portion of "chow-chow" * to moisten my mouth, and retiring to bed again, soon became unconscious in repose. I had slept, I suppose, for about half an hour, when I was hastily awoke again by dear A., who exclaimed: "Get up George darling, you are covered with ants!" Such was positively the fact, the little intruders had been enticed by the saccharine matter of the chow-chow, a slight portion of which had remained upon my moustache. Their presence was not at all agreeable, considering that they were rushing about in and out of my ears, nose, whiskers, &c., to the number of hundreds.

I quickly jumped out of bed and plunged into a bath, in which I had to remain some considerable time, before I could get entirely free from the busy

* A Chinese sweetmeat.

and abominable pests, poor A. being meanwhile employed in placing small pieces of chow-chow upon the floor, to decoy the little rebels out of the bed, in which she succeeded.

I did not again partake of any kind of sweetmeat upon retiring to rest, one trial being quite sufficient.

As my sole object in recording these little incidents is to give my friends 'an insight into an Indian life, I am sure I shall be pardoned for detailing the manner in which I passed my first

CHRISTMAS DAY IN INDIA.

I arose at seven o'clock, had breakfast, and afterwards sat out upon the balcony to enjoy my customary cheroot, while dear A. played "*Pensez à moi*" upon her piano.

We were scarcely seated in our respective positions, before I saw, marching in single file up the carriage drive of my compound, the whole of the peons engaged in the general offices of the railway. Watchmen, local police, and others, were approaching to pay their respects to "Burrah * Sahib on his great holiday." The true object of their visit was however for "cheri-meri" or Christmas boxes.

There were thirty of them—they stood in a row

* A person of superior position. In this instance—myself, if you please!!

before us—professed all kinds of good wishes—and nearly dislocated their spines with salaāms! At length the sergeant of the gang stepped out from the others, and with a very low salaām, he acquainted us with the real object of their visit, in the following words.

“Salaām sahib! cheri-meri sahib!!”

After which he significantly tapped at his pocket, and extended his hands.

I thereupon summoned Conjee, and asked him what was the correct thing, according to custom, to give the fellows, to which question he replied:—

“It sahibs’ custom, to give what masta like!”

I thereupon sent them fifteen rupees, which was equal to one shilling each, and they evacuated, apparently quite satisfied with their reception.

Other stragglers came upon the same errand subsequently, but I referred them all to the sergeant of the first gang! Some of them had the temerity to question the policy of an application to that official, but the sight of my riding whip, merely handled in play, was a sufficient hint for their speedy exit without further parley.

During the day I received numerous gifts of fruit from the wealthy Parsee inhabitants to whom I was known; and also from my purveyor a present of “two merry Christmas cakes;” all bearers of these good things getting cheri-meri, of course.

The cakes were exceedingly good, and evidently of

English manufacture, doubtless imported in hermetically sealed tins.

At eleven o'clock a.m. I went out for a stroll, having first provided against the effects of the sun which was broiling hot. I paid a visit to a friendly Parsee, went over his garden, and then into his house, where I amused myself for half an hour in viewing his stereoscopic French scenes; partook of refreshment consisting of brandy and soda-water and plantains; and then returned home.

Whilst journeying towards my bungalow, I heard a thumping noise in a bye street, and being determined never to allow any thing to escape my observation, I went out of my course to ascertain the cause.

The sound proceeded from a shed in which a number of natives were employed in the preparation of food for the pauper population. A man was winnowing grain with a primitive kind of wooden shovel. He was standing upon an elevated platform, and as the husks fell they were collected by a female and burned, to heat an immense iron pot, which was placed upon a framework of bricks and chunam. The grain was shovelled by another attendant into an oblong stone trough, where it was crushed with a large hammer which was being worked by two other men as a treadle, assisted by a rope and pulley. After the grain had been well pounded, it was roasted in the iron pot, and then stored away in bags.

I had no means of ascertaining how it was cooked, but I was told that it formed the principal ingredient in a kind of soup which was distributed among the poor natives, by their wealthy neighbours.

Having reached home, we partook of a fruit tiffin, and at four o'clock received a call from the Parsee whom I had visited in the morning. He was covered with diamonds and emeralds, and those upon his fingers must have been worth some thousands of pounds. They were of immense size, and the former were brilliants of the first water.

I sung a song, dear A. played a set of quadrilles and two pieces, we drunk a bottle of champagne, and then all returned to the Parsee's bungalow, where he delighted us with his very fine collection of musical clocks, boxes, and pictures; these, his particular weaknesses, having been imported from France, at a cost, according to his statement, of four thousand rupees (£400). Here we again refreshed ourselves with champagne, sweetmeats, and fruit; and at eight o'clock in the evening returned home to dinner; which consisted of roast-beef, plum-pudding, soup, vegetables, cream-cheese, salad and cucumber; bottled stout, sherry, port, champagne, and maraschino; almonds and raisins, limes, oranges, pomelos, plantains, pomegranates, and grapes; after which, coffee, the overture to "Nebuchadnezzar," and to bed.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WE sat up, as was our custom, on the last day of the old year, and heralded the coming in of the new, with a bottle of mulled port, and mutual good wishes; after which to dreamland for a few hours, from whence we arose to

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN INDIA.

And, as the clown says: "Halloa! Halloa! Here we are to-day, how d'ye do to-morrow?"

Well! Well! here's New Year's day actually crawled upon us, from the fact, I presume, that in this country the young gentleman is affected by the warmth of the climate, and declines to be hurled in to the hurried clamour of merry peals of bells.

I cannot associate this with the new years of the past at all, appearances of the present are so very contradictory.

Where are the crystallized boughs and foliage of the ornamental shrubs of our English homes, whose fantastic clothing, associated as it is with so many happy recollections, gladdens our hearts with the pleasing view of their myriads of diamonds glittering in the pale rays of a northern winter's sun?

Where are the forests of crystal we traced upon the window panes in our childhood? and where are the mountains of twelfth cake clothed in all the majesty of artificial "Jack Frost," who, peeping out from his green and red ornamentation of the welcome and time-honored holly, seems to invite his admirers to partake of his good cheer, and to wish him a "merry season?"

These were the mental questions which dictated themselves to my mind upon this New Year's Day; and the desire for home scenes being paramount in my brain, forgetfulness took possession of my faculties, and I naturally gazed upon the eye-straining and monotonous whitewashed Indian walls for blazing placards, announcing the monstrous daring of Messrs. Clown, Pantaloon & Co., with their barefaced robberies of sucking pigs, crinolines and sausages; terrific assaults upon milliners with handboxes and babies, involving the concomitant *melé* of flying dead cats, carrots, and cabbages; the crushing of the hats of policemen in overgrown costume; and their *penchant* for jam, gin, and jollity,

which is invariably attended with blacking, aquafortis and——passing from these to enchanting hours with beauteous nymphs, in Fairyland !

Alas ! we searched in vain for the glories of home : but an Indian winter is not to be despised nevertheless ; for whilst our distant friends co-existed with roaring fires and hot grog, we were in the midst of a glorious summer ; and as I stood upon the balcony of our bungalow, enjoying my fragrant matinal havana, the clear blue smoko of which curled upwards into the mild still atmosphere, sunny and cloudless, I was charmed by the varied sweet notes of the numerous feathery songsters who exercised their vocal powers in the extensive evergreens that o'er-shadowed my bungalow ; and with the shrill whistlings of the grasshoppers, who were each vieing with the other to produce the loudest call ; while the silent butterflies of the most vivid colors and delicate hues, were flitting to and fro, and ever and anon alighting to pay their devoirs to the blooming exotics, which everywhere crowded their path.

I contrasted in my mind's eye the severity of our "Island of Storms" at this season of the year, with the serenity of that "Land of Sunbeams and Flowers," and I am bound to confess, that with all the attractions of the former, I much prefer the latter during the winter months, say from the middle of November to the end of February—

Then comes the Indian summer
Fraught with boils and blains,
Afflictive heat, and fevers,
And other fearful pains;
Small-pox and cholera hover near
To set one's "phiz" awry,
And minor ills, with doctor's bills,
Completes our misery!

From the above may be gleaned the communings of my mind upon this particular new year's day, and it is a strange fact that when dear A. read the poetic effusion above written, she felt a chill pass through her frame, as though its subject matter had some reference to her future fate—and so, in my opinion, it had, as will be shewn hereafter.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The month of January at Surat appeared to be prolific in marriages—they seemed to be the order of the day. Processions were met, and native music was heard, in all parts of the great city.

About the middle of the month, as we were enjoying one of our perambulatory drives, our ears were assailed with loud and dreadful discords at a distance: on, on, it came; louder, and louder, it grew; until the inharmonious productions fairly set my teeth on edge, and an angle in the road revealed to us the approach of

A GREAT NATIVE WEDDING.

Foremost in the procession was a brass band, the members of which, gaily dressed, produced from their instruments the most awful sounds. Not one note harmonized with another.

Next followed a carriage, in which "doing the big," were seated the parents of the juvenile *fiancée*.

Following these came a mere baby enveloped in flowers and paint. She was sitting in a large silver bowl which closely resembled a soup tureen; and which was affixed to the saddle of a horse highly caparisoned. This was the bride.

After her was led a grey horse covered with tin armour and flowers. This I presume was for the bridegroom. Then there approached a screaming native band, consisting of several tom-toms, and screeching pipes, compared with which the Scotch bag-pipe is angelic! and without flattery I declare that the execrable din produced by these musicians clashing against the *band* in front, threw pandemonium completely into the shade.

Supporting the band marched twelve men, gorgeously attired, and bearing spears bound from the head downwards with red and yellow cloth; six of which were muffled about twelve inches from the top similar to the wands used by mutes in London.

Next figured a huge elephant most extravagantly ornamented, and bearing a little throne, in which were seated several children bedecked with flowers.

Then came another native band as vile as the others; and the rear was brought up by about fifty females walking in pairs, and bearing upon their heads japanned trays ornamented with artificial flowers and fruit, and which contained presents for the juvenile bride.

Poor "Sherry," whose contempt for the plebeian

population of the world always prompted him to raise his voice against any unusual commotion among them, commenced a furious attack of *bark* upon one and all forming the procession, more especially the musical artists, until he came to the elephant, when one glance of the minute but searching eye of that unwieldy animal, and one sway of his ponderous trunk, conveyed sufficient evidence to Sherry's mind that his future course of action would be best served in "crying small;" he therefore sought a hasty retreat beneath my gharry, from which he did not again emerge until the procession was at a considerable distance, when espying a feline somnambulist basking and blinking in the sun against the door of a cottage, he rushed after it, and I lost sight of him in a cloud of dust.

The next morning we received a friendly visit from the chief priest of the Mahommedans; and upon his invitation dear A. returned the visit in the evening; when she had the honor of being introduced to the female branches of his family, who, after making a minute examination of all her clothing, offered her sweetmeats and milk; and upon taking leave completely enveloped her in chains of flowers, principally roses and jasmines without foliage, which were strung together with thread. Upon her arrival at home I could not help laughing, as she looked very like a portable flower-bed. The perfume from her decorations was, however, very delicious.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ON the following day I was accompanied by poor Sherry, who came bounding and barking to the gharry as I was preparing to go to my office. He ran alongside until we reached an abrupt turning in the road, at the corner of which was a large post to protect the angle of a house used as a rendezvous by Parsee merchants, at which point a large brown pie dog was crouching in the dust with his nose between his forepaws, prepared for a spring. As soon as we approached to where he lay, the brute rushed out at my faithful companion, who, to avoid the attack, ran as usual to the gharry for protection, and becoming confused, got between the afore-named post and a wheel of our vehicle just as they came into conjunction, by which he received such internal injuries that he died in the gharry as it was returning home.

This was a great blow to our happiness ; we were both dreadfully cut up, and felt his loss very severely ; and dear A.'s words, when weeping over him, were :—

"Alas! poor Sherry! George, darling, there's one of the happy trio gone; I wonder who will be the next?"

* * * * *

We now experienced a strange monotony; there was a something wanting; we missed *one* at breakfast; there was no little beggar sitting up and speaking as plainly as animals' eyes *can* speak, for the customary remnant of pudding at dinner; in short, home was not home without the poor dog, and we sought distraction in visiting a friend, whose bungalow was on the "Maidan," where we whiled away the evening's tedium playing at loo by moonlight, upon a balcony which formed the roof of his bungalow.

Upon one of these occasions, we had remained out until half-past one o'clock in the morning. Mr. T——, who occupied apartments in my bungalow, was of our party, and he, myself, and dear A. arrived at home thoroughly tired, at ten minutes to two A.M.!

A NIGHT ATTACK.

We were just getting into bed, when one of those nerve tests, a native band, commenced a most execrable noise about twenty yards from our compound.

Now this, at two o'clock in the morning, in our then exhausted state, could not be endured under any pretext, so we sent Conjee with a polite message

to the musicians to "cease their funning;" but to my astonishment a negative reply was returned.

I then held a short consultation with Mr. T— upon the subject, which resulted in the unanimous resolution to charge the rebels, and effect by force that which had failed in courtesy. I immediately summoned Conjee to send a *sprite* from below with my boots, and like the Lord of Sheppy, when I called for my boots at that unseemly hour, it meant something. Bombastes Furioso was in a passion. A native band of owl-disturbers had dared to say that "they would n't leave off!"

In a very short time, myself and T—, very much against the earnest entreaties of poor A., who feared for our lives, armed ourselves—one with a stout stick, and the other with a horse-whip—and sallied forth to attack the enemy.

There were about one hundred in the party, and we took them completely by surprise. In a flash of time they scampered away in all directions. I well remember bringing my "Royal George"* down with terrific force upon a tom-tom, which, by the way, was saved partially by the performer's arm; and T— simultaneously "let fly" with his whip, into the "puggris,"† of the insurgents.

* A knobby stick which I kept for killing huge frogs, bats, and rats, my nocturnal visitors.

† Native head-dresses.

Just at this juncture there was an appalling yell, torches were extinguished, puggris were being trampled upon, and, as our servants afterwards informed us, a nose ring had been forcibly detached from its owner's proboscis.

Every one of them fled before us two Europeans, in the most abject terror.

The night was intensely dark, there being no moon, but by groping about, we here and there unkennelled a drunken darkie, who had sought his personal safety by cowering behind a piece of rock, a heap of stones, a niche in the city wall, or any other haven; but as we discovered, through interpreter Conjee, that these captives formed no portion of the "band," they were allowed to "jao" unmolested.

The last discovery was a tall meagre figure that had been squatting down behind the walling of a well. Upon being confronted, he rose up like a ghost, shivered with very fear, and in slow, deep, and pleading tones, exclaimed: "Sal-a-ām sahib"!! The voice and the manner of its delivery, was so ludicrously comic, that I could not suppress my feelings; therefore, bursting out into a hearty laugh, I and my fellow adventurer returned home, where we found poor A. pale and trembling for fear that we might have received some personal injury.

For about half-an-hour after we had retired to bed, we heard a jargon of voices holding a jackdaws' parlia-

ment, being doubtless a debate upon the sudden termination to their festivities. At first it was loud and animated, but the cackle anon subsided into a subdued hum, in the midst of which I lost myself in the arms of Morpheus.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ON the day following the little adventure narrated in the last chapter, our office gossip turned upon a case which had occurred upon the line of railway near to Baroda, and which had reference to

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST.

The Company employed at that time a native named "Jumietram," whose duty was to photograph works in progress, for the information of the London Board; and upon a certain occasion this photographer had been down the line to take views of a bridge which was then in course of construction; and as there was only one train service each way per day, he availed himself of a ballast train to return, and there being no passengers' carriages attached to it, he was obliged to ride upon the engine.

They had proceeded a few miles homewards, when the engine-driver addressed him as follows:—

"I say mester, I'll joost stay here a wee, while you tak' a sight o' my moog in your phortograph."

The native knowing that such a proceeding was quite contrary to orders, declined to accede to the request, and replied :—

"Nay sahib, this must not be done without 'burrah' sahib's permission."

The response to this was :—"Burrah sahib be — I'll blow the — engine up and you with it if you don't do it!" and having delivered himself of this speech he stopped the train, hauled poor Jumietram off the engine, and compelled him, by threats similar to the above, to produce his picture; which he did before a background of wild jungle!

I note this to illustrate the character of a north-countryman in India.

A ROYAL DINNER PARTY.

During my residence at Surat, I had the honor of being a guest at a grand dinner which was given by the Nawab of Surat to the European residents of the station.

The affair was quite equal to anything I have seen in England. A wing of the palace was fitted up quite in the English style, for the reception of European visitors. It was gorgeously decorated, and from the ceilings and walls depended immense chandeliers, manufactured to represent clusters of

flowers and fruit, the various colors of which were beautifully blended: the soft emerald with the brilliant scarlet, rose, and gold; together with myriads of prisms which were glittering with the lights of two thousand lamps. Between each of the chandeliers were suspended festoons of natural flowers, (principally jessamine petals and roses threaded upon fine twine,) which had a very graceful appearance, and filled the air with a delicious perfume. Several fountains, which were playing in front of the reception rooms, had a very cooling effect, and the phosphorescent animalcule that glittered in the water of the basins—which were very large—gave them the appearance of firmaments in miniature.

The dinner was quite *recherché*, and the table was laid with exquisite taste. Epergnes of flowers stood at equi-distances, and between these, down the centre of the table, was placed the dessert, beautifully arranged and garnished with tropical leaves and flowers, both real and artificial, which had a most charming effect as viewed from either end of the table.

His Highness Meer Jaffer Ali was dressed in a violet colored coat, satin pants, golden worked slippers, and cloth of gold turban. The buttons of his coat—which were very large—were of pure gold, thickly set with large brilliants of the finest water. Emulating European royalty, he sat at the side of the table, midway, the seat of honor on his right being occu-

pied by the European Judge, (Mr. Warden), and that on his left by Col. Russell. The top and bottom of the table were represented by the two sons-in-law of the prince, one of which was the Nawab of Belapore, and the other the son of the Casee* of Surat. The Nawab of Belapore was supported by the Prime Minister of the Nawab, and all the other seats were filled by European military officers, by the Chaplain of the station (the Rev. — Hughes), and by the principal officers of the Railway Company.

The room was kept deliciously cool by saturated cuscus-mat punkahs, which were incessantly waved by twenty sable attendants immediately behind us.

The dinner consisted of pumpkin soup, joints both roast and boiled, turkies, hams, chickens, pillau, curries, *entrées*, fruit tarts, sweetmeats, jellies, blanc-manges, ices, and numerous kinds of fruits, both indigenous and foreign. The ices, among which were frozen greengages, were very delicious, and there was an unlimited supply of bottled beer, port, sherry, claret, and champagne.

After dinner we all adjourned to the drawing-room, which was elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted; and here delicious coffee and excellent tea was served, and a "nautch" dance provided for our amusement. The floors of this apartment were covered with tapestry carpet of elegant

* Chief Lawyer.

design, and the walls were tastefully hung with French paper of a bouquet pattern, and also covered with pictures and portraits. Amongst the latter I noticed those of Her Majesty the Queen, and Prince Albert; the Emperor and Empress of the French: others of English nobility; and also one of a very beautiful lady, evidently English.

The "nautch" was a senseless piece of business, and very monotonous. There were five females, whose complexions and dresses, brought to my mind forcible reminiscences of "Vite Conduit House" and the first of May. These were the vocalists and dancers, and they were accompanied by six male instrumentalists, who performed by threes: one in the centre beat a tom-tom, and the others on either side scraped upon something resembling a fiddle without a body. The sounds they produced, however, were not unpleasant to the ear; but when the singing commenced, oh, dear! Heaven defend me from such another infliction. The *primá donna* was an ancient female who, while trilling out her notes repeatedly advanced to the front, made a *salâam*, and again retired. This was done by a succession of measured steps, short and heavy, to jingle her anklets which were formed of little silver bells. This *artiste*, while singing, held her hand to her mouth, which I opine was done to give full effect to a husky voice. I did not consider this part of the performance at all *distingué*, it reminded me of a costermonger driving a panniered

donkey in the environs of London. The whole entertainment was one in which no European could possibly find pleasure, and therefore at half-past eleven o'clock myself and friends announced our intention of taking leave, upon which we were dismissed by the Prince in the following manner. Each guest approached and passed him singly, upon which he placed around his neck a chain of roses and jasmine, sprinkled his handkerchief with a powerful perfume and rose-water from silver vessels held by two attendants, and gave each a silvered packet of pan suparee and a shake of the hand, which we acknowledged by a low salāām, and afterwards departed to our carriages, which on the journey home were preceded by sable individuals bearing flaming torches.

CHAPTER L.

On Good Friday, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, myself and dear A., took a journey to Baroda by railway, to visit a Parsee family with whom we had become acquainted.

The scenery on the road was very rich and diversified, alternating in cotton fields, whole forests of mango trees teeming with green fruit, and wild jungles.

There being no refreshment rooms at any of the stations, we provided ourselves with a substantial tiffin, which was served in a first-class carriage upon our arrival at

BROACH,

where we obtained some very delicious water-melons, which, with cold fowl, sardines, good bread and butter, sugar, sherry, bottled beer, brandy, and soda-water, formed our frugal spread.

Broach is said to have derived its name from a Hindoo devotee named Bhriga, and is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Baragaza, the most famous emporium on that coast.

At the period of the great famine in 1791, there were in Broach fifteen thousand houses, and eighty-one thousand inhabitants, of whom it was ascertained that twenty-five thousand two hundred and ninety-five died. The total number of inhabitants now does not exceed fifty thousand, of whom about thirty thousand are Hindoos, fifteen thousand Mahomedans, and five thousand Parsees. The town of Broach, which is reckoned very hot and unwholesome, stands upon the banks of the river, which, at that point, is about two miles across. It enjoys a considerable trade—principally in cotton—the greater part of which is sent to Bombay for exportation: the remainder being retained to supply a factory lately established there, and where the raw material passes through its various stages to fine fabrics, under the able superintendence of a manager from Manchester.

The environs of Broach are rich in crops of cotton and grain, extensive fields of capsicums glowing in scarlet, of yellow *Carthamus* from which a valuable red dye is extracted, and of tobacco. The sugar cane, turmeric, and various esculent plants are also cultivated, and the water-melons are esteemed the best in India.

There are a few mosques and other Mahomedan

buildings in the city. But the most interesting is the temple of "Baba Baban" a muslim saint of the seventeenth century, which is built upon an eminence about a mile from the city.

At Baroda is also one of those remarkable institutions for sick and infirm beasts, birds, and insects; it is a very well respected place, and although it has immense enclosures in lands, they serve only to protect the animals. In this institution was kept different kinds of animals, not only those which are considered sacred such as monkeys and peacocks, but horses, dogs, and cats; and also, in little boxes, an assortment of lice and fleas.

About twelve miles from the city, on an island of the Narmadāh, and completely covering it, stands the famous baobab tree which has been renowned ever since the advent of the Portuguese in India. It is celebrated by our earliest voyagers, and Wellington is said to have hivouacked his whole army beneath its shade. Although a considerable part of it has been washed away with the soil by the violent "freshers" during the monsoons, enough still remains to make it one of the noblest groves in India.

Long before we had finished tiffin, we had resumed our journey onward to Baroda, passing through some very park like country studded with mango and tamarind trees. Herds of deer were browsing beneath their shade, and troops of immense large monkeys were gambolling in their branches. We

were then within the territory of the Guicower, and in due time we reached the capital of his dominions :

BARODA.

This is a large and populous town. It has tolerably spacious streets, and for India, very high houses, built chiefly of wood, with tiled sloping roofs, and arcades along the streets very similar to those of Chester, except that at Baroda the houses are all painted in gaudy colors, with a bright blue predominating.

The cantonment reminded me very much of the suburbs of London ; being formed of a number of little villas having verandahs, trellis work, sloping tiled roofs, and upper stories, each surrounded with its garden, and a high green hedge of the milk bush. The houses stand in rows, the centre or roadway being a beautiful wide greensward, the " Rotton Row " of the station, which is well attended by equestrians both in the morning and evening.

Baroda is surrounded by low walls, having round towers at intervals of thirty paces. The town is intersected by two spacious streets, which divide it into four equal parts ; they meet in the centre at a market place, in the middle of which is a square built pavilion with three bold arches on each side, and a flat roof, which is adorned with seats and fountains.

Outside the city walls are numerous gardens, and also wells with grand flights of steps descending to

the water through rows of stone pillars. The largest of these is called "Soliman's Well." It is a magnificent structure, and its water, which is extremely pure, is much esteemed.

The scenery in the environs of Baroda is the most delightful I have witnessed in India. Rows of banian trees are placed on each side of the carriage roads at short but equal distances. They meet overhead, and long tendons gracefully hanging from their boughs, fill your mind with the idea that you are travelling along the way to Fairyland. At the foot of these trees are built chunam troughs, or rivulets through which run crystal streams of water, which are scattered about the road by male servants in the service of the Guicower, to allay the dust and cool the atmosphere for the evening's promenade.

The Guicower's dominions are rich in deer, hares, partridges, quails, and water-fowl; sugar-cane, tobacco, indigo, corn, oil, pulse, opium, hemp, flax, and cotton; and mulberries being plentiful, it follows that quantities of silk are produced there.

There are some splendid ruins of Mahommedan mosques and tombs embosomed in the groves of Baroda, which add a sombre beauty to the scenery near to the capital.

The numbers of trees which adorn the roads, the richness of the mango-topos around the villages, the size and verdure of the tamarind trees, the lotus covered lakes and their overshadowing banian trees,

form pictures of uncommon beauty, once seen never forgotten.

The sweet variety of red, white, and blue lotus, gently agitated by the soft breeze, or moved by the spotted halcyon alighting on the stalks, with the water-hens lightly running over the foliage are altogether lovely. Here the lakes have the addition of that beautiful species of the *Menianthes*, which is one of the most elegant aquatic plants in India. It is smaller than the lotus, with beautiful fringed petals of the purest white surrounded with a dark foliage. The air was perfumed from the giant exotics near to the Mahommedan mausoleums, whose white domes gave a melancholy interest to the surrounding groves, which, after the monkies, peacocks, and squirrels had retired to rest, were still enlivened by the chatterings of parrots, and the prolonged notes of the bul-bul, whose sweet liquid-like tones charmed our ears long before sunrise, and for a considerable time after moonlight afforded us a tranquil pleasure not easily described.

The heat here was very intense, and we were glad to sleep out of doors with the canopy of heaven for a coverlid. We found our host, Mr. Nowrojee Pestonjee, most kind and attentive during our stay. He not only supplied us with all necessaries, but placed his carriages at our disposal, and accompanied us in all our perambulations to see the lions of the place. We visited all the wild beasts belonging to the Guicower.

These are kept in dens in various parts of the city, and consist of lions, tigers, cheetahs, zebras, leopards, deer of all kinds, many animals unknown to me, elephants, and camel-leopards. The latter, which were kept in a yard with some huge rhinoceroses! were very tame, and ate leaves from dear A's hand. The elephants were of terrible size, and all chained by the necks to holdfasts in the ground. One of these gigantic animals which a keeper was feeding with hay, was about the size of that which parades the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, London. I asked the man who was attending him, why it was so much smaller than the others, and his reply was:—

“This fellow only a baby, sahib!”

“Only a baby,” I continued, “why what's his age?”

“Seventy-five year old, sahib!!”

“Well,” I continued, “I must say that he is a very fine child of his age!”

From this menagerie we went to see the silver cannons belonging to the Guicower, which by repute were very beautiful and of immense value. There were four of them: they were placed under a brick-built shed, and guarded by soldiers who were strewing flowers before them, prior to their being worshipped, according to daily custom, by the priests. They were noble works of art, highly polished, and looked more like large toys than instruments of war. They were of solid silver, and of the size of nine-pounder field pieces.

We next visited the Guicower's summer palace. It stands in the centre of a walled garden, rich in fountains and arbours formed with the choicest exotics, and of the most brilliant colors.

The interior of the palace was inconveniently crowded with all kinds of the most costly furniture; including pictures, china, glass, piping birds under glass cases, organs, pianos, musical boxes, clocks, and *curios* from every known country in the world. To sum up the whole in a few words, it was a curiosity-shop in a miniature paradise.

Having viewed the interior of the building, we rested ourselves upon a solid polished marble seat which was affixed to the terraced entrance, and then returned to our friend's bungalow to dine.

There was a very large lym tree in the compound of his bungalow, which appeared to be the rendezvous of numerous parrots, and as they seemed to be very quarrelsome—probably fighting for the best places to roost—I asked my friend how many he thought there were, and was surprised when he assured me that at the lowest computation there were upwards of *two thousand* in that one tree. I looked incredulous, and to convince me, he went underneath the tree and clapped his hands; when lo! the little green chatter-boxes flew out in such a mass, that they completely shaded us in their flight.

We were joined by several friends in the evening, which “went off” very pleasantly; but the night was

intensely hot, and on the next morning, having visited all the places of interest in Baroda, and the term of my leave having expired, we returned to Surat, having thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

This proved to be the last journey of pleasure that fate allowed myself and dear A. to enjoy together. On that day month my poor darling was in her narrow and last bed on earth, awaiting the eternal summons! Yes! the idol of my heart, whose soul overflowed with fidelity, love, and truth—whose whole nature was veined with a remarkable disinterestedness towards herself and a devotion to others, I may say almost without a parallel—the being whose ready wit and genuine mirth gave a charmed bliss to my home—was, in a few short days, peacefully slumbering at Byculla beneath the shade of a grove of cocoa-palms, leaving a wound in my heart, which time will never heal.

CHAPTER LI.

THE sorrows consequent upon my great bereavement, are all that now remain to be recorded, and I narrate them, seriatim, as they appear in my diary as follows :—

May 5th.—Dear A. having partaken too freely of pine-apple at tiffin, suffered from nausea the whole of the afternoon : and at dinner, just as she had raised a glass of beer to her lips, a strange sensation rushed through her system, and caused her to retire.

She became suddenly reserved in her manner—probably the result of alarm—and the only reply I could elicit to my anxious enquiry was—“Oh ! I have never felt like this before.”

I sat out in the balcony with her for some considerable time, and tried my best to sooth her mind ; but I could not, as formerly, gain her undivided attention, and this grieved me much. A light wind was blowing and the huge leaves of a palm upon

which an eagle had built her nest, being agitated by the insect, made a scraping noise upon its trunk, which dear A. converted into language; often observing, in her subsequent sufferings, that "the trees conversed with her." Poor thing: this was doubtless her warning.

May 6th.—Dear A. dangerously ill from a severe attack of dysentery.

May 7th.—Poor A. no better, and fearing for her safety. I memorialized my employers to cancel my agreement, and allow me to return to England with my invalid.

May 7th to 12th.—I occupied the whole of this time in close attendance upon my poor patient, who showed no sign of improvement. The heat was something frightful, I was thoroughly exhausted, and as my strength began to fail, and dear A. required more care than my health or powers of endurance permitted, I decided, by the doctor's recommendation, to take her to Bombay, where she could have the best advice, and also the advantageous services of an European nurse; such a luxury being unobtainable at Surat.

At one o'clock on the twelfth of May, we embarked on board the steam-ship "Maharaz," for Bombay. Dear A. was conveyed from our bungalow to the ship in a "palkee," and as I was obliged to go to another part of the city to obtain rupees to defray the expenses of our journey, I proposed to meet her

by the river-side, where I had hired a small boat to convey us to the vessel.

Upon reaching the point indicated, I found that my poor A. had already arrived, and that the brutal bearers had set the palkee down in the broiling sun, and had gone away. The result of this was, that my unhappy patient was nearly suffocated with heat, and fairly exhausted with both bodily and mental suffering, in which distressing condition I found her weeping bitterly. I tenderly conveyed her on board the steamer, but in passing the funnel on deck, the heat was so intense that her broken spirit yielded, and she swooned away. A lady fellow-passenger was exceedingly attentive and kind to her, and I cannot say too much in praise of the humane feeling shown by the English captain who commanded the vessel. He was unceasing in his kind offices, and carried my poor charge to and from the cabin and the deck, at least twenty times during the journey.

The passage was very rough, and upon reaching Bombay, I was completely worn out with anxiety and fatigue. Dear A. was now totally unable to walk; I therefore carried her to a carriage (provided for me by a brother officer, Mr. Bell, whose kindness to us on many occasions I shall ever remember with feelings of the deepest gratitude), and quickly drove to an hotel in the Fort, where I procured some delicious ice-cream, which my poor A. seemed to enjoy. From thence I proceeded to the Hope Hall

Hotel, at Byculla, where I had engaged apartments—carried dear A. to bed—sent for a medical man—engaged an European nurse—commenced opium draughts, and chicken broth with brandy, every half-hour.

May 14th. Dear A. very, very, ill ; called a consultation of doctors, who pronounced her in a critical state, and ordered ice to be continually dissolved in her mouth. It was a melancholy pleasure to see that she bore her sufferings with remarkable fortitude and resignation.

CHAPTER LII.

May 15th.—Having arranged to leave India by the mail of the 24th, I took my departure for Surat to dispose of our effects, and to transfer my duties to a successor.

Dear A. was a shade better, and I took an affectionate leave of her about noon.

Our parting, which was ordained to be the last on earth, was most affecting; as may well be imagined when I state that my whole existence was governed by that devoted one's fascinations. It was, however, absolutely necessary that I should return to Surat to get all my affairs properly settled before leaving the country, yet I could not leave the room. I returned at least twenty times to embrace and wish another "fare-ye-well my darling!" and the fervent "God bless you" which she breathed in reply, as overwhelmed with grief I quitted her apartments, still rings in my ears, and will remain engraven on my heart as fresh in my last moments, as when the prayer

was thrown in my soul by the last times I ever
saw of the man I had tried to love so well!

"The painful separation really haunted me. I
became a child again. And let me ask:—who is there
among us whose heart would not have failed, in
parting, perhaps for ever, with an affectionate and
living creature in whom was centered all that one holds
dear in the world?" At such a moment, in spite of all
our strength, there will come a choking, half suffo-
cating sensation—a swelling of the heart as if 'twould
burst—and a burning sense of suppressed tears, while
our gaze lingers on those loved ones' familiar features
with the terrible thought, that, perhaps in a few short
hours they may be lost to us for ever!

I, however, had hope, and fairly persuaded myself
that I should get my allotted charge out of the country
by the earliest mail. Buoyed up with this idea, upon
reaching Surat I disposed of all my effects at one-
tenth part of their value, and having also transferred
my duties, I arranged to return by the first steamer
going to Bombay on the 20th.

May 17th.—Received telegram—"Not so well,"

May 19th.—Another telegram—"Come to Bombay
at once."

This summons fairly bewildered me. I knew that
my last hope was gone. I would have given the wide
world to have been with my dear A., but a great gulf
of one hundred and eighty miles was between us, and
there was no conveyance until the following day.

No tongue can tell my sufferings that night.

May 20th.—The dreadful blow was struck—the electric shock* arrived—my darling A. had paid the great debt of nature; her dear soul having taken its flight to a brighter, and I hope a happier sphere, at six o'clock in the morning. At the same hour, on the same evening, her poor remains were reposing in the silent grave.

* * * * *

The world and all around me now seemed a blank, and I felt as though I cared not for life. I was absent, melancholy, and well nigh mad; and it was only a knowledge of the duty I owe to my Maker—that kept me from sinking beneath my great weight of sorrow. My grief would have been less severe, had I not been deprived of the melancholy satisfaction of closing her dear eyes, and accompanying her spirit's earthly tenement to its final resting place.

God bless her! what mental agony wrung my soul on that sad day!

There is a belief cherished among the Hindoos, that their deceased friends revisit them from the spirits' land in the shape of song birds. If such fabulous opinions are to be accredited, I am sure that the spirit of my beloved one visited me upon the following morning, for grief having assumed the mastery over

* Telegram.

all my other passions, sleep stood aloof, and I paced the lonely deck of our vessel until the first glimmer of twilight peeped over the distant horizon, when the skylarks on each side of the river commenced their soarings, and trilled out the liquid notes of their matin song to the rosy Goddess of Morning, with a soft sweetness, such as I had never heard before; nor have I since been charmed with ornithological song at all equal to, or in any degree approaching that which delighted my senses as our little steamer reposed upon the bosom of the placid Taptee, waiting for the tide to enable her to plunge over the bar into the turbulent sea!

Upon reaching Bombay, I went direct to the chamber from which *her* dear spirit had fled, and offered up a silent prayer for the repose of her soul. At every turn objects met my gaze that she had once possessed, and then the great wound would burst afresh, and I could not be comforted. I clasped the hands of my friend Mrs. Bell,* and while pouring out the sorrows of my soul, received from that lady a torquoise ring, which she handed to me with the following remarkable and affectionate message. Handing the jewel to her friend, dear A. exclaimed:—"There! give this ring to dear George, and tell him that I have worn it on my death-bed, as a token that I loved him fondly to the last, and that I die for

* Who had attended dear A. in her last moments.

him!" and having uttered these kind and loving words, she sank back upon her couch exhausted. The next evening she expired.

When dear A. found that her case was hopeless, she had the gem taken from her other trinkets and placed upon one of her fingers, where she wore it until feeling her life ebbing fast, upon which she removed and delivered it as above stated. Bless her soul! such a charge could only have proceeded from a pure and devoted heart, which my ill-fated A. possessed in all its integrity.

CHAPTER LIII.

MAY 24th.—This was my last day in India. I went to the Byculla cemetery, where rests all that is earthly of my once fond, faithful, and devoted companion. My cup of sorrow was full to overflowing, and the tears of affectionate remembrance that fell upon her sandy bed, testified to the anguish of my bursting heart. A dreadful stillness reigned around, and I could scarcely believe that one who but a short month before had charmed my heart with exquisite music, and had made the air ring with her joyous peals of laughter, then reposed beneath my feet, with her lips sealed for ever. Alas! all the day-dreams that I had fondly pictured of our future happiness had for ever fled, not one ray of hope remained. The flickerings of memory brought before me forcible visions of the glorious days that we had spent in each other's society in England, and these mental reflections filled my eyes with *sorrow's luxury*. Every happy moment of our blissful existence crowded upon

my mind as if in mockery, to shadow those summer days against the winter which had blasted my future, by destroying the idol of my life, the lovely flower that had faded away for ever; and as my briny tears fell and mingled with the sacred dust which covered her dear remains, the pleasures of happy hours spent in her bewitching society, rushed through my soul, and well-nigh broke my heart. I lingered over the spot in the shade of the cocoa-palms until I was completely lost in grief, from which I was aroused by my friend, Mr. Lowe, who reminded me that the steamer for England started in about an hour. I thereupon offered up a short but earnest prayer for the welfare of *her* dear soul, and with my heart full to overflowing, I bade my darling a long and last farewell; leaving her in a strange land, where no kind relative or friend could drop a tear of affection over *her* final place of rest, and in a country where she so often expressed a desire, that her bones might never mingle with its soil!

At 5 o'clock P.M., I embarked on board the steamship "Malta," for England. I watched the shore as it faded from view when darkness veiled it, and I murmured across the sea: "Farewell! Farewell! my devoted and never to be forgotten A. May God receive you into that glorious kingdom which, in His great mercy, He has prepared for us!" and this is, and shall be, my daily and steadfast prayer, so long as it may please Him to spare my life.

I had brought from Surat poor A.'s favorite parrot, and a cage of little singing birds, hoping to save something which would serve to remind me of my lost one. The latter I inadvertently left on board the Surat steamer. I went back for them, but the ship had sailed again. The poor parrot being very fond of me, heard my voice on the second morning after our departure, and tried to escape from her cage to fly to my shoulder, which she was in the habit of doing, but the butcher not knowing this, shut the cage door down quickly, and as it came into contact with the poor bird's neck, she was immediately strangled. Thus I had lost my dear A., our favorite "Sherry," my valuable parrot, and esteemed little songsters (twenty in number) in the course of a few days. There seemed to be a strange fatality following me up, which sadly depressed my spirits, filled me with melancholy, and so affected my general health that my hair became prematurely grey!

My time, until we reached Aden, was spent in moodily pacing the deck, while the image of my ill-fated A. was ever before my eyes, her form ever haunting me. I could not forget my loss—my irreparable loss.

CHAPTER LIV.

JUNE 2nd.—We started from Aden, and in a few hours our ship was steaming up the Red Sea in a dead calm. Though intensely hot, the swift speed of the vessel caused a head breeze which was very refreshing. The coralline ocean was like a lake, and the fishes all around us were gambolling and playfully jumping out of the water. Happy things, they had no griefs to mar their pleasures! The wind freshened considerably as we journeyed on, and when we reached Suez at 12.45 p.m. on the 7th June, it blew a hurricane.

We travelled by rail to Cairo the same night, and put up at the "*Hotel de l'Orient*." Being now relieved from the noise of the engines, the company, and bustle of shipboard, a dreadful silence seemed to reign around, and I missed the society of my poor A. more than ever. I sought busy scenes in the hope of diverting my thoughts, but all to no purpose, my all-absorbing affliction was paramount in my brain, and I

had scarcely sat down to dinner in the evening, when three musicians with two harps and a flute, who were stationed in the vestibule near to the dining-room, commenced playing selections from "*Il Trovatore*." This opened my mental wound again in all its severity; for *she* used to charm me with similar airs. I felt a choking sensation as old recollections came pouring into my memory. I could not partake of any dinner, and as soon as etiquette permitted, I retired from the table and hastened out to the promenades, hoping to find relief to my broken spirit among the gay populace that crowded there for their evening's pleasures.

I sat down upon a chair before a little round table outside a *café*, and told a *garçon* who was in attendance to bring me a cup of *café au lait*. I had scarcely given the order, when looking across the table, I saw—a vacant chair—I thought my heart would burst! I pictured my poor ill-fated pet before me, with her dear anxious eyes beaming with that placid and loveable expression, as only hers, in my estimation, were capable. The tears rushed into my already swollen eyes, and I left the spot bewildered, my mind being overloaded with recollections of sunny days, clouded for ever. "For ever!" how dreadful those words sound in such cases. They jarred upon my shattered nerves. I could not convince my wavering senses that my devoted A. had passed away from me. Yet the stern reality in the silent grave at

Byculla—where reposes my love in her everlasting sleep—bears a sad and convincing testimony to the melancholy fact.

With a faltering step and heavy heart, I returned to my hotel, and sought in sleep, that repose which my active senses denied.

I arose early the next morning and hired an ass, upon which I took a ride through high-ways and bye-ways, bazaars, lanes, and streets where quaint old houses almost joined each other overhead, and returned to my hotel just in time to cram dirty and clean linen &c., pell-mell into a carpet-bag, and jump into the "bus" which was in waiting to convey us to the railway station, where a sumptuous breakfast was prepared for the overland travellers, and where I provided a sufficient quantity of oranges, cigars, and brandy-and-water for the journey to Alexandria. I found these refreshments very acceptable, for the hot winds which prevailed about midway, were fearful. We halted at Kaffr Zuyat, where a good dinner awaited us, the cost of which was included in the railway fare; but we were mulcted in two shillings per bottle for beer, as upon the journey out. We stayed there half-an-hour, and then resumed our travels. As we approached Alexandria, we found to our great relief, that the hot winds were chased away by delicious sea breezes; and the scenery, though flat, contrasted delightfully with the arid sands east of Cairo.

The country was in a high state of cultivation, and the marshy tracts, although no water was visible from the train, were studded with fairy-like sails of small craft which were silently gliding along upon the bosom of the tortuous Nile.

At 4 o'clock P.M., we transferred ourselves and light baggage to a small steamer, which shortly afterwards put us on board the mail-ship "Ellora" bound from Alexandria to Southampton, and at 5 o'clock we were slowly receding from the shores of Egypt.

A poor young man named Wallace, who had accompanied us from Bombay, was about the last to embark. He had been a steward on one of the P. & O. Company's steamers, and was suffering from that dire disease—that curse of an Indian climate—dysentery. In him, poor fellow, I again saw the sufferings that I had witnessed in my poor A. and his presence always harrowed up the dreadful anxieties I had experienced on her account. I retired to bed early, but my cabin was hot, close, and suffocating; caused by the port-holes being closed, which was necessary in consequence of the roughness of the sea.

June 10th.—Poor Wallace died at twenty minutes to 7 a.m. He had no idea that his end was so nigh; he was quite sensible, and spoke rationally only five minutes prior to his death! At six o'clock in the evening all hands were piped on deck for funeral service. As soon as the poor fellow died in the morning he was immediately "laid out," and, together

with two large iron fire-bars, was sewn up in canvas and placed in one of the small boats. At six o'clock p.m. all the sailors were dressed as if for church parade, the body was taken from the boat, laid upon a shutter, and covered with the union-jack. Then the ship's bell tolled out its solemn tones, the body was taken to a gangway (from which the bulwark had been removed) preceded by the captain who was reading the funeral service, and followed by all the officers and crew. The service was very short and impressive, and at the words—"we commit our dear brother to the deep," the shutter was raised to an angle of forty-five degrees, and the body shot off into the sea. It went down straight by the side of the ship, and plunged into the deep like a dart. There was a momentary foam created upon the surface of the sea, the officers and men dispersed to their respective duties, and all was over. The ship was under both sail and steam during the ceremony, and this seemed to annoy the crew, who alleged, that it was customary for commanders to "bring their vessels to" during the performance of so sad and solemn a rite, due by a religious community, to a departed soul.

Perhaps the omission may be accounted for from the fact that the poor fellow had been one of their own servants—*only a steward*. The stewards however were very indignant at the treatment their comrade had received, and gave free circulation to their contumelious opinions among the passengers, as to

"pitching a poor fellow into the water like a dog, &c.," and they superstitiously attributed the following disaster to a want of Christian feeling on the part of their chief in the matter above narrated.

In the dead of night, when all save the watch were wrapped in slumber, a terrible noise issued from the engine-room, and by the frightful oscillation of the ship, I was sensible of a disarrangement of her machinery. The engines were revolving with fearful velocity. Timid passengers—their faces blanched with fear—were madly running to and fro. Ladies in night-dresses, with fright and painful anxiety depicted in their pale faces, rushed from their cabins and held their breaths while they received replies to anxious inquiries as to our probable fate. All thought that some terrible calamity had overtaken us, and that the ship was going down with its human freight, hundreds of miles away from land, where no human aid could possibly reach us. The chief engineer was quickly on the spot, and succeeded in shutting off the steam; after which an examination was made, when it was discovered that the screw had parted from the shaft close to the hull of the vessel. We were thus left to the mercy of a rough sea, with the wind dead ahead, and our engines perfectly useless. In this dilemma we remained tacking about every four hours, to keep in the track of the P. & O. Company's vessels, in the hope that one of them would sight us, and render

some assistance in our time of trouble. We made perhaps twenty miles in twenty-four hours, until about noon of the fourth day, when a mere speck was descried in the distant horizon, which proved to be the top of the mainmast of the steamer "Juno" of Hull, laden with grain, and homeward bound from Alexandria.

We had been firing signal guns of distress at half-hour intervals, and rockets and blue-lights at night. The "Juno" answered, and quickly bore down upon us. A boat with the "skipper" put off to her, and after negotiations (as to terms I presume) were completed, ropes were hauled out, and we were safely towed into Malta, where we arrived on the 17th day of June, having been eight days on the journey that usually occupies three only.

We were fortunate in sighting the "Juno," for it was reported that our fresh water was running short; and it is a strange fact that with the exception of two small sailing vessels, the "Juno" was the only ship we saw for a whole week; and this I considered was a most remarkable circumstance in such a roadstead of commerce as the Mediterranean.

When our engines failed, we were at least five hundred miles from Malta, and had not Providence sent the "Juno" in our wake, our position might have been a critical one indeed.

At Valetta, the privilege was conceded to those who

desired it, of traveling *viâ* Marseilles and through France, and the travellers who availed themselves of this concession, were allowed a draw-back from their passage-money of five pounds for first, and two pounds ten shillings for second class. I elected to travel by the overland *route*, and transferred my light baggage from the "Ellora" to the little steamer "Vaietta," and took up my quarters in the latter vessel; our disabled ship being left behind with such of the Southampton passengers, to whom delay was no object, and who would, I understood, proceed to their destination with the heavy baggage, upon the arrival of the Calcutta mail.

CHAPTER LV.

We left Malta for Marseilles at four o'clock p.m., having been delayed six hours only. Not a cloud obscured the azure sky, and the mighty deep was rippling like a lovely lake. I retired to bed early, and at about two o'clock the next morning, I was awake by the ship tossing about in troubled water. It was evident that a change of weather had set in. The sea was getting rough—the wind was rising—one by one the passengers retired—and in a few hours the elements became furiously tempestuous.

This rough weather continued until we reached the Straits of Sicily, when it began to rain, and the sea became somewhat calmer.

This was the first rain I had seen for eight months, and it was welcomed by us all as a delicious relief to the monotony of so much broiling heat and sunshine.

The passage through the Sicilian rocks is attended with some difficulty. The mountain scenery is very

beautiful; and we passed so closely to the Island of Caprera, that we obtained a fine view of the town of Magdalena, and of Garibaldi's house, which is a white building, very prettily situated, and surrounded apparently by a prolific garden.

Upon emerging from the Straits into the Bay of Lyons, we found the sea fearfully rough, and it so continued the whole way to Marseilles.

Our vessel steamed close into the south coast of France, and the landscapes presented to our view, every hour, were truly magnificent.

The reason why we travelled so close to the shore, was probably to quicken our passage, and this could be done by avoiding as much as possible the heavy sea which I was told was always rough in the Bay of Lyons. We were travelling against a strong head wind, and the mails being some days behind in consequence of our mishap in the Mediterranean, we steamed at full speed in the face of large rolling waves, that bore down upon us like great mountains; and which the little ship instead of riding over, dashed into with such considerable force, that from nearly every head wave we shipped volumes of water, which came rushing down from the fore-castle like a mighty cataract.

We had a head wind the whole of the way from Bombay, which was considered somewhat remarkable.

We anchored safely in the Harbour of Marseilles at two p.m., on the 20th June, remained there two days for rest, and I then continued my journey onward to

Paris, arriving in that city at noon on Monday, 23rd June, 1862.

The scenery on both sides of the railway from Marseilles to Paris, was very charming; the beautiful valleys teeming with corn, fruit, and flowers and forests of vines and olives sheltered by lofty mountains on each side, and moistened by the quiet river Saone, which meanders along through orchards and picturesque villages, forming scenes of landscape beauty in which satyrs and sylphs might be content to dwell.

I remained a few days in Paris, and then proceeded to my destination in London, *via* Newhaven and the Brighton Railway. It was upon the latter that I felt the loneliness of my position more than ever, for dear A. and myself had often travelled upon that line together. There was not a gate, field, nor tree that arose before my view, but struck me as an object upon which *her* dear eyes had rested, when her spirits were light, her days all sunshine, and trouble was a stranger to that kind, devoted, and loving heart which has ceased to beat for ever.

God bless her soul! Amen.

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7



the 1990s, the UK has been the only country in the world to have a significant increase in the number of people who are employed in the public sector. The public sector has grown from 10.5% of the economy in 1980 to 14.5% in 1997, and is projected to reach 16.5% by 2005 (HM Treasury 1998).

There are a number of reasons why the public sector has grown in the UK. One of the main reasons is the increasing demand for public services, particularly in the areas of health and education. Another reason is the increasing cost of public services, which has led to a need for more funding. A third reason is the increasing number of people who are employed in the public sector, which has led to a need for more resources.

The growth of the public sector has led to a number of challenges for the government. One of the main challenges is the need to find ways to fund the public sector without increasing taxes. Another challenge is the need to ensure that the public sector is efficient and effective. A third challenge is the need to ensure that the public sector is accountable to the public.

There are a number of ways in which the government can address these challenges. One way is to increase the efficiency of the public sector. Another way is to increase the accountability of the public sector. A third way is to increase the funding of the public sector without increasing taxes.

The government has taken a number of steps to address these challenges. One of the main steps is the introduction of the Public Finance Review (PFR) in 1997. The PFR is a process by which the government reviews the performance of the public sector and identifies areas for improvement. Another step is the introduction of the Public Service Agreement (PSA) in 1998. The PSA is a set of targets that the public sector is required to meet.

The government has also taken steps to increase the funding of the public sector without increasing taxes. One of the main steps is the introduction of the Public Service Budget (PSB) in 1997. The PSB is a budget that the government sets for the public sector, which is designed to ensure that the public sector has enough resources to meet its obligations.

There are a number of challenges that the government will face in the future. One of the main challenges is the need to find ways to fund the public sector without increasing taxes. Another challenge is the need to ensure that the public sector is efficient and effective. A third challenge is the need to ensure that the public sector is accountable to the public.

The government has a number of options available to it to address these challenges. One option is to increase the efficiency of the public sector. Another option is to increase the accountability of the public sector. A third option is to increase the funding of the public sector without increasing taxes.

The government has a responsibility to ensure that the public sector is able to meet the needs of the public. It is important that the government takes the necessary steps to address the challenges that it faces in the future.